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The Magazine of Champions



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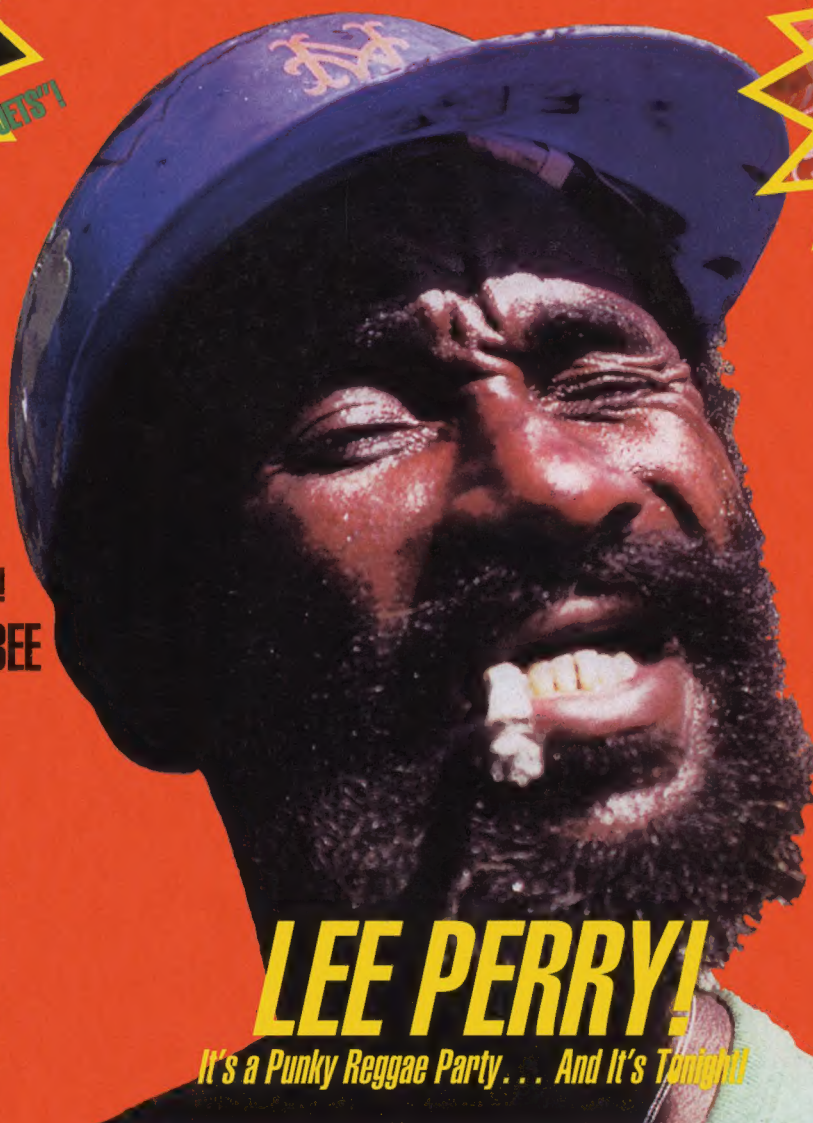
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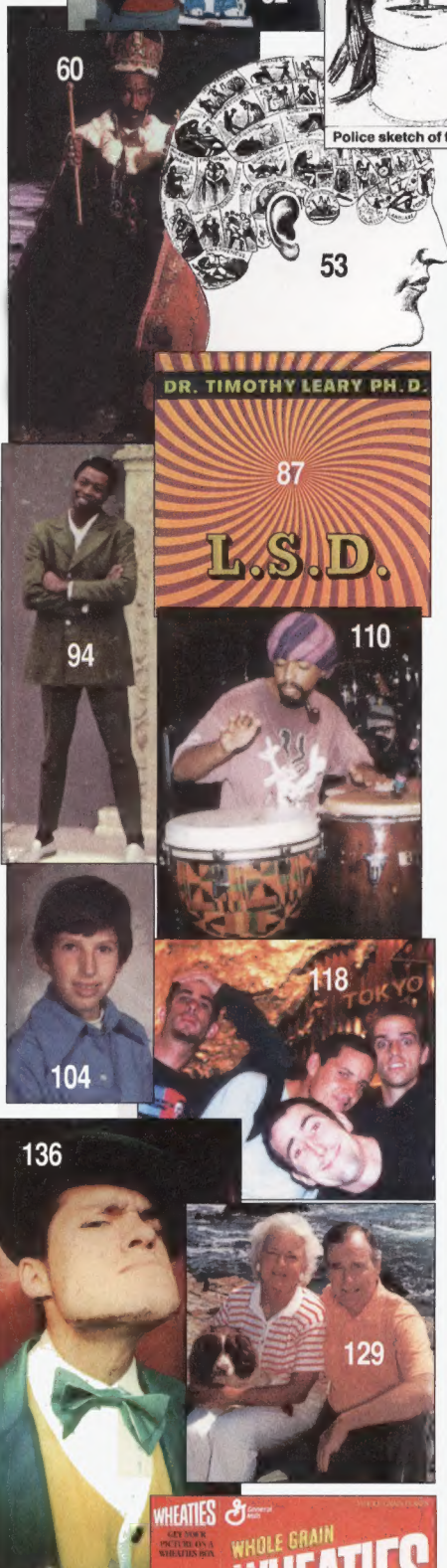
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### ON THE COVER

Keeping it cereal, Lee "Scratch" Perry gets the Wheaties treatment.

GRAND ROYAL MAGAZINE welcomes you to ISSUE #2. Being low-lives in fine print and birdies with tweet treats, we paraphrase Ornette to say, this is our magazine, or, to paraphrase Mad Richard from Verve, this is magazine. Some settling of the contents has occurred in handling, some handling of the contents has been unsettling, but this magazine will bring you in touch with the long-distance punner, the wrong-distance punter, and the wrong-way runner. Pour yourself a bowl and dig in.





Thurston Moore is a Giant. He's really tall and he **knows the score**. He **learned** how to **play guitar by plugging a broom into his father's stereo**. He moved to New York in 1977 to start a band with Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten but they were too preoccupied with their own **bullshit**. The only people who would jam-out with him were girls. This made him soft with a hard edge. Now he's like a human 3-way lightbulb. Turn him on and you're gonna get something. Do you like hi-fi? How about sound-stuff? Thurston Moore is in Sonic Youth so he can do whatever the fuck he wants.



THURSTON  
MOORE

PSYCHIC  
HEARTS

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# grand royal

## a letter from the editor(s)

Welcome to *Grand Royal* Number 2. Sorry it's late, but we'll get to that in a minute. First of all, I want to personally apologize for misspelling the Dalai Lama's name in the last issue. The correct spelling is *Tenzin Gyatso*. I also want to apologize to all of our distributors who have been nice enough to keep inquiring about this second issue and who helped us out with the first one. More importantly, I'd like to apologize to all of our advertisers who were kind enough not to pull their ads, even though we're coming out over a year later than we promised. Most importantly, I'd like to apologize to all the fans of the band and readers of the mag who may still actually care and who may very well be disappointed with what's finally come down the pike (or is that pipe?). But believe me, it hasn't been easy and I didn't do it on purpose. Last year was weird. It began with the earthquake and got worse from there. Lots of heroes died: River, Kurt, Bukowski, Kojak, John Candy, Harry Nilsson, Frank Zappa, Eugene Ionesco, Albert Goldman, Richard Nixon, Kristen Pfaff, Bob Stinson, Sonny Sharrock, Michael O'Donoghue, Eric Wright and several colleagues whom you've never heard of but who were the kinds of readers we aim to please. The tragedy of their passing has only put our own petty problems in perspective. "Too much bloody perspective," to paraphrase Spinal Tap upon visiting Elvis' grave. Now, in the long run, I'd like to think that it is better to go through an art director, or two, or three, or four, wait a few months for the American Eagle 80 lb. matte recycled paper and get played by a few bumba clots than be six feet under, scattered to the wind or have John Doe tagged to my toe. Just in case you're wondering, I'm not making excuses. You'll notice that I said I "want to" apologize, but I didn't actually apologize; because to tell you the truth, I'm really not too sorry that's it late. In fact, I'd like to think that we're not late at all but ahead of our time. There are way too many magazines as it is, and you wouldn't like us as much as you think you do if we came out more often. But now that we are back, let's get one thing straight: *Grand Royal* is pronounced *Grand* (like "Grandstanding") *Royal* (like "Royal pain in the ass"), NOT *Grand Royale* (like "Fudge Royale" ice cream). Not to be a dick or anything, but I just can't stand to see someone make an ass out of themselves — that's my job. Because like my man Chuck Mosley said, "It's a dirty job, but someone's gotta do it."

— Bob Mack

## FREE SLICK RICK

I'm writing this whilst sitting in the LA Convention Center waiting to take the Pledge Of Allegiance and become an American citizen. Fuck being British! That bullshit country never gave me nothing but a bad attitude and an expensive booze habit. I had to come here to earn a living and now I'm P.A.I.D. Had I stayed in London I'd probably still be on "the dole" (welfare). And if you think I'm crazy for wanting to become an American, then go live in that hellhole of a country for a while, 'cause it ain't too much fun. You have no idea how good we've got it here. But the best thing of all about becoming an American citizen is that now I can do crimes and not get deported. In fact, when I'm done taking the pledge here, I'ma get me a hooker, an 8-ball of meth, an assault rifle and then steal me a car and become the one-man crime wave I've always wanted to be. God bless America!

Slick Rick has not been as lucky. Although he and his whole family have lived here since he was a kid, he was never naturalized and thus remains a British citizen. As an alien convicted of a felony, the I.N.S. are trying to have him deported as soon as he completes his sentence of three and a half to ten years for the attempted murder of a cousin who had repeatedly threatened Rick with extortion. Methink this is all wrong. This is not Snoop Doggy Dog on a drive-by, or even Pooh Man on an invasion-style take-over robbery of a Wall-Mart in Berkeley. And Ricky definitely never lived Tupac's "Thug Life." All he was doing was trying to protect his shit and that's as American as my freshly naturalized ass. Rick's next parole hearing will be in December, by which time he will have served over five years in jail, paid his debt to society and learnt his lesson. To then punish him further with a one-way ticket to England (the virtual equivalent of a life term in a Siberian salt mine) is surely cruel and unusual punishment and thus unconstitutional (yes, the Constitution is for aliens too).

Fuck it! The man's whole life is here; his friends, his family (including his son) and his career. Also, whether you like rap or not, many people consider it a legitimate American art form to which Rick, as one of its "founding fathers," has made an invaluable contribution.

So, get off your arse and write a letter of support to Adler Communications, 516 West 25th St. NY, NY 10001. Otherwise y'all might be part of the body count from The Captain's One Man Crime Wave. On a mission... The Captain.

P.S. For all you new-jacks who don't know who Slick Rick is, the song "Lodi Dodi" on Snoop Doggy's album is based on Slick Rick's classic anthem, so you can (and should) check out his three albums on Def Jam Records.



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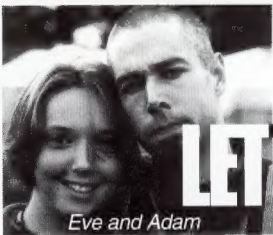
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## THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORIES OF:

Bogey, Daniel Fidler, B.W. Honeycutt, Murray N. Rothbard, Sheba, Jac Zinder, Fatty, *Spy* and *Dirt*

WELCOME HOME A.P., CONGRATULATIONS LORI AND ERIC





# LETTERS

Eve and Adam

To the Editors:

I thought the first issue was cool, rad, fly, dope and not at all wack! I'm 37 years old and have no idea what I'm saying!

Sincerely,  
Joanne Gruber  
New York, NY  
*That's OK, neither do we.*

"The Top Ten Tips for De-Reeking" gave me an idea: to keep a bong nice 'n' smooth, rinse it out with Scope and then take a bong hit using mouth-wash/water. Then rinse with Palmolive — it keeps bong hits clean 'n' tasty, and helps break down resin build-up.

Peace,  
PJ Waicus  
Moorestown, NJ

*Fine idea, Peace PJ. May I also suggest you put a bit of Ajax in the bowl to really cleanse your lungs. But seriously, don't try that at home, kids, and PJ, I don't smoke herb anymore, though my man Bob, being a Palmolive man himself, says, "you're soaking in it Madge."*

Hey Beastie Boys I like your magazine it kicks ass. You should come to my house and kidnap me and we could party, then we could thrash some pimps that dis your music. Don't worry I ain't any trouble I'm just in 6th grade. I got in a fight and beat the muthafuckin hell out of some stupid ass bitch.

Sincerely,  
Kyle Gratton  
Richmond, VT  
*Kyle, I received your correspondence and was moved by your integrity as a gentleman and a scholar. However, Kyle, I must say that some of your conduct is not quite up to par. In particular, there is no reason whatsoever to "beat the motherfuckin' hell out of some stupid ass bitch." Nor is it correct to refer to females as "bitches." Now Kyle, this is going to hurt you more than it's going to hurt me, but I must reprimand you for boasting of such action. Your friend always, The Yaucher*

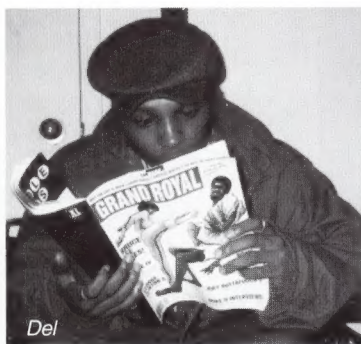
When I first heard "Finger Lickin' Good," I was buggin' after Yauch said "got more spice than the Frugal Gourmet," 'cause he's my dad! My pops thought it was cool. I showed him the "Top Ten Cooking Tips" and pasta al pesto recipe. He thought it was funny and said the recipe looked good. If you want to come up here, let me know. I could get my dad to

cook us a big ass dinner and we could hang out at his funky crib in Seattle! Peace,  
Channing Smith  
Tacoma, WA  
*Dear Peace-Channing, we'd like to take you up on that offer, but you'll have to remind us when we get to Seattle. Hungrily, the Frugal Yauch*

After reading the Frugal Yauch, I decided to share this traditional bar-becue pasta recipe from Sal G's Sicilian/Brooklyn cookbook.

## PASTA MATTAROCCHO

5 cloves of garlic  
10 fresh basil leaves  
2 teaspoons of salt  
1 can of peeled plum tomatoes  
3/4 cup of virgin olive oil  
1 pound of angel hair pasta  
Pepper, salt, and a touch of oregano



Put garlic, salt and basil leaves in a bowl and mash until garlic is pasty. Squish tomatoes in separate bowl, then combine with garlic paste and add olive oil. Boil pasta and strain. Combine cold garlic and tomato Mattarocco sauce with pasta and serve. Add more sauce as desired. Great for the road because cold sauce stores well. Just order a side of pasta at some pizza joint, get back on the bus, plop on the sauce and ENJOY! Peace out Brothers of the Beast, Sal G

*Thanks Frugal Mattarocco, for your support of the band, and for your recipe, which with any luck we'll remember to bring to our rendezvous with Peace-Channing's Peace-Pops.*

Just got your zine. It's exactly what I wanted, but here's the problem. The Soul Asylum dis was the coolest, but you had to go and fuck it up with the wussy disclaimer. PLUS, stylistic/grammatical/punctuation errors are cool! Shitty photos are cool! Even that Tibetan political shit is cool! So don't worry about what's said in the zine. It's yours! I thought you had "nothing to lose 'cuz you didn't give a fuck." Paz y amor,  
Sean Amery Marquand  
Flagstaff, AZ  
*Dear Sean, don't dis the disclaimer,*

*because if you read carefully Mike actually disclaims it himself! But I am pleased to hear that there isn't any need to worry about punctuation and will forward this information to Bob Mack, who is solely to blame for the anal-retentive aspect of the magazine. Signing out, Yauhc.*

Yauch you motherfucker! I saw you on 8th St. in the Village and you said you'd put me on the guest list at Roseland. I damn near had to kill 20 niggas at the door before I calmed down. Next time you want to play me, put a quarter in my ass. Nah, it goes like that sometime. Keep hittin' 'em. Peace,  
Akendul  
Brooklyn, NY  
*Yo Peace Akendul, that was a fake Yauch, because if it was me, I would have been in disguise chilling with the real Bootsy! Just jokin'. It was me and I did forget. Sorry.*

Dear Grand Royal:  
I laughed so hard at "The Captain's Beefs." If his personality is in fact like that, then for me he's the next God. He's so much of a penis, you gotta love him, or at least find him funny. By the way, may I marry Adam Yauch? Later,  
Teddie Esser  
Plainville, MA  
*Dear Teddie, "I do." And I eagerly look forward to our new life together.*

Wotcha, Please come to England and tour with S\*M\*A\*S\*H and These Animal Men as soon as you can. Next week would be nice. Come and party when you're in town. love and respect,  
Simon Morgan  
Whitnash, England  
*Dear Wotcha, I'm afraid we won't be touring with S\*M\*A\*S\*H\* or in Whitnash very soon but appreciate your offer nonetheless. In the mean time, give our friend who cleans his bong with Scope a call.*

Enclosed is a picture of me surfing that Bob Mack asked me to send. Bob's really proud of your magazine and although I've never seen it I'm sure I'll be proud to be a part of it. Sincerely, Tafay Lindeman  
Carmel Valley, CA

I'm writing with my comments on *Some Old Bullshit*. You couldn't have picked a more suitable title. It was a big mistake and should have stayed in the '80s, where it belongs. Which brings me to my next problem. I feel it's dissin' Adrock. He didn't have anything to do with it from what I gathered reading the inside. Like, the Beastie



Tafay

Boys are making money off an album that one of them had nothing to do with? What about John? Isn't it dissin' him the most? If Van Halen rereleased "Panama," David Lee Roth would have a few things to say, wouldn't he? I feel the Beastie Boys rely too much on Mike D. I once wrote you guys asking about a new album and he sent me postcard saying subscribe to *Grand Royal*. Are the Beastie Boys putting money before their fans? You should discover what the Beastie Boys are about, not what Mike D's about. Sincerely,  
Les Arvai  
Windsor, Ontario

*Thanks a lot for your courageous letter, Les, but let's get a few things straight. Adrock is not sore about the rerelease of the record. He was a friend and fan of the Beastie Boys back before he joined the band, too. We're also truly sorry that when you wrote us for some stuff, we sent you a Grand Royal subscription card instead; that was pretty solicitous, Yauch agrees. But if you were just writing to see if you could cadge a few freebies, that was pretty solicitous of yourself Bob would like to say. And in his own defense, Mike would like to offer the following: 1) One of our motivations for releasing the S.O.B. compilation was to get everyone (especially John and Kate) properly compensated for the material (because none of us had been in the past.) And guess what? Now we're being properly compensated! 2) As for David Lee Roth, I'm sure Diamond Dave will be mighty pleased when they eventually release that Van Halen box set, as it will help keep him well supplied with Washington Square pot joints for years to come. 3) Again, sorry about the postcard; next time we'll include a lock of Bob's hair.*

Adam, Mike, Yauch,  
On a serious note, I'm actually writing you three to thank you for your music. I've been in one hell of an emotional state since I found out my best friend was transferred to a 24 hr care facility. She's 22 and dying of cancer. I've been watching her mind and body deteriorate for a long time. It's tearing me apart. The only thing that's saved me has been your music. I just want you to know you have helped someone stay afloat, stay sane. Your music makes me think, feel, laugh, sometimes dance,



B U R N I N G F L A G S P R E S S

# FUCK YOU HEROES



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WITH ANNOTATED INDEX

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and altogether makes me feel incredible. Thank for your time and patience. Seriously, Amy "Amos" McMahon Old Fart, NC  
*Amos, I'm glad the music makes you feel good. That's what it's all about. Hang in there. Death can bring a great deal of learning. I don't mean to make light of it, but you might want to check out The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying by Sogyal Rinpoche. It's always good to try to see the positive side of a situation.* —Yauch

Mike D,  
 My dream is to be a Beastie Boys groupie. I would follow you guys around until I got too annoying and you directed me to Ricky Powell. But after meeting you, he'd be dogshit to me. You'd eventually miss me, so you'd start tagging along behind me and I'd let you, even if you got too annoying. Then I'd start a band and play bass or drums real good, so you'd become a groupie of mine. Then our bands would bond and we'd have a mega-cool super band. You, MCA, Adrock, me and my three friends. Then we'd split for personal differences. Two new bands would result from this break-up. Me and you would be in one. We'd kick ass. Then we'd get sick of playing and just hang out all the time in someone's basement. Then I'd say something that pissed you off and you'd tell me to take my ass back where I came from. I'd be hurt, cry a little but go back home. A year later I would go to a concert and you'd be the drummer. You'd recognize

me and let me jam with you cuz you knew I was good. Then we'd go skate and as I was trying to pull a bad-ass trick I would fall. You would help me up, look me in the eyes and say, "You're pretty fucking cool." And I'd say, "You're pretty fucking annoying," just to get back at you from before. Then I'd break out laughing because you weren't annoying, just a cool guy who I liked to cause trouble with. You'd look at me, confused, and I'd

go, "Remember? Last year when you told me to go home because I was annoying?" But for some reason you wouldn't remember. Then we'd both go back to LA together and your dog would like me, so you knew I must be cool. In our spare time, we would take turns dying our hair funky colors. And when we would walk down the street together, people wouldn't mess with us because since I could kick your ass, they would know I

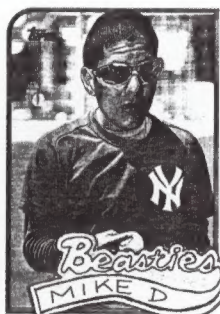
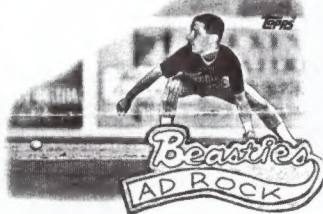
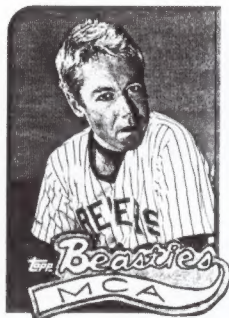
would beat the shit out of them, too.  
 Nichole Kain  
 Green Bay, WI  
*Nichole my friend, you are a genius, and while I happily await these coming events, I suggest you steer clear of Mike's wife Tamra.* —Yauch

My name's Mario Madrid. Similar to many boys here I'm devoted of the "Chicos Bestias" particularly then I listened "Check Your Head," that this broke my head. In Argentina never come a hip-hop band,

because the "US-3" and "Digable Planets" concert didn't do. Beastie Boys is anxiously hoped for the fans, and the fan will be grateful if you sometime fall down to this part of the world. Thank you very much. Excuse me my bad english.  
 Mario Madrid.  
*Dear Mario, you're excused, kid. Just hope you caught us when we fell down there last April.*

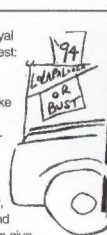
Dear Mike, Andy, Spike, Adam, Bob, Jeff & Adam, Just got through reading the first issue. I'm speechless. Amazing. Keep up the good work. And would you please get me in touch with Van Williams & Aaron Haspel? I'm a *Hornet* fanatic and really wanna write about it. Truly,  
 Harry Allen

Hip-hop Activist and Media Assassin New York, NY  
*Harry: Thanks for the props; we'd like to offer you and Chuck the same. Van Williams is a cellular phone dealer in Santa Monica (call us for his number) and freelance brainiac Aaron "Rage" Haspel can be reached by typing aaron@emedia.net into whatever it is that people type into on the Edutainment Superhighway.*



#### AND MORE LETTERS:

We get a lot of mail here at Grand Royal World Headquarters, and let's be honest: the Band cannot possibly read it all. That's why bands have fan clubs. Of course fan clubs can be a drag, so Mike started the magazine as an alternate means of corresponding with the thousands of people who write to Beastie Boys. Presently there are more than 30,000 names on our mailing list, and since the list keeps growing every day, we prefer to have fans write to the band care of their post office box, rather than give out our street address. It may sound paranoid, but now that Beastie Boys have finally been on the cover of the Rolling Stones and are again drawing arena sized crowds, they have to be careful not to give any unnecessary encouragement to any would be slackers, or stalkers, or whatever you call 'em. Why just the other day (actually it's been about a year now), two of the biggest goon-bans we've ever laid eyes on showed up on our doorstep, having trekked all the way from New York and knowing full well that the band were away from town. Luckily these two super fans — Royce Grade lookalike Steve Blum and Don Rickles doppelganger Mark "Dof" Dozier — were sorta "cool." Nevertheless it's still a good thing that the band weren't in town, as these two dudes were not the type who take "Yo!" for an answer. During their stay in L.A., they would also burmush a visibly uneasy Jimmie Walker at some comedy club and try to burmush a visibly furious Witt Chamberlain after spotting "The Still" driving on a westside thoroughfare. Not surprisingly, the temperamental hoops legend who boasts of fornicating with more than 20,000 females mistook the two vacationing Long Islanders for repo men and began running red lights and making "pin" turns without signaling in a valiant effort to shake the star struck schmucks off his tail. Of course we didn't believe this tale any more than you probably do at this point, but then Blum and Doz sent us this picture that they took after finally catching up to Chamberlain, all 7'2" of him crammed into what appears to be a Ford Capri (notice that they thoughtfully sketched in the rest of the car and added a "Lolapalooza '94 or Bust" pennant). So you see, that's why the band are sometimes reluctant to encourage too much interaction with their fans. The obvious downside to this policy is that they miss out on some of the remarkable letters, fotos, poems, stories, drawings, fanzines, demo tapes, clothing catalogues, clothing, stickers and fake dog shit that gets sent to us (by "us" we mean the magazine, not Grand Royal proper, as Hammer would say). Our favorite correspondent is one Louie Diaz of San Diego, who, along with his buddy (a globe-trotting minor league baseball player whose name eludes us, but check his photos in the top right corner of next page's photo border) has sent more than 100 homespun postcards made from personal photos inscribed with inscrutable haiku. For example, see that photo of the elderly couple dancing on the left side of the photo border? "Talkin' Some Old Bullshit" was Louie's caption. The inspiration and belly laughs his words and photos provided helped our hearts and heads make this issue, so big ups, Louie! Anyway, since we could reprint excerpts from only a few of the more amusing letters, we did attempt to answer, however testily, as much mail from as many of you dummies as we could possibly stomach. So, without further a do... To the person who sent us p. 28 of the October 1999 issue of *Freestyle*, magazine as proof that Spike Jonze hasn't always liked the Beastie Boys: you're never gonna get to use the purple crayon now. **Eric Eyster of Balthryn, MO and Darren Embry of Louisville, KY:** The second issue is out now. **Patrick Tillman of Owatonna, MN:** Yes, like Bono, you're bugging us, so when you find that copy of "Rock Hard," send it immediately, we could use one too. **Asher Marcus,** at this point probably a former student of Yeshiva University High School: the band will not be able to write a letter for your yearbook. Good luck in college. **John Elatte:** please tell us how to pronounce your name with your next letter, and make it just a letter, not fiction. **Melissa "More Bounce Sister" of Stockton, CA:** thanks for reading the first issue into the ground. This time we made it "perfect bound" (i.e. with a "spine," like a book) to make sure the cover doesn't fall off. **Steve Buell of Vancouver, WA:** had you bothered to knock, you'd have found out that indeed they were not in here, and thanks for your submission; unfortunately we don't write too much about Beastie Boys — they're already over the hill. Same to **Chris Harrison of Maywood, NJ,** whose answer to his own question — Who is the dopest Beastie Boy? — employs a certain admirable Bavarian pretzel logic. **Patrick Finn:** Loved your report on how bad life sucks in the Infernal Empire! Why don't you move? Hello **Mr. RoJoRo from Norway:** Thanks for including us in your magazine index. The person who sent us "Baboon is Love" from Beverly Hills should look less at Peter Bagge and read more John Dos Passos. **April Nauff of Plano, TX,** writes to say that she is not a minor, which we find hard to believe considering she also writes that Adrock would make a "yummy Buttafuc-co" (but which we figure has to be true given that she's usually advises MCA to read Flashbacks by Timothy Leary). Thanks for the patch and paper, April. Now then, **Andrew Palmer of Auckland, New Zealand:** true enough, **Chuck Eddy on Donna Summer** was certainly a highlight much like Chuck Connors on Don Ameche would be. To **Lucifer, Esq.,** "helpline" number 212-749-7336: Mike should be signing and faxing back that contract giving you exclusive rights to his soul any day now. **Mieka Franchi,** who was disappointed in Connecticut after hearing "Some Old Bullshit": The line forms to the right. **Tom O'Keefe in area code 914:** hope you sold "Pollywog Stew" for \$1,000 when you had the chance — if not, try Mieka Franchi. **Martin's Music Box from Athens, Greece:** loved your magazine, but — brace yourself — it's all Greek to us. **Chris Cosbonas of Ontario, NY:** writes to us boasting that his Ewing Adidas have no laces. What, you spent the night in jail? For Christ's sake, Chris, shape up or ship out! **Kevin Lamoureux of Woonsocket, RI:** thanks for letting us know that you performed "Shadrach" at the school talent show with your friends Paul and Eric. The band should be suing you for



nonpay-  
 ment of performance royalties as you read this. **Mr. Mike Betz of Murrieta, CA, doesn't like Rick Rubin.** All we can say is wait till you meet Mike Rubin! (Mike Rubin helps edit Motorbooby, which is, as it boasts, "The Better Magazine.") But Mike, darling, cut your hair! **David Kurtzman from NY** gripes that Ricky Powell once tried to pick up his girl, David, take solace in the fact that you are not alone. To the **Sun King, Daniel Jazavenska:** thanks, but no thanks — stick with your collages, work on them rhymes. **Chris Eldorado of Inglewood, CA,** wants to know if any of us collect late '60s or early '70s cholo oldies. We don't know, maybe Mark or Mario (write them in care us and we'll pass it along. Max Perlich's been listening to lot of samba 78s lately, if that helps). To **Generic Mike #21, Barak S. Blackburn, Kuda Ben, and DJ Momma,** of Binghamton, NY, who all worship Crispin Glover: we don't approve but at least it's not the dude who Bob thought you were talking about (Christian Laethner). Still, you should get out more, take in a minor league hockey game or two. **Eric from Memphis** wants to know what the fuck happened to **Rammelteze.** As far as we know, Ram is still metamorphosing into a human Transformer and was featured in the 1993/94 year end issue of *Urb* magazine by our boy Dave Tompkins. If you see Ram, tell him that if he wants to get his spacechop off the ground he has to make Andy Blinx his co-pilot — everyone else is just a lite. Moving right along, on February 22nd, 1994, the Shawnee Mission South High School inducted the Beastie Boys in, on or up onto their wall of heroes. Thanks to **Aaron Hollenback and the rest of the Shawnee students** — just don't put us in, on or up to your Wall of Woodoo. The Biz Markie/Biggie Smalls Wordsmith of the Moment Award goes to **Mark "MC Gunk" Sanders** for his marvy Al Yankovicization of "Sabatage" entitled "Cabotage": "I can't stand land/d! don't need it! So I'ma get a boat and just navigate/My head's got a hat and my foot's got a sandal/And like Captain Hook, I'm a sea vandal." Less successful but equally entertaining in the lyric-writing department were German kids **Hash m.LKey** who are attempting to coin the phrase, "That was all the shit pusher." Thanks to **Peter Fort and Eva Persson** (for sending us samples of their photography. We enjoyed them, but we're full up on photographers right now. Thanks also to **Yermin Scum Records, Phloem Camo, and Bender** — we're listening to your records right now. As for **Mickey Hess and Chad Patterson,** last seen mooning Colonel Sanders: thanks for the scoop on Rotisserie Gold, but put your pants back on. **Kate Piercy from Normal, IL,** wins the Hometown Name Award. **Steve Reale of Branford, CT** knows girls who like to party, while **Little Joey Calleja from Taylor, MI,** sends a picture of his prom date and reminds us that he was the "real short guy who came backstage on New Year's Eve with Ricky Powell." Little Joey, the good news is that Ricky remembers you. The bad news is that he remembers your prom date as well (call David Kurtzman to commiserate). **Ted Daell Kim and M.C.B.,** both from Anchorage, AK, **Aaron Lazar from Auburn, AL, Fello Motta of Rio De Janeiro and Mike Zielski** have all tried to curry our favor with the drawings they sent in, which, despite their excellence, didn't take into account that we don't like curry. But seriously, accomplished as they were, they couldn't quite match the phenomenal rendering of the band sent by **Sakiko of Fresno, CA,** which we have proudly reprinted atop the masthead (Adrock's bow tie matched by the twinkle in his eye). Meanwhile, if we're not mistaken, it was **Carl Waldo Peters of Detroit, MI** who sent Mike a black t-shirt embroidered with a star and rainbow and the words "Shakedown Street," which Mike liked so much that he gave it to Bob. (The first time Bob wore it in public, hard to impress X-Large kernel club chairman Adam Silverman commented approvingly on the fine craftsmanship of the garment). **San Franciscan Theresa Rzecezycki** joined in the fun and sent a newspaper clip about Steve Carlton, the Hall of Fame hurler who is a big conspiracy kook. Thanks, Theresa, we'll forward the info to GR's resident baseball crank **Aaron "Hatch" Haspel** ASAP. On a conspiracy-related note, a **Good Lookin' Out** Award to **Bryan Frankensuss Thelms of Mountlake Terrace, WA,** who wrote to tell us that a classmate of his at Evergreen State College plagiarized churlish rebel Hugh Gallagher's Great Gap Conspiracy article from issue one of Grand Royal for a school project. Thanks for apprehending this "pawn for the Forces of Wackness" Bryan, but as Ian Svenonius warned: "A kid who tells on another kid is a dead kid." **The Captain's Official Fan Club** is growing by leaps and bounds with every waking moment. Charter members include **Teddie Esser** (see main letters section), a person named **Finn in Minneapolis** and **J.R. Taylor of Black and White Magazine;** other interested parties can contact the Captain directly by sending a SASE and all manner of adult entertainment to Sgt. Captain's Lonely Beefheart's Band, Chairperson Wendy Gies, 2002 Preston Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90039. And while we're talking Captains, we should acknowledge a letter from **Justin Jay** about his photography exhibition entitled "Abundance" which was held at CB's 313 Gallery in NYC. The accompanying press release read, in part: "These photographs are appropriated from Cap'n Crunch commercials produced in the early 1960s. Selected frames are cropped and displayed in a triptych formation in order to imply a scenario that never actually appeared in the advertisements. The once fatherly and jocular Captain Horatio Crunch now appears to be terrorizing three small children





while under the influence of drugs." Bravo, Justin! Anyway, that's pretty much it for now. There are more letters, but there are definitely no more responses (poor **Chloe** **Pursehouse** of Pittsburgh will have to wait till next time). Maybe we'll catch you on the back nine. (One way to the green **Mike** **Joe** **Tam** of **Hendon, VA** caught us by surprise here. "Very disappointed" and asks "If you do come out with a new issue, would you mind printing this?" Thanks a lot monkey face.)

Yes we do mind, but you're welcome, monkey bread! Wait, we almost forgot. Thanks to **Shawn Crystal** of **Columbia, MD**, for the fake dog shit. If we were really mean, we'd say that it goes well with your artwork, but that's not true—your stuff's kinda cool, just next time send a print and not a slide. And as long as we're on the subject of shit, fake dog or otherwise, a **He** or **Mrs. Shit** of **Garden Grove, CA**, writes to say that "You guys looked up **Brude** **Lee** **Wade** **Addis** in 'Game of Death' you asshole!" As a reader of **Roll**, **Shit**, he wore both at the same time (see picture right), so we're still right. Meanwhile, you're wrong. Movie titles are not put in quotes, they're italicized. And there should be a comma after "Death," inside the end quote. So like our man **Frank J. Verdi** says, "settle down." And next time eat your Wheaties before you front on Grand Ray.

## ZINES

Though we don't have time or space to review all the fanzines sent to our World Headquarters, we would like to thank as many people as possible who sent us their publications. Congratulations to former **Dirt** and **Grand Royal** Art Director **Andy Jenkins** for publishing his first book, **I Check The Mail Only When Certain It Has Arrived: A Collection of Letters From People I Didn't Know**. Letter-writers whose work is reproduced therein include **Spike Jonze** and **Thomas "Souplantation"** Campbell. Highly recommended and available for \$10.50 postpaid to Bend Press, P.O. Box 886 San Pedro, CA 90733. A toast to our unofficial sister publication, **Loaded**, for being named **Consumer Magazine** of the Year in Britain (special part on the curly locks to **Loaded's** head honcho, **James Brown**—the ex-NMVE editor not the angel dusted law evader—who was named Editor of the Year to boot). Domestically speaking, **Geaneard**, **Black Market**, **Hypno**, **Therazine**, **Speed Kills**, **Juxtapoz** (great pix for tape covers) and **Might** just might be onto something, while **Highball**, **The Definitive Guide to Booz**, **Cars and Women**, has emerged as the favorite magazine of **Eli Bonerz**, who knows a thing or two about swingin' bachelorhood. **Bob** finally looked at an issue of **Chickfactor** because he thought he was on someone's "crush" list. He never found his name but ended up enjoying its thoroughness (though it did give him a crick in his neck). Speaking of the crick factor, **Ben is Dead** could use a few cover lines but still gets "props" for their **Retro Hell** issue and being a continuing source of inspiration. Check the new silver-covered issue of **Bunnyphoo** (formerly **Waffle**), which reprints several overly airbrushed high school yearbook portraits of anonymous ne'er-do-wells interspersed with those of **Darby**, **Tori Spelling**, **Laura Dern**, **Ice Cube** and other celebrities. (send \$5 to **Bunnyphoo**, P.O. Box 421073, San Francisco, CA, 94142 to get a copy) After a two year lull between issues, the new **Motorbooty** (with its timely cover line, "Kill Time Before It Kills You") is seeping into the collective subconscious with that knee knock for separating mellow god from platinum jive. **Motorbooty's** NEW address is PO Box 02007, Detroit, MI 48202. We also need to say hi to some other old friends, like **Ann Marlowe**, who has succeeded in launching her new **New York** monthly, **Proffly Decorat'g**, the world's only magazine to number both **Aaron Rose** and **Aaron Hasepl** amongst its contributors. Hip hop hooray in addition to **Riza Cruz**, who by now should have put out a third issue of **Tart**, an "eclectic" magazine she does with some friends in New York (\$3, 214 E. 24 St. Apt. 4G NY, NY 10010). Then there's **Kendall Meade**, who has put out an homage zine to the **Golden Aunts** (which is either called **Ride On**, **Baby**, or **Lalala**) and plays in a darling girlie group **Juicy** (whose album, **The Lady Ladies**, features **Bob's** anthem "Psycho Ex-Boyfriend"). We should also say hello to some new friends like **Angie Walton**, who puts out **Baby Bread Skate Magazine**, a publication devoted to rollerblading (Angie, sorry I haven't called back, but that is an absolutely insane picture of you on page 36 of the purple issue). A belated "thanks" and "hi" to **Khambl** **Green** of **Pacific Grove CA**. Pete thanks **Steve Douglas** and all 411 for their skate video **Groove Magazine**, which provided hours of switch stance armchair amazement. **Jefferson and Phil at Dazed and Confused** (the best British magazine yet to win any awards), and the **Foundation/Pod** folks for making **Foxy**, a girl zine for girls and boys which pegs the substantial yet casual style like a pair of chinchilla pants. OK, so much for the zines we're familiar with. Here's a roll call of ones that we enjoyed and/or were annoyed by: **Ain't Nothin' Like Fuckin' Moonshine**: p.o. box 471807, S.F. CA 94147: Comics joined in three-way marriage of pen, erica and color tone. Critic's choice. **Frizzy Style Life**, Erica Chiao, 3937 Ashworth Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103 (85 cents): Exam booklet-sized with funny and heavy serial comics. **PopGIRLZ**, P.O. Box 20891, NYC, NY 10009 (43¢): And you don't take home to mother. Cramped with freaked bag drawings like a **Flintstones** fantasy with **Barney** getting down by **Wilma**. **Cupid**, Good Publishing Company, Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, IL 60622 (10¢ cat): Pocketsized rocket of love. Boss color. Slick ad girls. Send more, or better yet, marry us! **Clothesnutter** 946 NW Circle Blvd 300, Corvallis, OR 97330 (\$1): Three Faces of the Kedsster have I. **I. Spastic**, P.O. Box 4629, Berkeley, CA 94704-0629 (\$1): Like a strobe turned on an epileptic (i.e., the captioned photos and newspaper comics). **Storefront Bar-B-Q**, P.O. Box 433, Portland, OR 97207 (\$2): Clean with Cynthia Connolly's review of a Doug Copeland reading. And though our computer doesn't know the dingbat for pi, we like this zine that has that name a little more than three (on a scale of one to four). **Plebeio**, Mike, #588A, Maryland, 800 Font Blvd., SF, CA, 94132. **Straight No Chaser/Fulcrum**, Martin Roberts, 1058 Alamosa, Claremont, CA 91711 (\$1): Punk photos, plus Jeff Nelson (Minor Threat) interview. **Paris in the 20's** 324 East 74th Street, Suite 1C, New York, NY 10021 (50 cents): Real New York Times clippings reprinted verbatim as found humor. Done

by grown-ups, yet all ages might enjoy. **Round & Round**, Suite 501 International House, 223 Regent Street, London W1R 8QD (E1): Music and football done well with terrace sensibility. (Thanks Dan Almond). **Proppy**, 2808 W. Barry, Suite 2, Chicago, IL, 60618-7016 (priceless): Rude interviews with dubious ex-celebs like **Gig Young** and incredible color cover of low-tech couch-potato caucasians on weird science tip. **Rake**, P.O. Box 481, Cambridge, MA 02140 (\$5): Lovingly dedicated to cereal box collecting, but don't bother the editor till he finishes his forthcoming book. **Shit**, Jan Doggen, Birkchoplelan, 263, B2140, Antwerpen, Belgium (IRC): European skate photos. **Mr. Density**, Westview Station, P.O. Box 172, Binghamton, NY 13905-0172 (\$1 and one stamp): Crispin Glover fans write about their man. **Neuro Maniac**, Drazen Krnik, Heinzlova 20, 41000 Zagreb, Croatia (IRC): Newspaper-sized music stuff in Croatian. Fala boga! **Anni-Society**, P.O. Box 4628, MTSU, Murfreesboro, TN 37132 (50 cents): Shemp's life story plus a history of Nashville music with cool layout. **CF6**, C. Duggan, 755 Pleasant St. #2, Worcester, MA 01602 (free): A must, if only for the photo of **Farrakhan** playing the violin in his socks. **Ralph**, Box 505, 1288 Broughton St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6G 2B5 (\$1): A single sheet of poetry with hip tips colored and printed on the near-obsolete Gestetner. **Everything Sucks!**, Randy Costanza, 7332 Schley Ave., Pittsburgh, PA, 15218 (25 cents). Scrappy comics from the pen of an underage booz. **Hot**, P.O. Box 291516, Los Angeles, CA 90029 (\$2). Wizard comics. **Yahzeen**, P.O. Box 2275, Fargo, ND 58108-2275 (\$1): Superbly written one-year anniversary issue with cool hand-drawn cover of **Elvis** in his treehouse. **Hemorrhoid**, 3144 Bryant Ave So. #2, Minneapolis, MN 55408. If you can't find it, look for **Joshua Glenn's** writing in the **Uline Reader**. **Exile Osaka**, 3-4 Tanigawa-cho #202, Tondabayashi, Osaka 584 JAPAN: Self styled chronicle of Japan's Underground Bazarro World complains about Sebadah complaining when they toured there. **Greedy Bastard** (\$1): Which is worse: looking at your sibling in the shower through a hole in the wall or masturbating with raw meat? It's a tip of the coin, and a Susan B. Anthony dollar at that. **Aesthetic Zenit**, P.O. Box 190044, Indianapolis, IN 46219-9993: Hari's answers to life's questions and **El Matador** on what he isn't missing by not going to college. **Rocktober**, 1507 E. 53rd St. #617, Chicago, IL 60615 (\$2): Issue 11 had a History of Naked Rock. **Roll** and interview with **Pedro**. This sounds like a peshesack operation! **Bell Crank**, P.O. Box 1846, Philadelphia, PA 19105-1646 (\$2): One of the best. Well written, fresh topics (including **DIY Trepanation**). **Chantelle's Eye View**, 242 Rathgar St., Fall River, MA 02720: Xeroxed comics from various artists. **Panholes**, P.O. Box 81202, Pittsburgh, PA 15217 (\$3): Subtitled "A Do-Me Feminist Reader," issue #5 included interview with stockcar racer **Mitzi Shaulis**. **Noisettes Soukiss**, 1611 N. Santa Rita, Racer Tucson, AZ 85719-4139: Cool "Summer in the Sun" issue mostly handwritten and drawn. **My Girlfriend's Thrink**, 6924 Canby Ave., #116, Reseda, CA (50 cents). Brilliant tie up to latest **Baby Split Bowling News**. P.O. Box 7205, Minneapolis, MN 55407 (\$4): As much bowling rigmarole as you'll ever need. **Theme 70**, Mark J. Banville, 105D Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, London, SE12 0HT (\$2.3): Thorough look at Isaac Hayes, Max Julien, Claudia Jennings and other stars or semi-stars from the faded fabled decade. **Hit Round**, 1001 Cooper Pt. Rd. SW, Suite 140 #194, Olympia, WA 98502: Can't tell how much the infernal thing costs but it's pretty funny. Can't tell how much longer we can keep reading these infernal things, either, so here's an incomplete laundry list of other offerings we received. **Cometcast**, P.O. Box 41091, SF, CA 94110 (\$1). **Envy the Dead**, P.O. Box 3033, KC, MO 64112. **Goodfalls**, Box 11, 187 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211 (\$1). **The People's Cheese Factory**, Eggfoot Publishing, 7535 W. Norton Ave., Ste. 008, West Hollywood, CA 90046 (\$1). Tells how to avoid a DUI conviction, which Bob could've used a little sooner. **Outback**, 5255 Crane Rd. W., Melbourne, FL 32904 (\$2): Punk news and opinion. **Crackin' Farmer**, 131 E. College St., Oberlin, OH 44074-1608 (\$1.50). Formerly **Camper van Hagen**. **STM**, c/o **Rollersnakes**, 43 Maid Man Way, Nottingham, NG1 6GD, ENGLAND (free). Skateboarding. **Ruth Zine**, 318 Greyhound Pass West, Camel, IN 46032 (\$1). **Should #2**, c/o Keith Werwa, 512 E. 6th St. Apt. 24, New York, NY, 10009 (free). **S.P.A.M.**, Heidi Bivens, 3432 Reedy Drive, Annandale, VA 22003 (\$1 and 2 stamps). **Godsend**, Todd Zachritz, 1401 Furqay Road, Evansville, IN 47715-6219 (regularly \$4) **17 Postals**, c/o Castelar 63-65 108 50013 Zaragoza, SPAIN: Music news in Spanish and Mudhoney are big in Spain, so it's fly. **The Georgetown Gazette**, Box 3230, Georgetown U., Washington, DC 20057-3230 (free). **Altitude Problem**, P.O. Box 2354, Prescott, AZ 86302 (free). **Fat**, 7210 Jordan Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304 (free). **Thrust**, 10 Jenny Way, Chico, CA 95928 (three stamps). **Turning the Tide**, P.A.R.T., P.O. Box 1990, Burbank, CA 91507 (\$2.50). Anti-fascist rag. **The Spoon Family Chronicle**, Neikeweg 6, 35440 Liden, Germany (IRC). **Hey There, Barbie Girl!**, P.O. Box 819, Stuyvesant Station, NYC, NY 10009 (\$2). Bill Rahmy told Ben companion. Other fanzines that Grand Royal Distribution Director and Fact Sheet Five subscriber **Chris "C."** Johnson wants to make sure we don't forget: **Speed Kills**, **Ink 19**, **Caribou 14**, **Yakuzza**, **Insight**, **Thicker**, plus three rap ones I kinda like: **Beat Down**, **Ego Trip** and **4080** (my boy Mongo). And last but not least, **Breeder's Digest**—by far the cutest zine ever made by a band. Bob would like to personally thank **Conditio**, **Karate Killer**, **Slam**, the **Eastbay catalog**, **Jel from the Skolars** for bringing us back to the Midwest (where it belongs), **Nika** and **Judi** for pointing out that **Girl Pnde** does exist, **Jonathan Pokar** for biting the Paper magazine logo and trying to get **Glendale** skatepark built, **Molly Neuman** at **Lookout** ("I listen to those records as soon as you divulge how many times the Brainmobile caught a flat), **Lawrence Martinez** of **Gilroy, CA** for helping out his mom, the guy named **John** who submitted those mock **Beastie Boys** **Insatiable** cards, **Wayne Bremser** and **Jared Bader** for their beautiful poetry and prints **Ratman**, **B. Sprout** for his book **Repentance** and **Dan "Zipper Trauma"** **Newberry**, to whom we wish a speedy recovery from his acute case of "disco dig": i.e., "a sore bifocled finger that comes from too much finger-snapping while dancing."

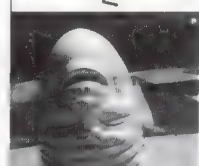
## DEMO REVIEWS

We get lots of unsolicited demos and, well, and don't kid yourself: the band seems to have a single one of them. Fortunately there's a lot of squirrely kids who hang around our offices with nothing better to do than listen to these dang things. Keeping Money Mark's motto in mind ("I don't like his shit but somebody does"), we divided up the demos amongst three glibble underlings: **David**, **Lisa Roth**, **Came** to "Pork" Gaeta and Brandon "Little Red" Schoolhouse. **LISA'S REVIEWS**: I, Lisa Roth, declare that although most of these bands sucked 8000 times worse than I said, that's only my opinion.

**6. Crew**: Perfect for a Bar-Mitzvah. **Basil's Favorite Hat**: Seem depressed. **Don of The Flow**: I heard the line about bitches sucking your dicks, but from the looks of your picture I doubt it. **Blackmail**: Straightoutta Gaz-zan's **Legs** Up. **Ditto**. **Mill Valley Takes**: Boring video, good music. **Splice** sounds: Spanish influence, no vocals. **3-Pack Bonanza**: Ultimate Destiny, Part Two: Three kids imitating Beastie Boys, lip-synching, pretending to be interviewed. No, they're not Japanese. **Super Hits Vol. 1** (Jarn Records): 1) **Meat Minder**, "Doggy Bag": Screaming, whining and moaning. **Torture**. 2) **Aspin** **Fest**, "Thinking is a Crime"/**Scrape** and **Cremate**: Both songs sound the same. Complete noise. Hate it. 3) **North American Bison**, "Middle Class Family": Like rockabilly break but am still hearing singer in my nightmares. 4) **Dunt**, "Twister": Starts with bile of Iron Maiden, speeds up, slows down, speeds up. **Yuk!** **Super Hits Vol. 2**: 1) **Sexy Freud** and **The Ego Whips**, "Fallin' Down": Pop-punk. 2) **The Nickels**, "I Can't Think": Better than **Sexy Freud**. 3) **The Jermans**, "Good to Go": Same as last two but more whiney (they all sound like Orange County party bands). **The Doves**: "Piss Test": I envision big eyed guys with tattoos trying to look tough by nodding their heads in pseudo-psycho way. **Griff**, "Leave Me Alone": Don't worry. **Coreless 2**: "Fudeln No Grandma": You better not be fuckin' no grandma. Two hours of other people's phone conversations—we don't need another Jerky Boys. **Stumble Block**: Like the hell-hardcore, half-funk but I'll pass on the thrash. Inside art looks like radioactive lung cells flying over trees. **Fresh Blend**: "Freestyling & Stuff": Good beats, keep trying. **Havik**: "1 Rip The Mic/Corbin At Ya": You better rip the mic before I rip it out of your hands, and not even bother comin' at me. **Pandora's Lunchbox**, "Moody Yarn": Like the second half but first few songs should've stayed in **Karen Finley's** lunchbox with the yam. **Dope Post's Society**: I liked this until I realized the second song was over a Gangstar beat. **Silvrdiv**: Who the fuck are you? No info, just an insert with John Travolta on it. By FAR the best I've heard. No vocals, all live instruments with distortion. **Jugmastics**: Like the beats but could do without the dude who sounds like cross between Blood of Abraham and YSBT. **Acacia** **Be**: "Build myself a Crow Bar": Finally someone with a sense of humor. **Auray** yells about Mr. Roper and "a boy and his dog." I peed my pants. **Third Seconds**: **Dope**: Drove really fast to this punk/ska band. **The Rita Gasbarr Quintuplets**: "The Italian Way—Don't Fuck With Lucy": Do all five look alike? I love when she says "yes-hooww" **Ladyfingers**: From San Diego. Matt the singer is a real humdinger. **Carmelo's Picks**: Over the past year I've salvaged all sorts of tapes which otherwise would've gone straight from my mailbox into the round file. I figured that kids who were down to be **Grand Royal/Beastie Boys** fans would be submit some quality music, but for the most part I've been wrong. Yet every once in a while I hear some amazing material, so keep it coming, cos I'm the only guy that Mike listens to on these matters. Some of my more recent faves: **Takuma Kanaïwa**: Dusted dub beats made for x-rated video games. **I Own The Sky**: Happy Medium (Brainchild label, 714 533-7857): Ready to blow up like **Yauch's** man **Michael Sipe**. "Mountain Range" is the cut. **B-Side Players**: Youthful Latin jazz orchestra from San Diego. Nice blend of **Santana** and **Mongo Santanaria**. **Da Samson Daze** (Sakura mix): Japanese b-boys giving up the Soba rhymes over ill sake beats. Behold, the future of hip-hop is upon us (thanks **Sadie**). **Buffalo Daughter**: Lo-tech/hi-concept keyboard funk à la **Money Mark**, but where are the lyrics? **Form**: Material for days. The kid is on some super-avant-bugged **Tatla** space rock tip. Don't stop. **Bullmaulin**: Can't be objective for two reasons: 1) I work with the lead singer, **Brandon**, who's a complete vacadude, and 2) his industrial metal screaming ain't my style. But **Homeboy's** still ill, and if you prefer teabags to coffee grounds you should definitely check it. **BRANDON'S FAVE UNSIGNEED BANDS**: **Pothole**, **Downer**, **Chuck**, **Lunchbox**, **Human Waste Project**, **Baseline**, **Therms**.

## sound TRACK

We listened to a lot of music this year, and some stuff that we liked a year ago we don't like now, and some stuff that we didn't like last year we now can't get enough of. There's a third category too, of stuff that some of us hate but one of us keeps playing. Anyway, there aren't any reviews in this issue, but here are some songs that motivated and inspired us. **Eggs** "Genetic Engineering" (TeenBeat); **Blur** "To The End" (Food); **Bender** "Moon Walking" (Words of Warning); **Kinda Fat** "Big Ups Dance Remix" (Goldenrod); **Slant 6** "Don't Censor Me" (Dischord); **Willie Bobo** "Fried Neck Bones and Some Home Fries" (Verve); **Klezmer** 1993 New York City Knitting Factory Works; **Guv'ner** "Thespian Girl" (Wilja); **Common Sense** "Nuthin' To Do" (Relativity); **Demolition Doll Rods** "Were The Doll Rods" (WOMB/PAST IT); **Ian Dury** "Wake Up And Make Love To Me" (Stiff); **Money Mark** "Insects Are All Around Us" (Love Kitz); **Curtis Fuller** **New Trombone** (Verve); **Meat Puppets** "Backwater" (Sony); **Casual** "I Didn't Mean To (Live)" **Mudhoney** "Into Your Schtick" (Super Electro); **Edwyn Collins** "A Girl Like You" (Setanta); **Red Aunts** "Freakathon" (Epitaph); **ABC** "Power of Persuasion" (Mercury); **Eskimo** **The Further Adventures of Der Shrimpink** (Prawn Song); **Beck** "Asshole" (K); **Rancid** "Brixton" (Epitaph); **Babes In Toyland** "Middle Man" (Warner Bros.); **Faith No More** "Take This Bottle"; **that dog**, "old time" (DGC); **Six Finger Satellite** "Machine Cuisine" (Sub-Pop); **Charles Kynard** "Stomp" (BGP); **Sly and the Family Stone** "In Time"; **Wellwater Conspiracy** "Tower Chord" (Super Electro); **Solomon Burke** **Soul Alive** (Demon); **Ventures** "Walk, Don't Run"; **Skee-Lo** "I Wish" (Sunshine/Scotti Bros.); **Wilco** "Passenger Side" (Warner Bros.); **Elliott Smith** "Sane Song" (KRS); **Can** reissues (Mute); **Budgie** **Squawk** (MCA); **Freddie Hubbard** "Backlash" (Blue Note); **Notorious B.I.G.** "Things Done Changed"; **Captain Beefheart** "Zig Zag Wanderer" (Buddha); **Staple Singers** "Grandma's Hands"; **Tortoise** "Tin Cans And Twine" (Thrill Jockey)





When I finally spoke with Kathleen Hanna of the band Bikini Kill about Grand Royal #1, she made it quite clear to me that she was not willing to contribute to the magazine until certain things about it were dealt with. But instead of asking her to voice these complaints in a standard letter to the editor, I thought it might be better to enter into one of those open-ended dialogues that you sometimes see in the fancy magazines. So when Kathleen and her bandmate Kathi Wilcox were in town one time, a serious sit-down in the world-famous Club D Rum-pus Room was convened. We ordered Bob Mack out, a six-pack in and rolled the tape. In doing so we were hoping to first of all let the girls bring us to task on some things about us and our magazine that other people had taken offense to and, second of all, make ourselves and others more aware of both the subtle and blatant sexist biases that continue to invade our language, thoughts and everyday lives. Not that we want to come off as overly apologetic or, even worse, act like just cos we talked about sexism with two girls we're now off the hook. But we do want to be held responsible for what we're putting out there into the world. So here it goes.

—Mike D

**Kathleen:** Okay, okay, okay. So the reason why this interview came about is because the Bob Mack guy asked if I'd do something for Grand Royal but I didn't feel comfortable doing anything and instead I wanted to talk to you about some stuff that really pissed me off about the first issue...

**Mike:** Well, in the beginning, we got really carried away doing the magazine. Originally it was supposed to be only us, and then we reached out to more people... and I got into a bit of a hard position, cos there's always people who say things that I don't agree with, but I'm still responsible for putting them out, and that freaks me out to a certain extent. I don't really know to what extent I should censor those ideas or control what those ideas are, or if I should put them out and just comment on them.

**Kathleen:** Or like have me comment on them?

**Mike:** Yeah, exactly.

**Kathleen:** Well, part of the thing is, like, what's the difference between censorship and social responsibility? I sometimes find that the whole censorship argument is used as a way for people to avoid the fact that they're like...

**Mike:** Doing shit that's totally fucked up all the time.

**Kathleen:** Fucked! Yeah, totally! Like, um, the Poot ad in the last issue of Grand Royal [see bottom of this page]. That was really fucked up and sexist.

**Mike:** I'll show you a more fucked-up one. These other guys, this skateboard company, did a spoof on that ad which totally disfigured the girls. And it's fucked up. And that was an ad for a line of clothes that's for girls. But anyway, that Poot ad was in fact approved by the girl who runs that company. Whatever. I don't even want to get into defending their whole thing, but then there's this really fucked-up...

**Kathleen:** But that Poot ad just sucked in every way too, you know? It was like they read a textbook on how to be a dick or something. And if you print stuff like that you are gonna alienate a lot of cool girls.

**Mike:** Yeah, that's a good point. Like, I'm not really sensitive to that ad. I think I am more sensitive than a lot of other people, which is basically meaningless, but I don't know how to put it in more tangible ways — you know what I mean. Like when I read magazines I'm usually aware of how either Eurocentric the ideas are or male-centric, or whatever, so I'm usually pretty good at being aware of it, but that ad never occurred to me, especially within the skateboarding thing right now, there's way more fucked, really blatantly sexist stuff going on.

**Kathleen:** Yeah, but to me it is really blatantly sexist.

**Mike:** But see, it's good that you are pointing it out to me, cos in a way, I'm totally ignorant of that.

**Kathleen:** Well, just in the text of the ad alone, there are like three different really fucked-up ideas. Like the part about how the clothes are for "skateboard guys and their girlfriends" just assumes two really fucked-up things: that everyone who skates is obviously a guy, and also that the skate guy is necessarily heterosexual, you know? It's not even possible for these people to imagine that a girl might skate, or that there are girl skaters who go out with other girls or maybe even girl skaters who go out with other girl skaters...or go out with other guys or maybe don't "go out" at all...you know? And then there's the objectification thing, like where the models are just talked about in this way like their whole thing is about being looked at/presented to guys, "Aren't these two a couple of gems?"

**Mike:** Yeah, that's really bad. I guess I never read the text [laughing].

**Kathleen:** [also laughing] You're so busted.

**Mike:** [looking at the ad] No, I definitely never read it. But I'll come clean on that — wait, my man is here [attending to the beer delivery man].

**Kathleen:** [to Kathi] Have you seen this?

**Kathi:** Nuh-uh. [mocking Mike] I guess I don't know what's in my own magazine.

**Kathleen:** [digging back into the magazine] Hold on, there's this other thing I want to bring up that was in the last issue, it's from the Pharcyde interview...fuck man, where is it...okay, okay, okay...this isn't Mike who asks the question but [reading from the interview], "Out of all the females in the entire world, who would you most want to bone?" Okay? And then it goes on to say, "Oh, Janet, Janet, no, not Janet Jackson...blah...blah...blah."

**Mike:** Actually they were really perplexed by that particular question and they kept coming back to it, recurrently, you know what I mean? We'd just go on to other stuff, and then they'd come back to the question because it stayed in their minds for awhile. I'd also like to say that I don't mind being taken to task for asking that

their asses or whatever and not their music. I just thought it was disrespectful to women in general, and especially to the individual women who were mentioned. I don't know...I'm not saying censor it. That's not what I'm saying. What I'm saying is, like, what woman is gonna wanna write for this magazine?

**Mike:** Yeah, but one of the things I want to do with the next issue, even though I don't want to lose our voice or lose what we're trying to do, is make the magazine a little less male-centric.

The conversation goes on, covering topics like the lack of female record company presidents, the B-Boys being embarrassed by their past and the typically shitty ads placed by companies like Diesel in magazines like SPIN. Beers are opened and Mike wonders about asking bell hooks (sic) to read/speak at Lollapalooza.

**Mike:** We can say to bell hooks [see facing page], "Well, do you want to speak in front of these kids who are going to be completely ignorant of what you're about, maybe under one percent of which are going to even know who you are? It's going to be fucked and people might be completely disrespectful or who you are, but you do actually stand a chance of, like, going out there and maybe changing a couple people."

**Kathleen:** But see, my idea on the whole thing is, hey, it's not the responsibility of marginalized, oppressed people to educate everyone. I personally wouldn't put myself in that position and go out there and do my schtick in front of the Red Hot Chili Peppers fan guys...because, you know...

## ★ GRILL ROCK STARS

Kathleen Hanna and Kathi Wilcox  
Call Out the Kebab at Club D.

question, but I want to stand up for the Pharcyde because one of the most appealing things about them is that a lot of their lyrics deal with the shit that happens to them. "Passing Me By" and "Otha' Fish" are more about getting dissed by girls than about pursuing them like objects.

**Kathleen:** Well, let me tell you how I felt about it, if anyone cares. I read that question and just had this total fear run through my body. Not a fear of like, "Oh someone's gonna bang down my door and hurt me." I was just really scared about how they were gonna answer the question. Like how many individual women were they gonna hurt by answering it? I mean, I've had problems where it's really hard to even play a show because the sound guy won't plug in my monitor unless I tell him if I'm married, single, or have a boyfriend. And you know, that's the kind of shit I have to deal with every day, and it's like...it's more than just insensitive to ask a question like that. I mean it totally sucks to talk about female musicians in terms of



**Mike:** Yeah, but I have to go out in front of those guys every night.

**Kathleen:** You don't have to do anything.

**Mike:** But our idea is to do something different with that audience, which is why I think our audience is different than the "those guys" crowd.

**Kathleen:** But, um, about the whole thing you brought up about asking bell hooks to do Lolla-

Greet our fall winter collection for beautiful girls all the time. Of course there's the guys collection too, aren't these two a couple of gems. That's Angie on the left and Sara hanging on. Eewoo. On top of these stunning ensembles we have the incredible Overall Jumper now available in bleached down indigo denim aaaaand the Classic Long Sleeved Knit. Guy Trousers, Shorts, Jackets, etc etc. P.O.O.T. Satisfying the needs of skateboarders and especially satisfying the needs of their girlfriends or better yet satisfying the needs of women everywhere!





palooza...I think what you're saying is essentially that guilt is debilitating and you don't wanna just sit around whining and moaning. You wanna actually use your privileges to make potentially cool things happen, and...

**Mike:** Well, in terms of being, like, an intermediary, on that level, it's easy...

**Kathleen:** Let me finish! Let me fucking finish!

**Mike:** ...like when Public Enemy's first album came out they went on tour with us, and it was our favorite record. And it's not like white kids immediately caught on to Public Enemy. Their first album wasn't really that big a success. It wasn't until *It Takes A Nation Of Millions* that they got big. You put Public Enemy after their first album, that was like the best album we had heard. Period.

**Kathleen:** Let me fucking finish! Okay, so you don't wanna sit around and moan, so you're trying to use your privileges to help people gain access to the stuff that you have access to, and I think that's really cool. The thing I'm saying is that it's not enough. We had a similar problem in Riot Grrrl DC. Two years ago, at the convention, we were talking about how there were a lot of white girls involved, and it was like, what are we going to do about this? And then someone brought up that it was really racist for the white girls to assume that non-white girls/girls of color would want to be involved in what was basically a white girl thing, a thing that had pretty much been based on the needs and desires of white women and girls. You know? Like, does bell hooks really want to go to Lollapalooza?

**Mike:** Well, she very well may not. It might not be the right thing for her to do.

**Kathleen:** Right. What I'm saying is that maybe it's not about getting people to work with us on our agendas, but more about redefining our whole thing. Sure you can go out and say, "I wanna get some women of color and some white women to work on this magazine," but if you don't create a magazine that anyone but white guys are willing to deal with, then really all that's happened is you've created a situation where you can feel good about yourself for "trying," but nothing's really gonna change. You know what I mean?

**Mike:** I was going to ask you guys about one thing that's interesting to me, but I don't want to use the RG words.

**Kathleen:** Go ahead.

**Mike:** Well, if you look at Riot Grrrl as a movement, to me it's like Malcolm X's whole theory of when white people said, "How can we be involved in forwarding what you're doing?" He said, "Well you can't really," you know? That has to come from within the community. That has to come from within our own people. We have to strengthen ourselves. We have to become affirmed in our own identity. But what you can do is educate all your fellow people who are the oppressors, you know? Let them know what their background of oppressing people is...

**Kathleen:** Exactly

**Mike:** In the same way, it's like you don't want to have to deal with guys at Riot Grrrl meetings, but at the same time, guys can have their role in terms of educating other guys about their own oppressive behaviors.

**Kathleen:** Right. I think one thing that's really important in the boy community or whatever, or the boy thing, is like, to realize that oppression is a two-way street. You know what I mean? That it's like, white men are really missing out — I don't wanna say white men are oppressed, but...

**Mike:** I don't think oppression is a two-way street.

**Kathleen:** No, no, no. You misunderstand me. What I'm saying is that I think that way that masculinity has been constructed in our society is fucking boys up. Because, even if you just look at it on a personal level, it's like, I can't hang out with boys who haven't educated themselves or been educated in some meaningful way about sexism. And so

it's like, the guys who friends with me are just gonna miss out, you know? And I happen to think I am a pretty cool friend to have, you know what I mean? The way I look at it, it's just a lot more complex than saying white man equals evil (although that is a perfectly fine thing to say sometimes).

**Kathi:** We're all losing out

**Kathleen:** Right. All of us. What I'm saying is that unequal power distributions and hierarchies, in general, dehumanize everyone involved...and you know I don't think it's in anyone's best interest to just be playing top/bottom games forever. I mean, things could be really complex and interesting, but they're not gonna get that way unless people with privilege seriously start challenging ourselves in terms of how we oppress and/or abuse "others." You know? And we have to check each other's shit or else we're all gonna miss out on things being cool. You guys are seriously missing out unless you all start listening to girls.

**Mike:** Unfortunately, that's probably the last thing that's gonna change. You know what I mean? In terms of how males should be more open to talking to each other and open to learning something new, they'd probably have to be coming from a more secure place, which is hard.

**Kathleen:** Which is also where homophobia is gonna enter the discussion.

**Mike:** Yeah, and all that stuff. To me, people have to be aware that to be gay or queer or whatever in this world right now means that you're basically being given shit all the time. You know, constantly. And in a different way than if you're black. You're dealing with a certain non-stop discrimination that really dictates their behavior. Like, I know plenty of gay women who won't kiss in public. You know what I mean? Well, I wanted to ask you about how Riot Grrrl deals with the male, white person. Like how you want to see males get involved in terms of forwarding what you want to do, and actually bettering the situation overall.

**Kathi:** Yeah.

**Mike:** You know what I mean? I guess it's kind of broad, but...

**Kathleen:** No, I know what that's about.

**Kathi:** [to Kathleen] You can, like, try to clarify the whole thing with us and Riot Grrrl if you want to.

**Kathleen:** Oh yeah. First of all, Bikini Kill is not Riot Grrrl and Riot Grrrl is not Bikini Kill. They're totally separate entities, and there's four people in Bikini Kill with very distinct ideas, and anything that comes out of my mouth, obviously people should know it's from my mouth and not out of like, a hundred women's mouths, or Kathi's mouth, or Tobi's mouth, or Bill's. I need to say this cos every time I say anything it's like...

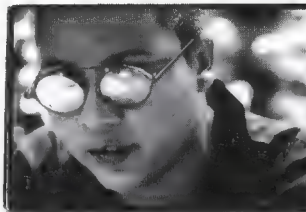
**Kathi:** "Riot Grrrl means...." Which usually translates into "Bikini Kill says..."

**Kathleen:** What's really sad about this is that Bikini Kill, as a band, has been turned into these really rigid, static ideas by people other than ourselves. I mean, just to brag about the band I'm in, I think that we have always had a really good sense of humor. You know?

**Kathi:** We make fun of ourselves.

**Mike:** Like in *Grand Royal*, you know, Thurston's doing "Top Ten Free Jazz Albums." And that's really going to be a cool list, but then it's like, to me, the goal is to have a balance of stuff that's like, I don't want to say "consciously humorous," but stuff that we do where we're goofing, where it is like us and it's funny. That's in there and balancing that with a more serious side.

**Kathleen:** Well, that could be really powerful.



bell hooks (sic) is a feminist theorist, cultural critic, and professor of women's studies at Oberlin College. She is the author of eight books; the most recent is *Sisters of the Yam: Black Women and Self-Recovery* (South End Press). "I don't use the term 'women's movement' — I believe men must be part of the feminist movement."

And there's this similar thing that I am dealing with in my own life, where I am wanting to be around people who I identify with. I think that's really important for me because I've never really felt like I was allowed to choose who I spent time with. So for me to hang out with tough girls, you know, who like reading the same books I do and are into the same bands and stuff, is really really powerful. And I think that goes with the idea that having fun and feeling included, for certain people, are really political, and that to say "politics aren't separate from humor" is really really important, because usually the whole idea is that...

**Kathi:** You can either have the one or the other, but not both.

**Kathleen:** And this kind of duality is a totally essential part of hierarchy or hierarchical thinking. Like separating things out. You know — this is good, this is bad, this is male, this is female.

**Kathi:** This is one thing or this is the other. You can't be both things are once, and if you are, then you're contradictory.

**Kathleen and Kathi:** Contradicting yourself.

**Kathi:** And you're invalid, completely. Either way, you're fucked. They perceive you as contradicting yourself, instead of seeing that of course you're multi-faceted, multi-dimensional...

**Mike:** A lot of times people can be very amiss. You either have to be one way or another. Real complexities of lives or personalities are hard for people to deal with.

**Kathleen:** Complex.

**Kathi:** That's reality.

**Kathleen:** Especially for people who are "Othered" in whatever way, made to feel marginal or suppressed or oppressed or whatever. Not all forms of oppression are the same, they're not...but I am talking more about how people who are working towards whatever kind of change tend to be perceived. You get put in the position where you are supposed to always be working for the betterment of whatever group you feel a part of, and you're not allowed to ever fuck up anything, lest your inconsistencies be blown out of proportion and used against you to discredit you. And so like you get scared to have fun and kick back and have a beer cos maybe it'll be seen as some sort of contradiction of the fact that you're supposed to be Miss Really Intense, or Miss Super Political, or whatever.

**Kathi:** Or you can't be calling boys to task at the same time as you're making out with them. Give me a break. Or something like, "But I thought you hated all men? Like if you don't hate all men, then what are you talking about?"

**Kathleen:** Oh yeah, we should get back to the original question, of like what can the boys do to help or something? Well, personally I think it's crucial that boys talk to each other about their own sexism, their own experiences as oppressors, and get used to recognizing how their behavior/ action may be affecting women. And there's all sorts of ways they can get information about what all different kinds of women/ladies and girls think. Like aside from just vampiring the females that they might know. Like there are lots of books and records and fanzines that they can seek out. Plus guys have to realize that their very presence may be censoring and demanding to women, so there are gonna be times when they just shouldn't be around, you know? And bitching about this just adds to the whole problem anyways, cos it's not about exclusion. It's about safety.



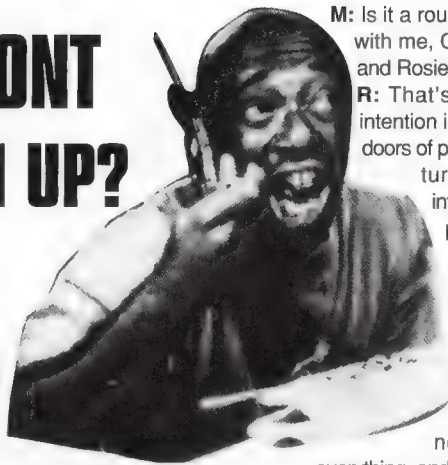




# UPFRONT

## YO, WUSSTH UP?

### Our Annual Impromptu Conversation with Russell Simmons



**Russell:** Michael Diamond! Whatcha doing papa?

**Mike D:** Ahh, man, people getting hectic on me.

**R:** When are we going to settle our lawsuit?

**M:** It's done, but how am I gonna get paid on my old record?

**R:** When Sony finishes selling the stock, I'll send you a check directly from Polygram.

**M:** No worries!

**R:** Your old record actually sells more than all my new records. Def Jam would probably go out of business if we weren't still selling *Licensed to Ill*.

**M:** WHAT? So tell me what you got comin' up.

**R:** Sony, Warners and I have started a show called *3-D*, where I call up, like, you, Robert DeNiro, Christy Turlington, Cindy Crawford, Andre Harrell, Janet and other people who are too big to talk to regular DJs.

**M:** You left Eddie Murphy off the list.

**R:** Actually, Eddie and I are doing a film, and we asked you to do a song for it.

**M:** What happened to that Abel Ferrar movie?

**R:** *The Addiction* is complete. I'll send you a copy so you can give me a new song because the one you sent is 15 years old.

**M:** But it was hype!

**R:** Somehow our settlement made me give you that record. Now you're trying to sell it back to me for \$200,000, and it's old school, like something Cold Crush made in 1956. Now, Mike, I love you...

**M:** That's your favorite Beastie Boy record!

**R:** Nah, even your friend and mine Glen Freidman said that record isn't a good representation of the world-famous Beastie Boys.

**M:** It might not be a good representation —

**R:** I'm not saying it's bad, I just prefer "Hold It Now."

**M:** And "Girls."

**R:** Who owns "Girls?"

**M:** That's yours. That shit's large in Japan.

**R:** Who owns the Beatles one we couldn't clear?

**M:** You don't own that one, either.

**R:** I don't own anything worthwhile. I said, "Check every record we own by the Beastie Boys that hasn't been released," so they gave me a list of records and you own each one.

**M:** Yeah, well, yeah.

**R:** You're a sly guy, Mike. Whenever I negotiate with you, I gotta count my fingers. How is it that an artist can take advantage of business people?

**M:** I learned from the best, Fast Finger Simmons. I'm not as quick as you, kid.

**R:** All right, Mike, what we're doing with this net-

work... thing. We know what you do and we want to be you.

**M:** Hey, Russell?

**R:** Yeah?

**M:** Are you on something?

**R:** No, not anymore. I haven't taken drugs in a long time. What about you, Mike?

**M:** I'm cool right now.

**R:** You're cool for a couple hours and then you need another?

**M:** Then I gotta run to the corner — you know how I'm living.

**R:** Mike, are you completely straight?

**M:** I'm completely straight actually, but I heard you were drinking again at Lyor's wedding —

**R:** Did Sean tell you? Sean was so drunk! Now I know why you call him Captain Pissy.

**M:** Keeping it real, was he?

**R:** So real that he threw up on the bride's lap.

**M:** He didn't tell me that part.

**R:** He always oversaw the whole process. On tour, Captain would go out and bring girls backstage for you and the King Adrock — even though he'd given Dave that job. Remember that?

**M:** Na, ah, there was some wild shit going on, but I'm married now, man. I can't comment.

**R:** You weren't then.... Anyway, let's talk about more serious stuff.

**M:** What happened to Blue Magic?

**R:** What happened was I produced what I thought was a special record, but I don't know if the audience is ready. They performed at my birthday party a few months ago.

**M:** I wasn't even invited...

**R:** You were in Tokyo. There were all kinds of celebrities there.

**M:** [audible sigh] That's, that's cool.

**R:** All friends you've known for years. Rick Rubin, a bunch of models, a bunch of athletes and a bunch of musicians. The police closed it down.

**M:** Where was it at?

**R:** The Coffee Shop in New York.

**M:** Oh, your man Jelly Bean's spot.

**R:** Mike, I tell you, I put some money in a restaurant. My money is in a lot of restaurants, but I never talk about them because they're not cool. So I put some money in a restaurant on my corner called Bowery Bar & Grill.

**M:** Oh, Eric's restaurant. You're an investor?

**R:** Let me tell you my story please!

**M:** I'm having dinner there Monday.

**R:** If you don't let me talk, Mike, we won't let you in my restaurant.

**M:** Awight, tell me what's going on.

**R:** I brought Cindy Crawford, Christy Turlington, a bunch of athletes, a bunch of... We didn't get a table. So I asked Eric if I could invest more money, and we had a big fight, but he finally accepted. I'm for real in this restaurant. We have a very special restaurant, one of the biggest money makers in New York. And you know how bad I need money.

**M:** You have plenty of money! Kid, you have to slow down and start enjoying that shit!

**R:** I don't have as much as you think.

**M:** You can't worry about where you're gonna end up. You just gotta make what you wanna make. You know us, Russell — we're on some art shit.

**R:** I wanted to bring that up because this is an ongoing fight we have. You gotta make "Fight For Your Right To Party II," and then you'll be satisfied! So what if you still sell a million! Every time you breathe, you could sell eight million! I'm sorry, they want me to ask important things: Where are the Beastie Boys going? What do you feel artistically? And tell us about your tour. It's a lot of questions in one.

**M:** We were supposed to go to Europe but pushed it back to February and everyone in England got real mad. Remember how England hated us? Now they like us again.

**R:** I have never! I've been involved in a lot of controversies surrounding a lot of artists: Public Enemy, Run DMC, whatever. But those were minimal compared to the Beastie Boys' fiasco in England. In those newspapers every day was an article about what the Beastie Boys allegedly did. Pictures of DMC turning over a Volkswagen said, "Mike D of the Beastie Boys." They banned the record, and it went to number one, sort of like the Sex Pistols scandal — I don't know if you know anything about that. Anyway, about the tour...

**M:** We were tired, Mark the keyboard player had to get home to see his new baby, a bunch of reasons. Your boy Michael Jackson wanted me to remix something.

**R:** Shut up!

**M:** I got a fax from Sandy Gallin, but I can't do that.

**R:** Michael's a good friend of mine, don't make fun of him.

**M:** I'm not making fun of him! Yo, he's one of the greatest singers in the world. We could make a dope record. I'm not lying at all.

**R:** I remember many years ago, before you had any respect, we had dinner with Quincy Jones and you insulted him. You, Yauch and Adrock looked at him and said, "You think you can make our record?" And in a condescending way like, "You can make a Michael Jackson record, you can make a Barbra Streisand record, but you can't make a Beastie Boys record."

**M:** WHAT? W...wait, I don't remember that!

**R:** You were all little punk rockers, you used to be in a band called Wasted Youth —

**M:** Wasted Youth was a different band, Russell.

**R:** What was the name of that punk rock band?

**M:** Adam's band? Young and the Useless.

**R:** You were mean and obnoxious. You were nice under that, but you said to Quincy — and I'll never forget this — "You wanna make our record?" You looked at him like, "Nigga, please."

**M:** We were just offering him the job! He was gonna get four producer's points on your five million record. But see, on that Europe shit, the press is mad at us —



**R:** I remember you and I and Rick Rubin were in London and I woke up with a dead fish in my bed. You threw dead chickens out the window, I remember all the pranks you used to play. You took a bucket of pee, threw it on the critic from *Creem* and taped him chasing you to your hotel room. Slammed the door in his face. Craziest video I've ever seen. Speaking of videos, what's your next one going to be?

**M:** Well my boy, Spike, who directs our videos...

**R:** Spike Newman?

**M:** No, Spike Jonze! We want to hook something up like Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom — the boats with the big fans on the back, know what I'm talking about?

**R:** I know what you're talking about. Actually, as creative as that might sound, I already saw that in a Black Sheep video.

**M:** The Mutual Of Omaha joint?

**R:** The fan on the back of the boat to make it go through the swamp.

**M:** And they're saving the animals?

**R:** They don't save animals. My assistant is very much into saving animals.

**M:** Simone? Simone's the best person.

**R:** She thinks that people don't mean shit!

**M:** No, people mean a lot.

**R:** They can control themselves, they have choice, but she's really into animals. If you wear leather shoes, she'll flip, and that freaks me out. I don't want to be insensitive, but —

**M:** Simone's a good person, I wouldn't worry.

**R:** She's got a great heart, but —

**M:** You know me, I can't eat animals.

**R:** What about Adrock?

**M:** He doesn't mind eating the animals.

**R:** Hurricane?

**M:** He'll eat animal. He's down with the chicken unit.

**R:** Tell DJ Hurricane that Russell Simmons says to keep it real. I seen him looking like a punk rock star on MTV. I was like, "Is that DJ Hurricane?"

**M:** What do you mean?

**R:** Just to see Hurricane do so many different things is a trip. He was the most narrow-minded kid from Hollis, Queens, and now he's worldly and sophisticated.

**M:** Let me tell you about our last trip to Japan with Cane and the Sniper Unit. Those kids are gonna bring sake back to the hood. St. Ides is over.

**R:** Forty ounces of sake! All right, Mike D, I appreciate you talking to us. Tell the guys hello, and I'll call you at home so we can talk about the real shit.

**M:** So I'll see you at Eric's spot?

**R:** Don't say "Eric's Spot" — come on.

**M:** I mean your restaurant.

**R:** I'm like Rick in Casablanca. That's my spot.

**M:** Your spot, excuse me.

## WILL THE REAL RUSSELL SIMINS PLEASE DRINK UP!

**Mike D:** Are you ever confused with the other Russell Simmons?

**Russell Simins:**

Yeah, when I was living in New York I'd get a call every so often. I

remember some guy going,

"Yo Russell, what's up tonight?" I

said, "Who's this?" And he goes, "I must have the wrong Russell Simins." More recently I was staying at the Mondrian and a friend of my girlfriend's called for us but got connected with him, and he said, "You got the wrong Russell Simmons." Then after I checked out, another friend called and the front desk rang the other Russell. Some chick who was way out of it answered "Ullo?" My friend said, "Is Russell Simins there?" She goes, "Who's this?" So he said, "Pete Moe," and she goes "Pete Moe?" Then she said, "Hold on" and dropped the phone. A minute later a guy picked up and goes, "Hello? Who's this?" "Pete Moe." "I don't know no Pete Moe — you got the wrong Russell Simmons!"

**M:** You gotta give him props, though, for saying "You got the wrong Russell Simmons!" If someone started talking to you like you were the other Russell it would take a second before you realized.

**R:** But it's different now, — apparently he knows who I am. It's happened to him more than once.

**M:** So do you think anyone asks him how the Blues Explosion is doing?

**R:** Yeah man, fuck yeah. Hey man, I am Russell Simins, that's all there is to it.

**M:** So you're not coming out with your own Comedy Jam?

**R:** That show's only gettin' worse, man.

**M:** I heard the Blues Explosion is gonna become the house band, take over Kid Capri's slot.

**R:** Yeah man, it's gonna be fuckin' live, no DJs.

Russell Simins of the John Spencer Blues Explosion

**M:** Do you guys plan to collaborate with Russell?

**R:** No, just continue to confuse people, nationwide.

**M:** Is there anything about the other Russell Simmons that you admire? The bulletproof Rolls Royce?

**R:** Nah, that doesn't impress me. I was into the HBO show, but it's not as funny as it used to be.

You know, we went to the same school and lived in the same dorm, and I didn't even know it.

**M:** He didn't go to NYU, he just hung at Rick's.

**R:** Oh, it was Rick who went to NYU?

**M:** Yeah, I think Russell was living in Lefrak City with Lee Perry at the time, so he crashed at the dorm a lot. But he wasn't an NYU student, except maybe in spirit. Have you ever heard his extended vocal cameo on "Cold Rock Stuff" by Jazzy J?

**R:** No, no!

**M:** Pretty impressive. He talks shit for like six minutes. What's your instrumental with the Farfisa?

**R:** "Greyhound."

**M:** Do a remix of "Greyhound" and have Russell talk shit over it!

**R:** We should just have him do vocals on a single for us. What is he doing now?

**M:** Russel just macks. He's a free spirit.

**R:** Do you hang with him at all?

**M:** Sometimes. I talk to him every now and then.

We're supposed to have dinner this week.

**R:** Hopefully we'll meet some day. If you two are going to eat dinner and want to give me a call...

**M:** Definitely, but I should warn you: Russell is not a snappy dresser. Blues Explosion dress better.

**R:** I don't know about that. We're pretty lousy dressers. I dress the same way I did in high school: jeans and a fuckin' t-shirt.

**M:** So Blues Explosion don't shop at Phat Pharm?

**R:** Fuck no! Thrift stores, man — the easiest place to get Levi's.

**M:** That's probably true.

**R:** It is true, man.

**M:** I'm lookin' at the Blues Explosion poster for

"Orange" and it's true, you guys aren't...

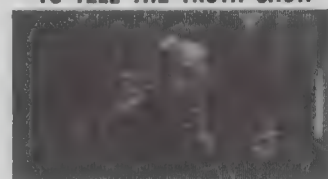
**R:** Yeah, that's pretty true to what we wear.

**M:** You guys are definitely keepin' it real.

**R:** We try to keep it simple, you know.

**M:** Maybe you can do a song with Russell called "Keepin' It Real."

### TO TELL THE TRUTH SHOW



TV personality GARY MOORE

**R:** No man, it should be, "Will The Real Russell Simmons Please Stand Up?" What was that show, *What's My Line?* [*To Tell the Truth*—ed.]

**M:** Do back-to-back episodes of *This is Your Life*. Has anyone every given you a demo tape, and said, "Look, I really want to get a deal with Def Jam"?

**R:** No, nothing like that.

**M:** Blues Explosion should sign with Def Jam! Then it would really get confusing.

**R:** Sounds fun. The more it happens, the more I get a kick out of it. I don't know how he feels.

**M:** I tried mentioning it to him, but he didn't really understand what was going on.

**R:** He probably doesn't know who we are, but it's happening more often. I'll call places, looking for apartments, and they say, "What's your name?" I say "Russell Simins," and they say shit like "The Russell Simmons?" I say, "Fuck yeah, the Russell Simins."

**M:** Both of you are reaching peaks of popularity now. You spell your name differently, though.

**R:** Yeah, I-N-S. It's a weird spelling cos I'm Jewish and it was changed from Siminski at Ellis Island.

**M:** Are you from Queens?

**R:** I was born in Queens.

**M:** Same as the other Russell Simmons.

**R:** Me, Joey Ramone and Russell Simmons.

**M:** On your song "Flava," Spencer starts naming off people and saying like, "Judah Bauer, you got the flava!" And he says "Colonel Tom Parker" right after he says "Russell Simins," so I'm wondering if that's a double entendre with Russell Simmons.

**R:** Russell Simmons and Colonel Tom have something in common?

**M:** Well, you know, these music moguls...

**R:** They fuckin' exploited everyone! I don't know, man. If John was that clever, he outdid himself, let's put it that way. But you can say that "Spencer compares Colonel Tom Parker to Russel Simmons."



# ROYCE GRACIE

## Grappling with the Ultimate Fighting Champion

by Staci Gabrielli

I know that if somebody rolled up on me right now, I wouldn't be afraid to defend myself because of the techniques I've learned at the Gracie Academy of Jiu Jitsu. The first time I met Royce Gracie I didn't know it was him. He just started talking to me and was a cool guy. After that, Royce and I bumped into each other everywhere, and that's how we became friends. One day he showed up at the gym where I worked (I had three jobs at the same time, isn't that ill?) He wanted to sign up and I was like, "Well, I want to train at the Academy." He said, "All right!" And it was done. It was only later that I found out about the Ultimate Fighting Championship, this kind of real-life re-creation of the big martial arts tournaments seen in films like Enter the Dragon that the Gracie family co-sponsors (and which Royce has won three times). Some people think it's wacked because real pummeling is involved, but when Royce told me, "I'm going to be in this Ultimate Fight to defend my family name," I was like, "Cool dude, that's killer." So if people talk shit about the UFC, I don't care. I'm glad that Royce has won it. Not that I want him to kick everyone's ass — with him it's family honor. To show the world that Gracie Jiu Jitsu is unbeatable.

### Do you always think you'll win?

Of course. When you walk into something like this, at least for me and my brothers, there's no return. We're not thinking about going home to eat dinner [laughing]. I can always get a good hit in the face and — knockout. I'm not bulletproof, I'm not punchproof.

### Why do your brothers have their hands on your shoulders when you walk into the ring?

It's because people like to shake my hand as I walk by, but I don't like those vibes. We put the hands on the shoulders so nobody besides my brothers touch my hands before the fight.

### How much do you train?

We're always ready. I keep the same shape and the same face. Training four hours a day. Sparring heavy, half hour on the rowing machine, cardiovascular. Then I go to my school in Torrance and work with my students. Put gloves on them and tell 'em to rip my head off.

### Have things changed? More girls?

Not much. You know how I am. I'm friends with everybody. A reporter told me I'm a number-one hero in Japan because I'm an average sized guy.

### How big are you?

I'm 6'1", 178 pounds. If I was a guy like Hulk Hogan, it would be one thing. How many guys are that size? He's not an average person. The Japanese love me because I'm not the biggest guy, or the fastest, so they look up like, "Wow if he can do that, we can too."

### What kind of music do you like?

Everything. Anything. I'm open-minded about things like that. I love to go out to the nightclubs.

### What do you do for fun?

Play with my nephews and snow ski. I grew up horseback riding. It's hard to do here, they don't let you get the horse and go away, you have to follow the path. I love to snow ski, but how do you say when your parents won't let you go out because you're...grounded? Yes. After each fight I have a month to go out to nightclubs and then I'm back in training.

### How old were you when you came to America?



(L-r): Royce Gracie, his girlfriend Marianne, his father Helio, the author

I was just turning 18, December of '84.

### Were you already fighting?

I was teaching back in Brazil when I came over. I've been doing jujitsu for about 29 years, I'm 27 right now!

### You say, "I don't want to get hit."

That's the main thing. Boxers, kickboxers, karate guys — they hit, they get hit. We don't want to get hit. I'll work in movies later on, as a good guy, not a bad guy. Royce's brother Rorion is co-promoter of the UFC. I spoke to him about the business side of things.

### Are you having any legal hassles?

No. There's no boxing commission in Colorado and three or four other states, so we can do it. Keep in mind that the Ultimate Fighting Championship is not a show of violence. It's a real form of combat, and all those people are expert fighters. We bring together competitors from different martial arts and put them in the Octagon, which is different than a boxing ring where the guy can escape. In the Octagon they can't get out because there's eight walls instead of ropes. Conan the Barbarian director John Milgus designed it.

### How many students do you have in your academies?

We have 250 at the one in Torrance, and my brother Relson has one in

Hawaii with 150. We also have a certified blackbelt who teaches in Utah.

### How are UFC contenders chosen?

We put requests in magazines worldwide and select the most qualified fighters to make this event as exciting as possible.

### Are there any forms of fighting you don't allow?

No, it's open for everybody.

### What exactly is Gracie Jiu Jitsu?

A former Japanese champion went to Brazil in the early 1900s to head the Japanese immigration colony. My grandfather was a politician and helped the Japanese champion get established. To show his gratitude he taught traditional jujitsu to my uncle, who then shared it with his brothers, my father being the youngest. Because my father was only 5'8" and 140 pounds, he modified those techniques to make them more efficient for a man of his stature. Through trial and error, fights, challenges and teaching classes, he pol-

I know, but at the time I couldn't tell that he was so...let's say...tired. Crazy guy. He was a monkey man, big monkey. Big ape. [Laughter]. Ape, yeah. In UFC #4, Royce won the title back by defeating Greco-Roman wrestler Dan Severn in a gruelling 15-minute finale. You keep saying, "I'm back."

Even though I won my match with Kimo, people say I lost. But I never lost. I just never had a chance to fight. I got sick and couldn't continue. Now I'm back.

### During the Severn fight all the announcers except Jim Brown were like, "Royce is getting killed!" Next thing you know homeboy taps out.

He is big, but the king of the jungle is not the elephant. He knows how to grapple but not finish. He got frustrated about 12 minutes into the fight. He cannot catch me and finish a choke or armlock so he start to punch. But he doesn't know how to punch. He himself said, "I didn't know what to do.

Every time I thought about doing something, he was defending already."

### Was he humble afterwards?

Yes. He'll be back for the next one.

### And you'll be there?

Beating up everyone. I betcha!

Turns out Royce's controversial semi-final "Superfight" with longtime rival Ken Shamrock ended in a draw (thus neither fighter advanced to the final and Dan Severn eventually won).

### What was up with that "Superfight"?

There's no reason for me to go through the tournament again, cos I had been there four times already. That's why they made a special bout — one fight only for me. They say, "how many tournaments do I have to go through to prove I'm the best?"

### How come there was a time limit?

I don't know. There's never been one before, and the whole thing about the Ultimate Challenge is no time limit, no holds barred. But he didn't want to fight. He knew there was time limit, so he was playing for the draw. If there was no time limit, he'd have to win or lose — he'd have to do something. That would be easier. Draw I guess is a good thing for him. Chicken! But a draw means I'm still champion.

### You saw Shamrock in a bar a few days later and spoke to him?

Yep, he was cool. His father had complained to him that he didn't do anything and he act like a fool. He said, "I try to explain my dad that I cannot do anything against you, your defense is too good, if I move, you catch me."

### He actually said that! Are you gonna fight in the next one?

I'm not fighting if there's a time limit. I'll probably be back in September.

### How many more Ultimate Fights will you be in?

Only the future can say who will tell.



# Unnecessarily Necessary



NOW that the thunder's been  
stolen the cat's out of the bag  
the lights are on  
and time's almost up  
you'd figure that the last  
people on earth who could come to  
save the day would be those  
long left-for-dead  
has-beens, never-were's  
and flat-out fuck-ups.

That's right, suckers. Fuckin'  
**Mudhoney**

**MY BROTHER THE COW**

From every  
mountain top,  
let the cow roar.

**BY**

**MUDHONEY**



On CD,  
Cassette and  
limited-edition vinyl,  
which will include a  
free, unnecessary,  
superfluous  
seven-inch  
limited-edition vinyl  
single.





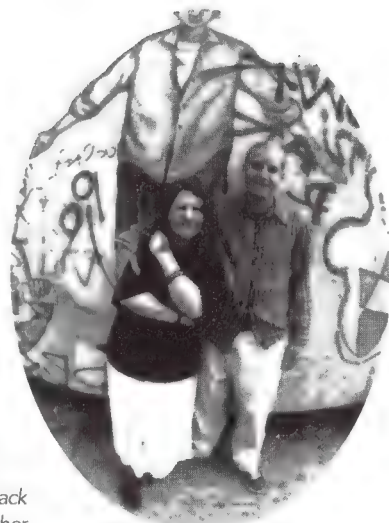
# ALLISON ANDERS

## THE ECHO PARK PERSPECTIVE

by Montgomery Harland Messex, III

I'm not knocking the whole Kung-Fu/Bruce Lee/Kiss angle in Grand Royal #1, but there was a definite lack of coverage in certain areas. Or rather too much coverage in the young knucklehead department and not enough on the serious tip — especially regarding strong female role models. So I wanted to broaden the scope of the mag by interviewing my old friend, filmmaker Allison Anders. I respect Allison because when I first met her before she "made it," she was doing what she had to and wasn't letting anybody hold her down with negative bullshit. For me, she's an example of perseverance and commitment. Allison has written and directed a number of films, including *Gas Food Lodging*, an autobiographical film about the joys and hardships of being a single mother. It has a definite female slant, but like most of Allison's films, it has humanistic appeal. Her most recent film was about girl gang members in Echo Park and called *Mi Vida Loca* or *My Crazy Life* (not coincidentally the title of D.F.L.'s first CD). Mike didn't want to focus too much on the movie, because there've been enough interviews with Allison on that subject, but I did want to talk about Echo Park because I live there and Allison used to live there too, over on Lemoyne (where I first met her when my wife and I babysat her daughters). Echo Park is a nice place if you can get used to the gunfire and dogs barking. When I think of Echo Park, Allison definitely comes to mind. I believe that both she and her movies have been influenced by the neighborhood. I know I have. We met at a Cuban coffee spot as Allison was just getting really busy with *Paul Is Dead*, a project based on her teenage obsession with The Beatles and the whole Paul-must-be-dead-because-he's-barefoot fiasco which ended up landing her in the nut house.

**Monte:** When we first met, you were on welfare, writing, and people kept saying, "When is she going to get a real job?" But you stuck to your guns. I've always respected that.



**Allison:** Thanks, I need that right now. There were very few times when I thought, "What am I doing?" It never occurred to me that it wouldn't work out. There were a couple of times when I thought maybe I could just be a writer, but then I would go, I just can't do that [laughing].

**What made you think it would work out?**

I just have this really tenacious belief system. I go off on something and believe it's going to work, regardless of all reason. I do that with several areas of my life. Certainly work. The other area that hasn't worked has been relationships. [At this point Allison goes on a tangent about actor Hugh "Fucking" Grant jumping ship on *Paul Is Dead*. Hugh was going to play Paul and his departure has left Allison in a lurch. I remind her that at least these aren't the problems she used to have.] This is true. However, I did sell some CDs at Rockaway Records yesterday! We're not on welfare yet, but never say never. I have borrowed money from all of my actors. It's pitiful [nervous giggles]. Except Hugh. I don't owe him anything, thank God! I was having more problems back on Lemoyne. I mean, my rent is due today and it's like a big deal it's late, but on Lemoyne my rent was 10 months behind before I got *Gas Food Lodging* and was able to catch up. So in that movie I named the Mexican goddess in the Spanish movie part Elvia Rivera after my landlord on Lemoyne. She is the Saint of Landlords. When I finally paid her she wept. I asked her why she didn't throw me out, and she said [in a Spanish accent], "Well, Al-ee-son, I just couldn't do eet. I knew some day you would geet a job and pay me" [hysterical giggles].

**Whatever happened to the movie about Darby Crash?**

Well I just got an option check the other day for five dollars, and believe me I'm going to cash that

son of a bitch, but yeah, some producers have picked it up. This young girl. They're going to package it with actors from *Dazed and Confused*, which could be really good. If they keep it simple. That's the best way to do it.

**Are they going to use the script you wrote?**

Yep. They got another guy to direct, but I would be involved in rewriting. My biggest problem is that I was very disheartened dealing with people associated with the *Germes*. Not Pat Smear — he's terrific! And Trudy and Helen Killer — people who knew him well — were great. But a lot of people didn't know Darby. He led women to believe they were the only ones who knew him, because he needed them so much. It was these girls I had problems with, not the guys. So we'll take them out of the script! No one will ever know.

**Have you had a hard time in the male-dominated film industry?**

I think I'm completely ignorant to the reality that is. It only hits me now and then. This one magazine did a story about *Mi Vida Loca* that they held forever. My movie came out in the summer, when all these big Hollywood movies came out too, so they threaten not to run the article, right? But my publicist argued, "Hey, there is no woman with a film out this summer — it's all the big boys with big budgets and big movies." And when you think about it like that, you go, "Oh shit! I really am a minority. I really am someone who needs an editor who goes, 'You're right! We gotta put a woman in.'" We also get bumped sometimes because it's an independent film, so now and again I get hit with the fact that people are reluctant to make women-centered stories. I swear to God they judge women so much on looks. It's horrifying! For the *Mi Vida Loca* soundtrack, I would tell them "This movie is about girls! I need more girl bands and rappers." So they'd send me pictures of girls before sending their recordings and go, "But they're really cute!" REALLY CUTE! Finally I said, "I'm a feminist filmmaker!! I don't give a fuck what they look like!" Then they send me some ugly rapper guy with no teeth, but they don't talk to me about what he looks like! It's really bad. And in *Paul Is Dead* I cast lone in the lead role, but then people at the production company saw her in *Vanity Fair* and started saying, "Oh she's so beautiful, we're going to have everybody see this." That's just how they think! I was like, "Yeah, she is beautiful," but I cast her because

she's lovely, smart and deep.

**So *Paul Is Dead* is your autobiography and lone plays you?**

Yep. [Tangent Two: Allison rails on Hugh some more and ponders his replacement. I suggest Adam Horovitz.] Paul's daughter told me her dad was on MTV and they asked him why he named the album *Paul Is Live*, so he went on for five minutes about my script. That's why he called it *Paul Is Live*! He's really into it, and his daughters are helping get the music for the movie. Actually, *Paul Is Dead* is a good segue into the neighborhood because when I lost it over Paul and was in a mental hospital called Resthaven, we would come here on our outings and go to this crazy juice stand at Echo Park and Sunset. In this total psychedelic area.

**My dad lived in Echo Park in his beatnik days, but now it's a bit of a gang hideout. Didn't you use real gang kids from the neighborhood as actors in *Mi Vida Loca*?**

That's right. I didn't know how to drive back then, so I walked everywhere and I met a lot of the kids that way. You also get a real feel for the area when you're on foot.

**What are your favorite things about Echo Park?**

When I think about Echo Park I think about the hills. I mean, walking up those hills, Jesus Christ! And I think about the views from those hills. The lyrical quality is amazing. If you live on one of the hills you can hear things five miles away. Sound is very strange there. It really is Echo Park.

**A dog's bark on Sunset will travel up Echo Park Boulevard, jumping from dog to dog.**

Or you can hear a conversation going on way down the street and Mexican music coming out of houses. And the roosters.

**Our next-door neighbor is into Wang Chung, so when our Mexican neighbors blast their music it doesn't bother us at all.**

I also think about the corner of Echo Park and Sunset Boulevard. You know Gerry's Department Store? One of the coolest stores around. They monogram stuff.

**Yeah? When I'm there they babysit Max. Echo Park family values!**

**How about kids and the gangs?**

I love that the kids really know the history of the neighborhood and love living there. I don't blame them — it's a great place! I really miss it. It's not the same where I'm living now. I never get that peace anymore, being able to go out on my deck and zone out. I could see all the way to the ocean. We had the best views. They were humanistic. Fucking incredible!



## UPDATE

The mag was running late, so we checked in again with Allison, who was editing her segment for the upcoming film *Four Rooms* and a *Hotel*. She is also currently working on another film with Victoria Williams.

### What is *Four Rooms* about?

It's four friends telling four stories in one movie, but it's different from other anthology films because it has a connecting character who develops throughout the film. That's Ted the Bellboy, played by Tim Roth. It's New Year's Eve; he goes into these four rooms, and each room is directed by a different person: me, Alexander Rockwell, Robert Rodriguez, or Quentin Tarantino. And terrible things happen to him. Actually he makes out best in my room because he gets laid by Lone Skye!

### How was working with Lone again?

Totally great! I've always loved her work, but now it's really accomplished.

### She's grown as an actress?

Very much so. She really had to play comedy and she had all the sweetness that character needed. She plays a virginal witch who wants to be a midwife and is part of this coven because she wants to attend births.

### Your story is about a bunch of witches who meet in the *Hotel*?

Yep, to resurrect a Goddess. Each witch needs to bring a life fluid. One

brings mother's milk, one brings virgin's blood, etc.

### What is Lone's fluid?

She is supposed to bring sperm, but she swallowed it! So she has to get it from the bellboy and only has one hour to accomplish the task.

### I dunno if we should go into it. Who plays the other witches?



Lilli Taylor plays a hippie witch, Valeria Golino plays the head witch, Sammi Davis plays Jezebel, a southern witch, Amanda DeCadenet plays the Goddess they are trying to resurrect, Madonna plays a lesbian witch bitch and Alicia Witt plays Madonna's girlfriend.

### What's up with the *Darby Crash* movie?

Not much, but it's a good time now. I might pursue it more actively. Actually I thought of Darby on *Four Rooms* at one point when my make-up artist tried to give the witches elemental symbols on their bodies. We were trying some make-up out, and I went, "These scars

It kinda died. If *Four Rooms* does well, maybe I can do that one. I'll definitely do it somehow.

### What do you think about Hugh Grant on the cover of *GQ*?

That's where he belongs [laughs sarcastically].

### Talk about your guilty pleasures.

My guilty pleasure is karaoke.

### You sing?

I do indeed. The embarrassing thing is that somebody always sings "The Greatest Love Of All." When my kids were small and I was constantly going to school musicals, they were always singing that song and I would always cry. Now I prime myself cos I know I am going to cry like an idiot.

### At the karaoke joint?

Yeah, so karaoke is my big guilty pleasure. It's saving my life at the moment. The other guilty pleasure for me and my daughters is that song by Sheryl Crow.

### Aaaaarg!

What's yours?

### KROQ.

Ha ha ha, that's excellent!

### Name a movie you wouldn't want the other directors on this project to know you enjoyed?

*Remains of the Day*. I wouldn't want them to know that I actually liked a Merchant Ivory film. They must not know or I will be excommunicated.

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# BEN DAVIS

## The King Kong of Work Clothing Finally Speaks

by O.D. Wolfson

Ben Davis is working-class chic: the Harley of coarse clothing. For 60 years, Ben has been inspiring customer loyalty from ditch diggers and hipsters alike with a line of work clothes still cut from patterns drawn in the '30s. Despite zero advertising, the clothes' popularity is growing fast at home and abroad (Ben Davis is big in Japan). It may be in part due to the fact that they have the world's coolest logo: a big, tough, hairy yet humble, smiling ape and a kick-ass slogan: Union Made, Plenty Tough. Not a whole hell of a lot has happened in the year since I started drawing apes for Ben Davis Co. I pop in about once a week, give them a drawing or two and they give me all the Ben's I can wear. Even before I worked for B.D. I always wanted to know the story behind the company, so when I had the opportunity to interview the owners, I grabbed it. The man behind the monkey is 80-year-old Ben Davis himself, a Depression-era survivor who was seemingly destined to become the King of Work Clothes (as Ben's grandfather Jacob was instrumental in the creation of Levi Strauss jeans). Ben Davis rarely, if ever, gives interviews, so I consider myself fortunate to have gotten this one. I spoke with Ben and his son Frank, who now runs the company, at their sunny Mission Street factory.

### WHAT'S YOUR FULL NAME?

Benjamin Franklin Davis.

### WE UNDERSTAND YOUR GRANDFATHER HAD SOME INVOLVEMENT WITH LEVI STRAUSS.

Well, yes, Jacob Davis patented the pocket rivet.

### REALLY?

Yes, Jacob Davis was an immigrant from Latvia. He was a tailor living in Virginia City, Nevada. He's the fellow who invented the copper rivet for jeans to help keep the pockets on. In those days pockets had a habit of falling off because people put tools and whatnot in them. So he installed a copper rivet and they remained in style ever since.

### CAN YOU GIVE US THE STORY BEHIND ALL THAT?

He wanted to patent the idea of

the pocket rivet, but his wife — my grandmother — protested because it would have cost \$75 to make the patent, which was money they did not have — they needed it for food for their children. So he contacted a man by the name of Levi Strauss on Battery Street in San

### BEN DAVIS CO. IN 1935, WHEN YOU WERE ONLY 21 YEARS OLD?

Well in those days we were in a severe depression, and you had to work to make a living. If you didn't make a living you starved to death. I was playing professional saxophone at the time.

### WHAT KIND OF BAND?

We had a three-piece combo: piano, sax, and drums. In those days, almost everyone danced but the radio was no good and records were no good either, so we got jobs almost every Saturday night. We played all over but you still couldn't make a living. My father knew some people who had some money in the garment business, and he persuaded them

### MY GIRLFRIEND SAYS YOU SHOULD MAKE A LINE OF CLOTHES FOR WOMEN CALLED BETTINA DAVIS.

Well, the women usually wear our stuff anyway. The pants always fit them pretty well because they're full in the hips. **WHO DESIGNS THE NEWER ITEMS?** Frank: Generally I do. Sometimes it's a copy with our special touch, but working clothes are generally not a high-style item. It's more of a basic thing.

### PEOPLE ASK ME IF YOU LOOK LIKE THE APE LOGO.

Frank: [Laughs] I get that question all the time.

### DO YOU SEE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE POPULARITY OF HIP HOP CULTURE AND THAT OF BEN DAVIS?

Frank: [Sigh]...Yeah, they are related to some extent, I suppose. I'm not sure. The fact that they wear our particular style is the relationship.

### IN ONE OF HIS VIDEOS, DR. DRE LOOKS INTO HIS CLOSET AND SCRATCHES HIS CHIN AS HE'S TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO WEAR. THEN THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT BLACK BEN DAVIS SHIRTS.

Frank: I think I may have seen Dr. Dre the other day, but I'm not sure if it was in that video. I hear something about that Snoop Doggy guy getting in trouble, but we also get some good advertising from rappers wearing our clothes. One group called up asking us to make them some XXXXX large shirts.

### WHICH GROUP?

Frank: I don't know, but we're going to make them. I assume the people requesting these are not actually that size. They probably want to wear them large. [It was probably the Samoan crew Boo Yaa Tribe, who really are that big.]

### HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING AT BEN DAVIS CO.,?

Frank: About 25 years, I guess. I started lugging bundles around here as a teenager, fixing sewing machines and doing that kind of stuff. Well, I'm 41 and I started at 16 or so.... seems like long enough, eh? I'm getting there, ha ha! **NO, YOU'RE THE KING!** I know.

My nabors are getting yealouse of these success and unless I secure it by Patent Papers it will soon become to be a general thing everybody will make them up and thare will be no money in it, tharefor Gentlemen I wish to make you a Proposition that you should take out the Latters Patent in my name as I am the Inventor of it, the expense of it will be about \$68, all complit and for these \$68 I will give you half the right to sell all such Clothing Revited according to the Patent, for all the Pacific States and Teroterous the balance of the United States and of the Pacific Coast I reserve for myself, the investment for you is but a trifle compared with the improvement in all Coarse Clothing.



The First Family of Coarse Clothing, from left to right: Jacob, Ben, and Frank Davis

Francisco and offered half of the patent if he would cover half the cost. Levi took him up on it. [See extract from letter in caption bubble.] At the time, Levi Strauss was just selling canvas, so Jacob Davis came down from Virginia City to San Francisco and started the first Levi's factory making jeans with copper rivets.

### HOW LONG DID YOUR FAMILY REMAIN ASSOCIATED WITH LEVI STRAUSS?

Well, my father became the plant manager at the famous Valencia Street factory, but he left in the early 1920s.

### BUT HALF THE RIVET PATENT WAS OWNED BY YOUR FAMILY.

Patents only last, what, about 35 years I think, and Jacob came down here around the time of the Civil War, I think the 1860s, so the patent was long gone by that time.

### WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO START

to set up this business and I ran it. My dad died shortly after that and I eventually bought out those people and that was the end of it.

### WHAT ABOUT THE MONKEY LOGO?

In those days there were a number of firms making similar merchandise. There was one that had a rooster for a logo, one that had a bulldog, one had the head lamp of a locomotive and so forth. I conceived the idea of putting in the ape or gorilla. I had a professional artist draw three of them and I picked the best of the three. **DID YOU DESIGN THE ORIGINAL JEANS AND SHIRT?**

The shirts, yes. As for the pants, we acquired some patterns from an outfit called Neustadter Bros. which made the "Boss of the Road" pants that had the bulldog logo. They went out of business. We acquired their patterns, which left a lot to be desired, so I modified them.





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# WILMA WILCOX

## A Final Visit with Weegee's Widow

by Ryze

First off, I write "Ryze" (which is "Rise" misspelled for all you graffiti illiterates). I live in Boston, and Weegee — the pesky, cigar-chomping press photographer of the '30s and '40s — is my hero. Now you might wonder what a graffiti writer in the '90s thinks he has in common with a photographer from back then, so I'll tell you.

Before I discovered Weegee (and no, it wasn't through that Joe Pesci movie), I was into walking the streets at night and spraypainting my name. It's a different world from 1:00 a.m. to dawn, and this all-night habit did two things: It got my name up everywhere and brought me in contact with some of the strangest people and situations known to man. Many times I kicked myself, wishing I had my camera.

As a result, when I first saw Weegee's pictures, I realized that his hours were the same as mine, which is why his pictures of odd people and late-night scenes felt familiar.

Weegee also had a stamp he put on the back of his pictures which read: CREDIT PHOTO BY WEEGEE THE FAMOUS. He liked the attention he got from his work, and this stamp made sure you didn't forget it. In the same way, getting my name on as many surfaces as possible was my priority, while the attention it generated was the payoff.

In addition, Weegee was a press photographer, so his pictures only lived for that one day they ran in the paper. And I know about that as well. You go to a wall, use all the paint and ability you have, and it's only good for as long as it takes some insecure kid or square to display a lack of respect by writing over your work.

Like graffiti writers, Weegee was a creature of the streets. Among other things, Weegee listed crime and violence as his photographic specialties. He got the nickname because of his knack for mysteriously arriving on the scene before the police or fire department and moving (à la a Ouija Board) such items as hats and guns into better positions for his photographs. He'd also develop film out of a makeshift darkroom he had in

the trunk of his car. This way he always had his pictures to the papers long before the competition. And when big events like championship fights were happening, Weegee would be chauffeured around in an ambulance, avoiding traffic while he developed and printed his pictures in the back seat.

Was he psychic? No. Did hitmen tip him off? I doubt it. But he was the only photographer given special permission to have a police radio in his car, and he also lived across the street from police headquarters. He even used a desk and

Weegee fans visit by appointment and view a small number of the five-thousand-plus photos left in the house.

When I got Wilma on the phone, I expected a busy lady but eventually realized that she was more than happy to get a visit. When you're 90 years old, your schedule is pretty flexible.

My friends Ed and Phil were down to go so we caught the next \$20 Boston-to-New York special and in a few hours were standing at 451 West 47th Street in the late November cold. We rang the bell and a girl named Alice came to the

music and shots of her doing the dishes. It went on to show a lot of footage of Weegee walking around New York with his big press camera (which I had never seen before). Some of the questions Wilma was answering in the video were ones that I had planned to ask her myself, so I started to feel like she'd done this before and had it down now. What a scene.

My friend Thos has this ritual where he tries to use the bathroom in as many famous places as he can. I myself am just as happy if I can get a good cup o' joe. So it was as if I struck paydirt when Wilma invited us into the kitchen for some coffee. When I noticed a large manila envelope in the corner, she picked it up and laid it on the table before us. We all knew what it was.

It was then that I got what can only be described as a mental boner, so real that I expected to hear it hit the underside of the table. One by one she passed around 15 or so of the best known Weegee prints, each one with a WEEGEE THE FAMOUS stamp on the back.

Wilma told me that she had met Weegee at a photo club. When I asked her if we could see some of her own photos, she just said, "Well, Weegee always made fun of my pictures." I asked her if he was a funny guy, and she confirmed this by giving us an example. She told us that Weegee loved the circus and every time it came to town, he would get extra press passes and plan these big dinner parties. After dinner, Weegee would give each guest a camera and then it was off to the circus. "Now of course," Wilma added with a laugh, "none of our guests' cameras ever had any film in them, you understand."

Finally I pried about how well

Weegee knew all those gangsters.

Wilma just laughed and said, "Oh well, that would be something you'd have to talk to him about."

As we put on our coats, we thanked Wilma again and again for letting us come pay our respects to her late great husband. She thanked us for the flowers we'd brought and invited us back any time we were in New York.

When I recently called Wilma to discuss visiting again and doing a more formal interview for this article, I learned that she had passed away on December 6th, 1993, two weeks after our visit. We were the last Weegee fans to come by.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Weegee at work in his trunk-turned-darkroom; Louis Armstrong's wonderful life; Bocci's a dangerous game; Weegee with Tony Curtis and Vivien Leigh

took calls there.

Weegee was also quite friendly with all the big crime bosses of the day. So when the Mob started leaving bodies in black limos for the police to find, Weegee didn't think twice about telling his Mafioso friends that black cars don't photograph well at night and that something in a white or gray would be much more preferable. My man was down with everybody.

At any rate, last year I met a producer from the BBC who told me that Weegee's longtime common-law wife, Wilma Wilcox, was still living in the same brownstone in midtown Manhattan that she had once shared with the famous photographer (Weegee himself died in 1968). I was told she could be persuaded to let one or two diehard

door, asked our names and escorted us to a small living room where Wilma was waiting. "Well, hello there," she said as we nervously introduced ourselves.

I was unsure if I should use Weegee's real name, Arthur Fellig, or to just call him by his nickname. Wilma was quick to reassure me. "Don't worry, I used to call him Weegee too — he liked it better." It was also comforting to find her living room looking old and feeling lived-in with its yellowed walls and nice lampshade.

Wilma was a tall woman with long gray hair and glasses, and spoke gracefully with a slight Midwestern twang. The first thing she did during our visit was play a video about her which had run on the BBC. "Weegee's Widow" came across the screen along with some



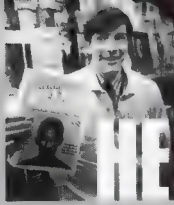




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# HENRY ALFORD

**Good Humor Man  
for the '90s**  
by Riza Cruz

Henry Alford can't understand why he's being featured in *Grand Royal* (and Mike D is curious as well). But it's simple, really. Because even though he readily admits that Salt 'N' Pepa is the only rap group he can "identify with" (Nancy Griffiths and other "twangy" artists are more his speed), and even though he looks about as non rock n roll or b-boy as Steve Shelley of Sonic Youth, Alford was actually busting the Brooks Brothers back when the Bonerz Brothers still wore baggy pants, and he also happens to be a very funny young writer whose first book, *Municipal Bondage*, was published last Spring by Random House to rave reviews.

As far as comparisons go, Alford's pithy prose recalls classic *New Yorker* writers like Calvin Trillin and James Thurber. His ability to go undercover but remain impeccably WASPy is very George Plimpton. And his good old-fashioned mean streak is nothing short of Truman Capote. So despite the fact that he's billed as an "investigative humorist," it's hard to say which one of Alford's "perilous quests and prankish adventures" best exemplifies his sly style. "Maybe you should mention the nude housecleaners," he suggests, referring to Chapter Six ("Nackt Tonight Darling"), wherein he hires a man whom he christens "Big" and a woman he calls "Fun" and asks them to do pointed chores like clean windows overlooking a busy street. Then he rates them, kind of like the judges on MTV's *Lip Service*.

But regardless of how you describe it, *Municipal Bondage* was a four-year labor of love and angst, during which time Alford reported, wrote and *lived* these stories, most of which originally appeared in such magazines as *Spy*, *Mademoiselle*, *GQ*, *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, and required Alford to do crazy things like stay overnight in a sleazy Times Square hotel, attempt to market his own bogus snack food called "Nubbins" or dabble in brief careers as *Spy* groomer, cement mason, psychic and hair model. With his "What, me worry?" charm and anxiety ridden manner, the deceptively gentle writer gained access to the unsuspecting fodder for his stories. If at times he made a fool of him-

self, he usually compensated for it by getting the last laugh.

The 32-year-old Alford's history goes something like this. He was suspended from boarding school for smoking pot in the girls' dorm (a "double whammy") and then kicked out for good when he was caught with a bottle of tequila disguised as a bath towel. Then he left New Haven, Connecticut, for New York, where he attended NYU film school. After a spell as a casting director, he found his true calling as a freelance writer when *Spy* began publishing his short, surreal "What If..." pieces. Soon after, he became a full-time reporter at *Spy* ("along with the young Bob Mack," he notes) and was then promoted to staff writer. His work was inspired by reading, friends and assignments from magazine editors, though he claims the notorious "What If..." scenarios ("What If Your Mother Lived at the Playboy Mansion?," "What If Phil Donahue Erupted into Flames?") were his own drug-induced creations.

Luckily Henry had no hellish problems resulting his visions, however induced, to Random House editor Jonathan Karp, who was "incredibly cool and receptive," though Alford's alternate titles for the book (*Henry Alford: A Book All About Me and Hank's Big Book Of Everything*) were politely rejected. Of course the book's jacket, which includes a pouty photo of Alford from his short stint as hair model "Henry Slade," was also left up to the discretion of the publisher. "My feeling was that the model shot was a little embarrassing," Alford admits. "My nipple was so...protuberant!"

It's not easy being funny full time, even if Alford makes it look that way. "What people find funny is so subjective," he points out when asked about the expectations and pressures of being a humorist. "That's why I include lots of information and facts, so even if people don't laugh, at least they learn something — what a nude housecleaner costs per hour, for example, or that it's not a form of prostitution."

Needless to say, lots of people do find Alford both funny and informative. In fact, he's now a contributing editor to the august *New York Times Magazine* and has his pick of assignments. "I have so much work," the self-professed neurotic says. "Ooh, does that sound arrogant?"

Coming from a guy who says he's currently "somewhere between having no immediate plans for a second book and being able to retire to my Malibu beach house" — not exactly. And as it happens, Alford was in L.A. last June, presumably to meet with real estate agents, but also to read from *Municipal Bondage* at the restaurant next to Book Soup on Sunset.

## ALFORD COMES ALIVE!

by Bob Mack

At first I felt kind of sorry for Henry, as he's not the garrulous type, so it took a sec for him to warm up. His hands shook, he spoke softly, he sat too far from the mic and he was probably perturbed by paparazzi Shawn Mortensen slithering around in front of the podium. Despite the butterflies and distractions, however, Henry soon found his groove, got the people giggling and eventually had them howling. He read from "Afterlife of the Party," the final chapter of his book, which examines the sardonic side of splitting up a will. First he recounted the parcelling up of his own grandmother's estate, which left "one family member's face so swollen from crying that she looked like she had been boiled." Then he told of how the experience had given him the idea to secure appointments at New York's famous auction houses and ask the bewildered appraisers to put a value on various items allegedly bequeathed to him by a recently deceased loved one. Of course all Henry does is buy a bag of grom-

metts at the hardware store for \$2.39 and ask Nostalgia Galleries on Long Island to appraise "Uncle Buzz's grommet collection." With palpable incredulity, a Mr. Winston stammers his response: "You're telling me that these hollow, copper-backed grommets were collected by Uncle Buzz, the popular children's entertainer of the '30s and '40s, who was indicted in 1948?"

"They're not grommets," Henry somehow replies with a straight face. "They're grommets."

Afterwards, Hank was nice enough to pose in his new Grand Royal golf shirt, which he promptly pulled on over his sport coat with all the innocence of Harpo Marx. When former Saturday Night Live writer and impromptu Woodstock II MC Anne Beatts showed up, Henry suddenly looked less comfortable in our golf shirt and uncharacteristically gushed, "Anne Beatts, the comedy legend!" Heart Attack Man shot me a glance that asked, "Anne Beatts? Comedy Legend?" So I took that as our cue to bid farewell to Henry Alford, future comedy legend. Remember that name, folks. You heard it here first!

## REGARDING HENRY

by Peter Relic

Good stories bear retelling, even if they're not yours. Why else would I have spent my junior high marching band practice rehashing the previous night's A-Team episode with the rest of the trombone section? But now it's '95, and when it comes to stories, the man with the golden horn is Henry Alford.

Alford loves it when a plan comes together, but he tells it like it is even when the plot goes awry, as is the case in his attempt to become a model. Having had his portfolio rejected at multiple agencies, he tries hand modelling but is rebuffed there as well ("Darling, your hands aren't nice enough. Look at your nails — they're *painful*,") Alford wonders over his imperfections to one booker: "Am I too...real?" he asks. "Or something," comes the reply. Finally, after responding to a newspaper ad, Alford lands a gig as a sunburst dye-job hair model at a Redken trade show and does "what anyone in my position (no experience,

much enthusiasm) would do...."

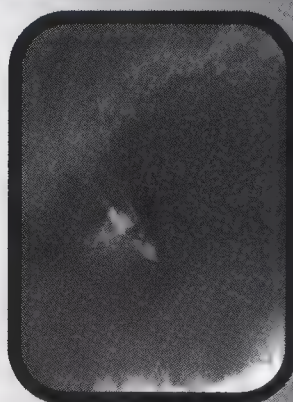
This "no experience, much enthusiasm" equation is the key to Alford's approach: riffing off situations both embarrassing (going to a circus workshop in Jamaica which turns out to be a swingers' getaway) and boring (watching a Sybervision Bowling video every day for a month). He writes of the latter: "I did, however, become all a-tingle whenever I watched the 'Striking' segment of the tape, consisting of 90 rapid close-ups of the ball smashing into the pins...One day I watched this sequence 14 times in a row and then rushed to the lanes (scores: 72, 110)." Thus Alford scientifically proves that psycho-sexual on-screen bowling stimulation doesn't translate into high-scoring games.

Broken up by preposterous "What If?" lists and peppered with references to Barbra Streisand, *Municipal Bondage* isn't exactly targeted to the b-boy demography, but it's a book you can sample from, leave in the john or read excerpts from at parties while you wait for the juleps to chill. Anyone who says, "Jugglercise came more naturally to me" after attempting to dance the rumba in a room full of sweaty Algerians, well, you owe it to yourself to check their book out. Now please, be a dear and pass the nubbins.

*Municipal Bondage will be out in paperback from Riverhead in August.*

PHOTOS BY SHAWN MORTENSEN





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# TOP TENS

## THE RICKSTER'S TOP 10 SNAPS

by The Joint Chief of Snaps Himself,  
**Ricky Powell**

Yo your boy Eric from The Grind used to bus tables at Tad's Steak House.

Some people say I'm Jewish with my herb, but I say, "Buy your own!"

Girls with beautiful eyes always make me stutter when I try to throw down with some honky tonk.

Al Goldstein for Mayor! His slogan: "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Head!"

Don't you hate realizing there's a hidden camera in the elevator when you're touching yourself?

Richard Greco's next movie should be called *The Man Pussy Forgot*.

One TV show I'd like to see is *The Captain and Shaquille*.

Don't you hate dudes who pee in the pool and play it off like they're in deep thought?

Yo, time for some lookalikes: Sam Cassell and Russell Simmons? Charles Oakley and Mr. T? Rex Chapman and Freddie Mercury? Derek Harper and Lou Gossett Jr.? Rudy Tomjanovich and Bryan Ferry? Ben Lee and Monica Seles? Dino Raja and Pete Nice? Heavens to Mergatroid!



Bob Mack's dad used to play in the NFL — the Nude Football League, that is.

What's the deal with Crash Test Dummies, Counting Crows and Cracker? Those are band names only the Captain could like.

Yo I saw your girl hanging out with a dude who had his elastic stonewashed jeans tucked behind his sneaker tongues.

I heard the German music mags have started calling Eric Bobo "Sir Shpritz-A-Lo!"

When I see a woman's panty line and notice that she's almost got a wedgie, I don't know, it just kinda does something to me.

Don't you love perpetrators who say they have "The Kind" and then break out some Haystacks Calhoun fart dust?

Some people should just not wear sandals.

Can you believe Bliss trying to get busy with Kennedy? But I can't blame him; the last time he was inside a woman was when he toured the Statue of Liberty.

Yo what's up with Richard Simmons shoplifting Linda Ronstadt CDs at Tower Records?

And what was up with my "What's Up With That" column in *Vibe*?

And what's up with Anthony Mason going number two on the tour bus? Even Shawn Mortensen knows that's a no-no.

But seriously, what's up with Knicks assistant coach Dick Harter?

Yo I know what's up with Hos With Attitude — but do they play Bar Mitzvahs?

Yo between the Captain selling Shaq Diesel and Bob Mack pumping Unledded, somebody better get the gasface quick.

Lately I've been telling ladies I'm a man of letters and my favorite author is Balzac, if you know what I mean.

On second thought, maybe I shouldn't have told Kathleen from Bikini Kill that my favorite pastime is making homemade softcore porn flicks.

Yo I've been having this recurring nightmare where I'm pinch-running in the Bud Bowl without any arms or legs and I get sacked by Cito Gastineau.

Just tell me one thing: Why does Heart Attack Man refer to uncooked steaks and unopened beers as "bad boys"?

Whatever you do: Just say "Heck No" to techno.



## GLEN E. FRIEDMAN'S TOP 10 OLD-SCHOOL SKATE STORIES

### 1. GETTING SMASHED IN THE CHEST AND HAVING MY BOARD STOLEN BY

He was twice my size at the time, and on the board were my first set of Road Riders. (For you new jacks, Road Riders were the first wheels with closed or "precision" bearings and they cost \$24 a set, a fortune at that time.) We became friends a year and a half later, and he became a world famous pro. ('75)

### 2. ALMOST GETTING CAUGHT BY THE IRATE OWNER OF A POOL IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS:

I was shooting Paul Constantineau for a Dogtown Skates ad. We could tell the pool had just been acid-washed clean, so we knew that if the owner caught us, he'd kill us. After about 20 minutes of skating, marks on the pool were evident. Then we heard a truck door slam. Someone grabbed my camera case, and we all bolted in different directions. Some guy that we thought was the owner started yelling and pulled out his chainsaw, revving it up, trying to scare us out of the bushes around the house. I had to dive down a hill covered with ivy and run my ass off until I reached an intersection 10 minutes later. Eventually a few guys in our crew began walking up the hill towards me and the guy with my case was there too (some relief). But then it took another half hour to find our ride because we had to ditch in and out of yards and hide from the mad-as-hell asshole who was still stalking us in a pickup with a shotgun leaning across his chest sticking out the window. ('77)

### 3. HANGING OUT WITH JAY ADAMS, PT. I:

After we got an inside tip about a pool near Kenter Canyon, I shot pictures for the first time with 35mm film (up until then I'd been using a pocket instamatic, which *Skateboarder* mag wouldn't accept). Accordingly, my first published photo came from this day. Jay



Adams broke into the house and found a portable stereo with *Frampton Comes Alive* (the shit right then) in the deck. Everyone was diggin' it. After we finished skating Jay took a piss inside on the living room wall and also took home the stereo. ('76)

### 4. HANGING WITH TONY ALVA IN THE BACK OF BILLY YERON'S OPEN PICKUP TRUCK:

We were just looking for pools or any banked spots to skate, and Tony was at the peak of his fame. He was yelling shit like, "Baby doll, you're makin' my dick so hard!" at females all day long. Then we pulled up to a bus stop where there was a girl not as cute as the others and Tony tells at her, "Baby doll, you're makin' my dick so soft!" Then he pulled a winger ['70s term for flashing your dick at a girl you're looking to impress], shook it at her, she smiled and the light changed. ('77)





TONY ALVA

## 5. GETTING OVER WITH TWO CASES OF FREE-FOOD GAME CARDS FROM BURGER KING:

I was hanging with Alan "Ollie" Gelfand in Florida, and one of his friends who worked at Burger King snaked the game cards. We ate for free the whole time I was there. When we got sick of Burger King, we sold the already-scratched-off guaranteed winner cards to people in front of various Burger Kings and used the cash to grub at other spots. We also cruised Florida for a week, from Miami to Tallahassee and back, having egg fights on the highways amongst our caravan for 50-mile stretches at a time, only stopping to pick up more fucked-up shit like pies, cans of beans and Pepsi to throw at each other's cars. We would drive 75 mph and get right next to each other so you could crawl from one car to the other through the back windows. ('78)

## 6. FUCKING AROUND WITH JAY SMITH:

I remember cruising around with Jay Smith after all-day skate sessions, chasing *very* young girls, trying to show off, driving his car on the sidewalk in Westwood on a crowded weekend, doing axle grinds, going over 60 mph on Hollywood side streets, hitting his side-view mirror and even door handle on parked cars and garbage cans at speed, but for some reason not getting in an accident and not being scared or high. Once we got stopped and clocked at 115 mph by the cops, with eight people in the car, cholo-style, but they were called away by an emergency before they could write us up; as they left Jay called 'em faggots, and he got away without even a ticket. Later, while driving across country on a skate tour, Jay fucked up his ankle at our very first stop, so he gave bad haircuts and dye jobs to skaters at each stop instead of skate demos. ('78-'80)

## 7. SHOPLIFTING, ETC. WITH DUANE

**PETERS:** After shooting a "skate tips" at Big-O with Duane, we went to this huge, supermarket-sized, second-hand clothing store. We were finding great shirts for 50 cents and incredible sweaters for \$1.50. I thought the stuff I was getting was cool and cheap as shit — and so did Duane — but each time he found something cool he'd put it up under his shirt. Just before getting to the register, he took a sweater off the rack and put that on, too, looking all fat and obvious, with like eight shirts and shit underneath. He didn't run out of the store, he walked to the register right after me. I paid for everything I got, about \$2.50. He paid a dollar for some pants he was carrying in his hands and just walked out — it was unbelievable. We weren't as lucky another time at some fucked-up fancy breakfast place in Cherry Hill, where Duane ordered like five different plates for himself but ate only one pancake because he was planning to dine and dash all along. But D.P., with his fucked-up big bright red sweater, got caught in the parking lot. ('79)

## 8. HANGING OUT WITH JAY ADAMS, PT. II (Mike D's favorite):

After a down south skate excursion with some older friends, the party got a little rough. My boyz Billy and Jay held my hands back behind a tree, put a joint of dust between my lips, and said, "If you don't smoke with us we're gonna punch you in the stomach to knock the wind out of you, so you'll end up inhaling the whole thing at once!" For once I agreed to get loose and smoked half the joint myself, not knowing what dust was. I ended up feeling like a bionic bozo. Someone the next day told me it was elephant tranquilizer, and that was the first and last time I ever really got high. ('77)

## 9. HAL JEPSON FILMING HIS MOVIE, SUPER SESSION:

Like most weekends back then, there were over 50 people skating at Kenter. Skaters were lined up, waiting to take a run from the tree to the basketball court. Because of the way the "Malibu" tubes were set up on the banks for the film, and because of the long trains of skaters we had going, this was old-school skateboarding at its style-oriented best. This was also in sharp contrast to the way most people have skated there for the last eight years: just going up, hitting the bank once, doing their bullshit trick and coming straight down. Shit makes me want to say what we said to the kooks who'd come to our spots back then: "Go back to the Valley!" and remember, silly rabbit, "Tricks are for kids." ('76)

## 10. LIVIN' LARGE WITH BOBBY PIERCY:

At the Playboy Club in a NJ ski area where Bobby was designing a skate park for summer use, we were treated to escargot, filet mignon and fooling around with the hotel bunnies for a few weeks. We got the center spread and "extra" in *Skate-*

*boarder*, plus free ski passes for the next two seasons. Oftentimes later I was with B.P. in San Diego, where it seemed like everyone was a major dealer. There were ounces of coke kept on coffee tables like magazines for anyone to use. One time I remember somebody trading one complete skate for a couple giant stalks of sensimilla (that was about two pounds of weed for \$80 worth of skate). ('77)

**P.S. (At the editor's request):** I forgot to tell you about the time I skated O.J.'s pool. The story goes like this. I'm skating down the street where I used to receive the evenings, and up pulls this gold Cadillac and the window lowers. It's O.J. in the car. We're talking 1974-5, when O.J.'s at the height of his fame. We recognize him immediately, start freaking out, and ask him for an autograph. He complies. Signing it on the armrest of his Caddy, he presses too hard and punches holes in the paper. At that time, football players would sign their jersey number alongside their name, and put it in quotes. O.J. just wrote "Peace." His wife at the time (not Nicole) was with him, and he said he really liked the neighborhood. Thinking I was a neighborhood kid, he asked if I knew of any houses for sale in the area. I remembered a house being rebuilt about a block from there, and pointed it out to him. A year later he bought it (the same house he owns to this day). A couple months after he bought the house, there was construction going on, no one was living there. I snuck in the back-



BOBBY PIERCY

yard. It was a modern house with a modern pool. Some new pools have an automatic drainage switch, old ones don't. Not completely by mistake, I found the switch and just by flipping it down turned on the pump automatically, draining the pool. Seventy-two hours later we were skating. The egg-shaped pool was wack though, the bowl (at the small end of the egg) was too tight. People, including Alva, skated it off and on throughout the summer. O.J. would stop by to oversee the construction on the house and would see people skating and wouldn't burn out, he thought it was cool.

*O.J. Simpson*  
"Peace"

Glen E. Friedman's book *FUCK YOU HEROES: Photographs 1976-1991* is in stores now and is highly recommended.

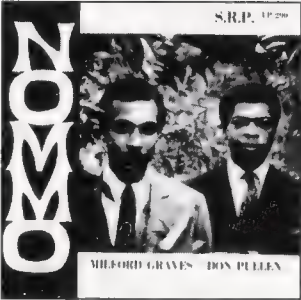


TOP TEN  
FROM THE FREE JAZZ  
UNDERGROUND  
by Thurston Moore

No matter how you listen to it, jazz is ostensibly about freedom. Freedom and the mystery surrounding it. And, like music, freedom is an abstract. Its shapes, forms (sounds!) are distinct and personal and sensitive to each player's desire. And the desire is infinite. freedom is not just another word for nothing left to lose. We know this from messages beamed from the space-lantern of his cosmic highness Sun Ra! The message was clear: "Nothing is." To play jazz totally free and organic was a gesture whose time had come in the '60s. It was social and political for reasons involving relationship, race, fury, rage, peace, war, love and freedom. Here's a list of 10 or so LPs (out of hundreds) recorded in total grass-roots fashion from the Free Jazz underground. We search for artifacts from this underground constantly. They were arcane and obscure at the time and are even more so today. Since these are fairly impossible to locate, if you want to know what Free Jazz may sound like, you can get certain crucial classics on CD: John Coltrane, *Interstellar Space* (Impulse/MCA); Omette Coleman, *Beauty Is A Rare Thing* (Atlantic/Rhino); The Art Ensemble, 1967/68 (Nessa, PO Box 394, Whitehall, MI 49461); and Sun Ra, various titles (Evidence).

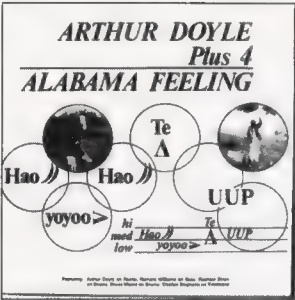
1) DAVE BURRELL, *Echo* (BYG 529.320/Actual Volume 20)  
In the fall of '69, Free Jazz was reaching a nadir/nexus. Traditionalists (beboppers included) were outraged by men in dashikis and sandals just BLOWING their guts out creating screaming torrents of action. Such musicians could get no bookings beyond the New York loft set, though the French avant-garde embraced the scene wholly. BYG released classic Free Jazz documents by Archie Shepp (at his wildest), Clifford Thornton, Art Ensemble of Chicago, Grachan Moncur III, Sonny Murray, Alan Silva, Arthur Jones, Dewey Redman and many others. A lot of these cats are on this recording, which is part of a series of LPs with consistent design. From the first groove it sounds like an acoustic tidal wave exploding into shards of dynamite. If you can locate Alan Silva's "Lunar Surface" (BYG 529.312/Actual Vol. 12), you'll find a world even that much more OUT.

2) MILFORD GRAVES & DON PULLEN, *Nommo* (S.R.P. LP-290)  
Milford's drum kit is homemade, he rarely performs outside of his neighborhood, and he plays his kit like no other. Wild, slapping, bashing, tribal freakouts interplexed with silence, serenity and enlightened meditation. This LP was recorded live at Yale University and manufactured by the artists themselves in 1967. There's a second volume that's also rare as hen's teeth.



3) ARTHUR DOYLE PLUS 4, *Alabama Feeling* (AK-BA AK-1030)  
Arthur is a strange cat. Not many people know where he's from (Alabama is a good guess). He resided in New York City during the '70s and showed up at loft spaces, spitting out incredible honks, shrieks and other post-Aylerisms. Mystic music which took on the air of chasing ghosts and spirits through halls of mirrors (!). He hooked up with noise/action guitarist Rudolph Grey and the late drummer Beaver Harris. They played gigs in front of unsuspecting art creeps apparently not "hip" enough to dig — let alone document — the history blasting their brains, so Arthur released this lo-fi masterpiece himself and it's a spiralling cry of freedom and fury. Arthur continues to play/teach etc. in Binghamton, NY, and released in 1993 *More Alabama Feeling* on yours truly's Ecstatic Peace label (Forced Exposure/POB 9102/Waltham, MA 02254).

4) SONNY MURRAY, *Sonny's Time Now* (Jihad 663)  
Sonny was the first to realize, recognize and perform pure FREE jazz as a drummer. He played with Ayler early on and Cecil Taylor. He took time as an abstract and turned it into free motion. This recording is super lo-fi and awesome. Featured are: Ayler (tenor), Don Cherry (trumpet) and Leroi Jones (now known as Amiri Baraka) reading his killer poem "Black Art." This music is very Ayler but more fractured and odd. As with a lot of these records, the back of the jacket is blank. Whether this was done for economic or artistic reasons is unclear. Jihad was a concern of Leroi's and anything released on this label is utterly obscure. The only other Jihad title I've seen is *Black And Beautiful* from the mid-'60s, which has Leroi and friends on a Harlem stoop, beating drums and chanting such classic Leroi lines as: "The white man/At best/Is.... CORNY!!") An ad for Jihad in *Jazz & Pop* magazine announced an LP by Don Ayler (Albert's trumpet-playing bro), but I've yet to meet anyone who's got it. At any rate, *Sonny's Time Now* (the album we're talking about here) was reissued in Japan (DIW-



25002) on CD and LP (with an enclosed 7" of two extra scratchy tracks!). But even that is near impossible to locate. Recorded in 1965.  
5) THE RIC COLBECK QUARTET, *The Sun Is Coming Up* (Fontana 6383 001)  
Ric was a white cat who came to the U.S. to blow free e-motion with NYC loft dwellers. He's best known for playing on Noah Howard's first ESP-DISK release (ESP 1031). By the way, the whole 1000 series of ESP is crucial to anybody interested in Free Jazz and is available on CD now from Forced Exposure, address above. The picture of Ric on the cover of this LP shows a man with race-car shades and a "cool" haircut playing his horn while a ciggie burns nonchalantly in his relaxed grip. A very hip dude. And very FREE. This Fontana LP is his only solo effort, recorded while cruising through Europe, where he connected with South African drummer Selwyn Lissack, UK avant-altoist Mike Osborne and bassist Jenny Clark (student of 20th-century compositionists Lucian Berio and Karlheinz Stockhausen). Together they created this exceptional and complex masterpiece. A tiny print run was issued in the UK in 1970.

6) RASHIED ALI and FRANK LOWE, *Duo Exchange* (Survival SR101)  
Frank Lowe has been studying and playing a consistently developing tenor sax style for a few decades now. At present he's swinging through a Lester Young trip which can be heard on Ecstatic Peace recording #19 from Forced Exp. In the early '70s, however, he was a firebrand who blew hot lava skronk and played with Alice Coltrane on her more out sessions. Rashied Ali, meanwhile, was the free-yet-disciplined drummer whom Coltrane enlisted to play alongside Elvin Jones, Pharoah Sanders (and Alice) in his last mind-bending recordings (check out the Coltrane/Ali duet CD *Interstellar Space*). Elvin quit the group cuz Rashied was too hardcore. Rashied also had his own club in downtown NYC called Ali's Alley! Those were the fuckin' days. *Duo Exchange* had Rashied and Frank going at it, burning notes and chords wherever they found 'em. Totally sick.



7) JOHN TCHICAI AND CADENTIA NOVA DANICA, *Afrodisiaca* (MPS CRM711)  
Tchicai is a 6'6" Danish/Congolese tenor sax player who, in the early '60s, blew minds throughout the Netherlands with his radical "music for the future." Archie Shepp encouraged him to come to NYC and join like-minded souls of avant-guardia. Tchicai came

over and kicked everybody's ass. He hooked up with Shepp and Don Cherry for the New York Contemporary Five and later an even heavier ensemble with Milford Graves and Roswell Rudd called the New York Art Quartet. The NYAQ recorded one of the most crucial sessions for ESP-Disk (ESP1004), which had Leroi Jones reciting his infamous "Black Dada Nihilismus" (available on CD from Forced Exposure). *Afrodisiaca* was released in Germany and groups Tchicai with 25 other local Euro musicians playing a hurricane of a piece by trumpet/composer Hugh Steinmetz. This music gets way way out and has the real ability to take you "there." The echo effect on some of this shit is quite ill in a very analog way. And the way it gets that dirty-neededled distortion at the end of side one (all 25 cats GOING AT IT!) is beautiful, baby, BEAUTIFUL!

8) THE PETER BROTZMANN SEXTET/QUARTET, *Nipples* (Calig - CAL30604)  
The influence of Free Jazz on hard-drinking, knuckle-biting European white cats is formidable. These guys didn't care so much about playing "jazz" as just ripping their guts out with high-energy, brain-plowing NOISE. Brotzmann (sax, German), Evan Parker (sax, UK), Derek Bailey (guitar, UK), and Han Bennink (drums, Dutch) spearheaded this Free-Euro scene and are all caught on this insanely rare early document. The b&w cover has a fold-out accordion postcard set paper-clipped to its front jacket. Brotzmann went on to further the Euro-Free-Jazz scene with FMP (Free Music Productions) Records, which still exists. There are over 100 FMP releases and they all offer remarkable moments. Derek Bailey later created Incus Records UK, which is also still extant. As is Han Bennink's I.C.P. (Instant Composers Pool) Records. The most mind-blasting FMP recording may be *Machine Gun* (available from NorthCountry Distr./Cadence Bldg./Redwood, NY 13679), where Brotzmann leads an octet through a wonderland of noise. Improvisation and classic western musics are seriously tended to by a large Euro community; it's all pretty fascinating.

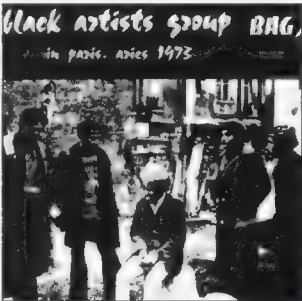


9) THE MARZETTE WATTS ENSEMBLE (*Savoy MG-12193*)  
Marzette was a serious black art cat in downtown NYC when Free Jazz as a NEW cultural revolution was in full gear. He painted and composed wonderful music that allowed some of the coolest locals to flow their flavor. One of the heaviest ESP-DISK recordings is Marzette's *Marzette and Company* (on CD from Forced

Exposure). If you find it on vinyl, send it to me! It features the late Sonny Sharrock (check his wild guitar on Pharoah Sanders' *Tauhid* CD on Impulse and his own obscure noise guitar masterpiece *Black Woman* on Vortex), cometist Clifford Thornton (academic NEW MUSIC/Free Jazz "teacher" who released a few crucial sides such as *Communications Network* on Third World and *The Panther and the Lash* on America) and the amazing free vocalist Patty Waters (who recorded two infamous hair-raising platters on ESP-DISK). This recording on Savoy was one of a series produced by Bill Dixon, an incredible composer in his own right. I've heard Dixon leading Free Jazz orchestras into sonic symphonic heavens. Very hardcore. Anything with Marzette, Dixon (especially *Intents and Purposes* on RCA Victor), Byard (careful, there's some clunkers) and Clifford is worthwhile.

10) MARION BROWN, *In Sommerhausen* (Calig 30 605), BLACK ARTISTS GROUP, *In Paris, Aries 1973* (BAG 324 000), FRANK WRIGHT QUARTET, *Uhuru Na Umoja* (America 30 AM 6104), DR. UMEZU, *Seikatsu Kojo Iinkai*, (SKI NO. 1), CECIL TAYLOR, *Indent, Part 2* (Unit Core 30555)  
Five-way tie for last? Well, seeing as there's no "beginning" or "end" to this shit, I have to list as many items as possible to reiterate the fact that there is literally a ton o' groovy artifactual evidence to support the reality of the existence of FREE MUSIC. Dig? There are used record stores all over the world and they all could be hiding some of these curios. Most peoples ain't sure of their worth, so sometimes you can find 'em really cheap. It's definitely a rarefied marketplace, so expect this stuff to be way pricey.

Marion Brown is an alto player who made an incredible LP with Tony Oxley and Maarten Altena called *Porto Novo* that just twists and burns start to finish. Marion could really get OUT as well as play straight up. Shepp dug him and got him to do some great LPs on Impulse. He had a septet at one point that was especially remarkable, featuring Alan Shorter (trumpet), the brother of Miles Davis sideman/Weather Report founder/classicist Wayne Shorter. Whereas Wayne was fairly contemporary (though eclectic as a muhther), Alan was strictly ill and has two obscure LPs worth hunting down: *Orgasm*



(Verve V6 8768) and *Tes Estat* (America AM 6118). *In Sommerhausen* has Marion in late '60s exploratory fashion and gets quite freaky thanks to Jeanne Lee's vocal whoops. There's another LP from this period called *Gesprachs-*

*fetzen* (Calig CAL 30601) which really lays down the scorch.  
The Black Artists Group was a unit not unlike The Art Ensemble of Chicago. Except they only recorded this one document that came out in France on a label named after the group. This is squeaky, spindly stuff and very OPEN. A good indication of what was happening in the early '70s with members Oliver Lake (later of the infamous World Saxophone Quartet) and Joseph Bowie (Lester Bowie's bro, later to start Defunkt).  
Tenor saxist Frank Wright may be (previous to Charles Gayle's current reign) the heir apparent to both Trane and Ayler. Unfortunately he had a heart attack a few years back while rockin' the bandstand. All his recordings are more than worthwhile. *Uhuru* is nothing short of killer, with the great Noah Howard (alto), Bobby Few (pianist of Steve Lacy fame) and Art Taylor (heavy old-school drummer in free mode) going OUT and AT IT in stunning reverie.

FREE JAZZ made a strong impression on the more existential-sensitive populace of Japan, and some real masters came out of the scene that were influential on some of the more renowned noise artists of today (Boredoms, Haino Keiji). One such Jap-cat is alt-saxist Dr. Umezu, who has mixed it up with NYC loft-dwellers on more than one occasion. On this release he unleashed some pretty free shit with William Parker (bass), Ahmed Abdullah (trumpet), and Rashid Shinan (drums). Parker, in turn, is one of the most important FREE musicians working in NYC. He recorded one solo LP in the '70s called *Through Acceptance of the Mystery Peace* (Centering Records 1001), which is, as you might've guessed, "good."  
We should wind things up with the king of FREE MUSIC then and how: Cecil Taylor. Cecil started experimenting with new concepts of "swing," open rhythms and room dynamics very early on. His music-conservatory studies let him apply a master's technique to his fleeting, furious, highly sensitive and pianistic ACTIONS. Today he's shaman-like in his mystic noise transplants. After years of scorn and neglect he hates record business weasels (club owners have beat him up after gigs, claiming he damaged their pianos), and he records now for FMP. In the early '70s he had his own label called Unit Core and released two crucial LPs, the one listed above and *Spring of Two Blue J's* (Unit Core 30551). This is when his group included alt-saxist Jimmy Lyons and veteran drummer Andrew Cyrille, who recorded solo LPs and duos with Milford Graves and Peter Brotzmann on various small labels (BYG, FMP, lctus).



So that's it...and that's not it. If you're at all intrigued by this personal primer do yourself a favor, seek some of this shit out and free yr fucking mind. Yr ass will surely scream and SHOUT.  
later.....thurston



# RICKY POWELL'S TOP 10 TALES FROM HIS DAYS AS A SUBSTITUTE TEACHER



**1) GETTING CAUGHT FOR TAKING THE SPECIAL ED. CLASS OFF CAMPUS:** I got caught sneaking out (actually, sneaking back in) six students from the eighth-grade special ed. class at junior high school IS 70 on W. 17th St. I had taken them on an unauthorized field trip to Run DMC's accountant's office on 57th and Broadway, 40 blocks away. We hopped the turnstiles together at the Union Square subway station, and when I got to the accountant's office, I left the kids in the recep-

tion area, where they met Joe Franklin and Sly Stallone's girl's sister. Yo, I was broke and thought a lesson in "Freelancing in NYC" would be invaluable for those dummies — I mean kids. I was fired.

**2) RUNNING INTO ONE OF THOSE SPECIAL ED. STUDENTS IN WASHINGTON SQUARE RECENTLY:** His name was Rick, too, and today he's a young entrepreneur running a successful business delivering herb on his skateboard.

**3) BREAKING UP A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO GIRLS:** Two girls, aged 11 (one black, one PR), were in the schoolyard. I was on lunch patrol, saw the commotion, skedaddled over but couldn't get through the crowd. They were actually boxing me out! I threw some elbows and got in the dust but these girls were ill, so I grabbed each one by the back of the neck and shook 'em till they stopped. Whew! But here's the worst part: I later found that fresh dog shit had somehow gotten on my pants. I sent the school a cleaning bill, still to be paid.

**4) RUNNING INTO ONE OF MY EX-PUPILS AT A B-BOYS SHOW:** Raquel Williams, a fine-ass lass, was cute back in the day, but I would never think about her after 3:00 p.m. (even the Rickster has some scruples). But yo, this girl turned into a goddess, man. She came up to me at this show in '92 and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Powell, do you remember when you taught me how to cartwheel in ninth-grade gym class?" Before I could beat her to the snap, she asked, "Are you gonna pose with that joint or pass it?" I replied, "Raquel, you've developed into a fine young woman," but alas, I lost sight of her in the pit...

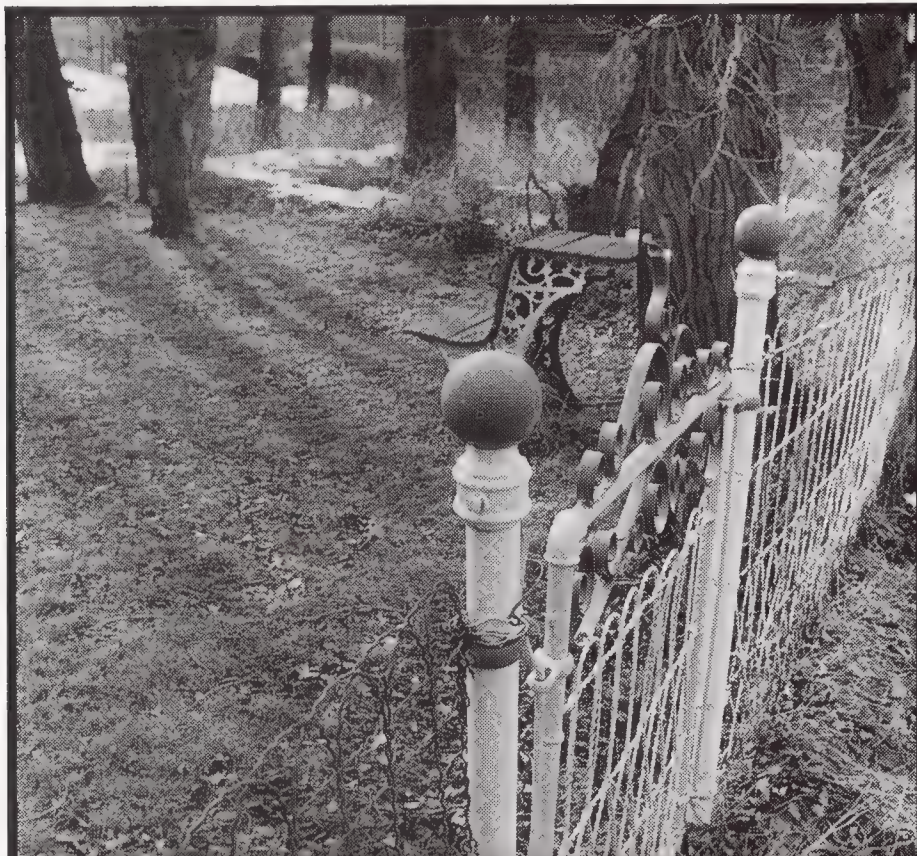
**5) WORKING AT MY OLD ALMA MATER, JHS**

**1570, IN MANHATTAN:** I was walking in the hallway during class change, snapping with some pupils of mine who were actually very funny. We were goofing on this teacher in front of us named Mr. Pronsky (or was it Mr. Colodny?), who was a fucking dickhead (and had been back in the day when I was a student). So I used the kids as a screen, stepped forward, threw a sideways smack on homey's neck, stepped past him on the left as he was turning to his right (a trick I learned from Bliss) and was gone. Everybody heard it, students broke fool, yo, I ain't kidding!

**6) CATCHING RAP WITH A FINE-ASS TYPING TEACHER AT BRANDEIS H.S.:** I even got her to smoke some nice nice in Central Park after school. But when we got zooted, I forgot to get her number and never got called to substitute at that school again. Damn, she was kinda freaky, too, you know? That's pretty rare these days!

**7) TEACHING ON THE SAME DAY AT THE SAME SCHOOL AS MY MOM, RUTH:** My mom, Ruth, taught public school on the L.E.S. for 25 years. One day I happened to substitute at the same school she was at and we ended up watching each other's kids play saloogie with the teacher's hats on the playground during recess. Actually we worked a couple times together and enjoyed goofing on kids.

*As far as I can remember, the accompanying photo dates from September 1985 at the Dalton School, and it may have been taken on my very first day as a substitute teacher. I believe we were in the cafeteria, where I was supposed to be doing "lunch patrol" but ended up instead with Rocky Road smeared all over my face. And yo, that black girl was crazy in love with me. Check it!*



# FUGAZI

## Records & Stuff We Sell:

- 94. **SLANT 6** 'Inzombia' <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 93. **TRUSTY** 'Good-Bye Dr. Fate' \* (C)
- 92. **LUNGFISH** 'Pass and Stow' <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 91. **SLANT 6** 'Soda Pop-Ripoff' (CD Includes #85) <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 90. **FUGAZI** 'Red Medicine' <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 89. **HOOVER** 'Lurid Traversal of Rt. 7' <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 88. **IGNITION** 'Complete Services' CD contains everything (E)
- 87. **FAITH/VOID** CD has Faith/Void Split LP and Faith 'Subject to Change' EP (E)
- 86. **HOLY ROLLERS** 10-Song LP <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 85. **SLANT 6** 3-Song 7" (A)
- 84. **HOLY ROLLERS** 2-Song 7" (A)
- 70. **FUGAZI** 'In On the Kill Taker' <sup>†</sup>\* (C)
- 32. **STATE OF THE UNION** CD Only (D)
- 14. **DISCHORD 1981** 'The Year in Seven Inches' (D)
- 7. **FLEX YOUR HEAD** DC Sampler \* (C)

<sup>†</sup>Also available as cassette \*Available as CD, price code (C)

## Price Guide, including postage, in U.S. \$:

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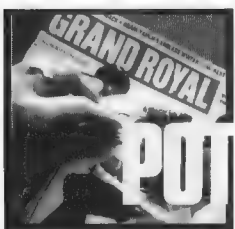
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# THE PRESSES! TOP 10 MAGAZINES TO ROLL JOINTS ON by Tokyo Rosenfeld

As vinyl record albums became decreasingly part of our cultural vernacular, we lost a little bit of ourselves in the process. The nostalgia associated with records is fierce. I mean, who can't remember their first record purchase? Mine was Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy. Records are tangible, tactile, substantive, real, unlike the neat, nearly hygienic CD jewel box. You could hold albums with both hands and look at the cover artwork for hours (even the White Album — wow, just whiteness...intense). But the 12 1/4-inch-square, lustrous jackets also served a more potent purpose. They provided the ideal surface on which to clean and roll your pot. Flat, oversized, a bit glossy (even when battered — perfect), they were second only to rolling bowls in terms of practicality. What made them infinitely more appealing than rolling bowls, however, was the subtle psychosomatic fact that you could dictate the flow of your buzz by which album you used for cleaning. For a spacey high: Farewell to Kings; alienating high: Quadrophonia; spiritual high: Catch a Fire; bouncy high: anything by Parliament; evil high: anything by Funkadelic. But kids these days just don't remember. What is to be done? Keep those old milkcrates strewn about your pad? Neither sightly, nor practical. What then, is the ideal cleaning tray for the '90s? Magazines. Mainstream periodicals are my current flat surface of choice because they're smooth, slick and available. Not all of them are equally suitable for twisting up bud, but if you're a magazine junkie like me, you have a large selection to choose from. With a couple of exceptions, the publications used in this story are the ones I read. Sorry if there's too much of a pop culture slant — it's my taste, it's my article. The ratings are based on a few criteria:

- **GLOSSINESS (G)** How is the surface of the magazine? Does the cheeba dance the cover well? How is the heft and size of the gazette?
- **ROLLING AND RESIDUALS (R)** When you're scraping the crumbs of your dope, does it stick to the cover of the book and break your concentration while rolling?
- **SUBVERSIVENESS (S)** Is there any vaguely dangerous thrill about cleaning pot on this mag?
- **MAGAZINE QUA MAGAZINE (M)** Should you buy the magazine anyway, despite the marijuana-positive (or -negative) properties?

1 is the lowest score, 10 is the highest

## Paris Review

**G-1** The magazine, or should I say "journal," is cardboardy and undersized; **R-2** The herb just stuck there, the cover is practically adhesive!; **S-3** Not very subversive: *This is one of them lefty, intellectual periodicals*; **M-9** On the other hand, it is also a 40-year-old, respected, diverse and interesting book (plus my friend and *Interview* magazine pin-up girl Elissa Schappell is an editor).

**Total: 15**

## National Review

**G-3** Not very — reactionaries are never slick; **R-5** It's fairly easy to scrape the crumbs off a cover with lines like "Vigorously Assisted Suicide — The Meaning of Euthanasia" on it; **S-9** Go ahead, gang! Clean your weed on the mouthpiece of the right wing — it's fun! **M-1** The only reason to pick this up is to get mad and try to laugh in the face of the conservatives; Bob Mack worked here.

**Total: 18**

## Grand Royal

**G-5** Is that recycled paper they're using? Well, it's not glossy enough;

**R-5** Some particles left over and seeing Ricky Powell's name on the cover really threw me off; **S-2** Not very subversive. *Of course you'd clean on GR*; **M-8** Really fun. Bruce Lee, the Gap conspiracy piece and Buttafuccho fashions were fabulous, but why the almost two-year gap between issues? Oh, wait, the answer's right here in front of me.

**Total: 20**

## High Times

**G-8** Fuck glossiness, the cover art is ideal; **R-7** The only problem is you can't tell if they're your crumbs or the cover art; **S-0** This is, I suppose, conceptually the least subversive and best mag to roll on — *Irie, mon*; **M-7** If you're into cultivation, paranoid news, weird ads for paraphernalia and the best-looking buds you generally can't find — even if you did have the money — this rag is for you.

**Total: 22**

## Movieline

**G-7** Slick; **R-7** Pretty clean; **S-5** This sometimes quirky, mainstream movie mag only feels gently seditious; cleaning ganja on Drew's face, however, is poignant; **M-6** Is slightly more fearless and insidious than *Premiere* and the blind-gossip items section rocks (if you can figure out who it's about).

**Total: 25**

## Nickelodeon

**G-4** Not that sleek, but with those bright colors it's easy to see the pot on the cover; **R-3** Not great — in fact practically sticky; **S-10** Subversive to the point of guilt — this is a kids' magazine, after all; **M-8** It's a really festive publication, and not just because lots of friends work there (one of whom who doesn't toké helped with the idea for this piece after I complained that *Nick* wasn't a great surface to clean on).

**Total: 25**

## Vanity Fair

**G-8** Glossy and nice weight, but those goddamn perfume inserts stink up your skunk; **R-7** More than satisfactory, but unexpected appearances by Donald Trump on the cover are disconcerting; **S-3** The subjects of the magazine are more depraved than us; **M-8** Who can resist a high-minded tabloid? Also, I have friends who are editors there (and they don't smoke pot).

**Total: 26**

## Wired

**G-8** A strange but eminently usable surface; **R-8** Very good; **S-3** Hardly registers as subversive — the digit-heads who read this are as likely to spark up as you; **M-9** This is one of my favorite publications overall — it has a really cool layout and stories about the only significant arena of change in society in the past 20 years: technology and computers.

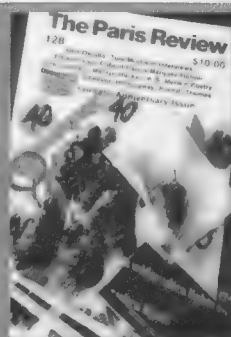
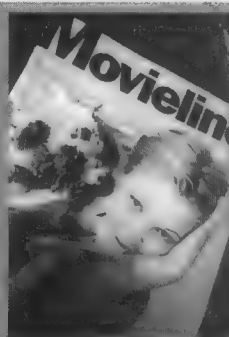
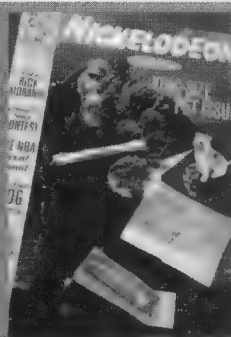
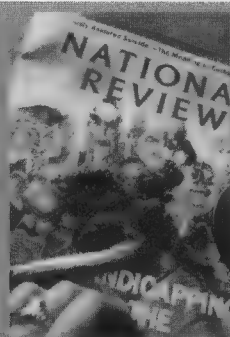
**Total: 28**

## Bon Appétit

**G-9** It's so glossy, it's almost slippery; **R-8** Virtually nothing left and the cover model tarts still look delicious; **S-9** Put it this way: The ladies who buy this for the recipes probably aren't reading *Grand Royal* right now; **M-8** A stoners' dream! Indulge in a little masochistic visual masturbation after getting high by looking at all those photos of gorgeous food. Plus, Sherry Leight and Siobhan Burns were responsible for putting this issue of *Grand Royal* to bed.

**Total: 33**

*In strict points, Bon Appétit is the superior magazine on which to clean and roll your "chronic" (or as we used to say, "13"). But don't hesitate to go out and try this comparison with your own favorite magazines.*





# TOP 10 TIPS FOR SEARCHING OUT 7" SINGLES

by Eric Gladstone

Most of the records I collect are so-called 45s on 7" vinyl, which not too many people pay attention to because it's such a drag to flip through pile after unalphabetized pile of dusty plastic. But here are three reasons why it's worth your while and six tips to help get you started.

**1) Sound.** You probably think 7" singles are always scratched and sound like shit. Wrong. A good radio-mastered single is as phat grooved as any LP. And though you often find them dusty, they're still essentially mint. DJ copies usually have a mono and stereo side, and 99 times out of 100, mono is the shit.

**2) Price.** Recently I saw a Charles Wright album selling for \$30 which I bought, sealed, for a dollar. In other words, DJs are getting strung along just like junkies. Any album with even half a dope groove is 15 bucks most places (at least in the big city). These same places, though, tend not to give a hoot about the 7" singles that often have the same grooves (plus bonus b-sides). Funk in its day was commer-

cial minded, so the best jams were also singles. For example, I got six fresh copies of "Funky Drummer" and a Josie label Meters single at Goodwill for \$3 total. I've accumulated 99 percent of Bobby Byrd and Lyn Collins on Brownstone for maybe \$10. While we're on that tip, I've also picked up a mint copy of the JB's "The Grunt" (you know, the best song ever recorded) for a buck. The only album this song has ever been on is *Food For Thought*, which, if you can find for under \$30 in any condition, should qualify you for a job in the State Department (or you can get it on Rhino's Phat Grooves Vol. IV but only the single has part 2). I once found a box full of mint, early Bobby Byrd and Vicki Anderson singles which the store I was working at was *throwing out*. I only took two copies of each. Dumb move on both our parts.

**3) Rarity.** Half the time, 7" singles have non-LP b-sides or even an a-side with a groove that never made it to LP. Just today I paid \$2 for a near-mint single of "Bringing Up the Guitar," a hot version of the classic JB's groove by "The Dapps featuring Alfred Ellis" that was never on a Dapps album and hasn't surfaced on CD yet. Likewise for Banbarra's "Shack Up" (i.e., THE jam, available only as a United Artists single). I paid \$1 for my

white-label copy (you can pay \$30 for the import compilation Superfunk), and they'll have to bury me with that one. Then there are smaller-label releases. Again, these grooves are hotter than anything you'll find on album, and like TopShelf says, "At these prices, you can afford to experiment." Some examples from my collection: David Batiste & the Gladiators, "Funky Soul" (Instant — free); Bobby Williams, "Funky Superfly" (MTVH — 50 cents); Frankie Beverly's Raw Soul, "People In The Know" (Gregar — free). You get it. Not to come off like Tony Robbins, but you too can make the same scores by following these clip 'n' save tips:

**1) Case the joint.** The less a store cares about singles — they're stashed in a box under the racks — the better. If a store looks funky (i.e., stinky, not Superfly) it probably is funky. Be wary of proprietors with ponytails. Bring Benadryl.

**2) Trust labels.** Stax, Norman Whitfield productions on Motown, West-bound and Revilot are all dependable. Just about anything on Sussex (e.g. "The Sound of Success") is a jam. Wacky private labels are always a good sign, as only fools and horses would turn down jams on the "Black Gold" label or "Creative Funk Records."

**3) Go on names alone.** Joe Quar-

terman's Free Soul, Sho Nuff, Black Nasty — how can you go wrong? And while the word "funk" in a song title is no guarantee of goodness, "freak" or "freaky" almost always is.

**4) Dig the year.** Anything after 1976 is chancey, but there are some fruitful post-disco jams. (e.g. The Bar-Kays' "Holy Ghost" or Positive Choice's "Supersonic Stereophonic") My favorite year is '73, primarily because it gave us Cymande's "Fuh" and Skin Alley's "Bad Words & Evil People."

**5) Be like Mike.** Never pay more than four bucks for a single, unless it's a private-label jam or you *have* to have it. Remember, someone else has 50 copies they're using as a door jam.

**6) Keep a poker face.** Don't let 'em know you just found Boots's first single. Buy a copy of "Gypsies, Tramps, and Thieves" as well, so they think you don't know your shit.

One last thing. Your second resource for rare stuff is old compilations — K-Tel and the like. Sometimes such compilations feature versions played by cover bands, but one of my favorites has Truth's "I Can't Go On," Fancy's "Wild Thing" (a Mike D fave), Kool & the Gang's "Hollywood Swinging," not to mention Barry White, George McCrae, Gladys Knight and Leon Haywood jams. Best 50 cents I ever spent!

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## "ONCE TWO ARE SERVED, ALL MAY EAT"

### An Oral History of Futterman's Rule

by Nathan Brackett

Check the lyrics for track 10 on *Ill Communication* under an instrumental called "Futterman's Rule," and you'll see a single line: "Once two are served, all may eat." It's a terse phrase underlay by a complex tale. What began as a simple doctrine of common sense in the dining room has become the nexus of a rich web of oral history which connects at least three families, a number of households and, with the release of *Ill Communication*, potentially thousands of diners.

The story of Futterman's Rule, also known as the Gene Futterman Rule, began in the mid-1960s in the Cobble Hill neighborhood of Brooklyn, where Noel and Frances Yauch lived with their young son, Adam. "I used to work with Gene," says Noel. "We got to know each other, as they were very interested in food and cooking and so were we. We would invite them over and knock ourselves out cooking some elaborate dinner, and then they would one-up us. Things kept getting more and more elaborate and I think we all got sick of the whole thing.

"But anyway," Mr. Yauch continues, "Gene and [his wife] Sonni used to do large dinner parties with lots of people at the table, and they would always say, 'When two are served, you eat! You don't sit there and let your food get cold waiting for everybody to



Futterman cheffing at Squires Restaurant, East Hampton, New York

get served.' And that was Futterman's Rule."

Gene Futterman, who died in 1987, actually had a number of rules. Sonni Futterman recalls another "Gene Futterman Rule," directed at his daughters, later in life, when the family had moved to Long Island: "Don't jump in the pool at three in the morning with all of your friends!" He also took a tough stance on people walking into the kitchen when he was cooking.

The other Futterman rules may or may not have caught on, but there was something undeniably special about the "once two are served..." prescript. "It's a nice idea," says Noel Yauch today. "It's user-friendly. If you're cooking a big dinner and everybody's sitting with their food in front of them, and then you remember you forgot to slice the bread or this or that, you don't have everybody sitting around waiting for the host or hostess to get there."

The next chapter in the history of the Rule began when the Yauchs moved to Brooklyn Heights in the late '60s. Their downstairs neighbors were Josh and

Babette Brackett. Babette was an accomplished cook who soon took to the Rule — "I think it's very important for people to feel comfortable and start eating *fast*," she says today. "You don't want the food to get cold." But it was Josh who was truly inspired by Futterman's credo and saw another dimension to the dining edict.

"In my mind, [the Rule] is an experiment in oral tradition," Josh says. "The idea is for me to tell as many people as possible about Futterman's Rule and then see how long it takes for someone to tell *me* about it. I'm very much attracted to the view that a work of art is not just the thing itself, but everything that anybody says about it and anything that's written about it. The same goes for this experiment in oral tradition. Someday someone will tell me about the Rule, unprompted. And that will be the completion of the experiment. Having it show up in a Beastie Boys song is just part of the experiment." And what does MCA himself think about Futterman's Rule? "The Rule is fair," he says. "It's just plain fair."

When asked about the song itself, Yauch's voice assumes a wistful tone. "I was trying to convey with my bass the feeling that Futterman's Rule gives you as a metaphor for life," he reveals. "I tried to spread it far and wide so that someday it would be a well-known thing. Then hopefully it would come back to Josh Brackett and fulfill his wish for him."

The elegance of Futterman's Rule does lend it a hint of spirituality. One eats one's food while it is hot, observing dinner as a natural continuum (instead of the top-down, "No-One-Eats-Until-The-Chef-Is-Ready" hierarchical model that dominates most households). At the same time, no one eats alone (it is only once *two* people are served, and a social base is established for those with food, that one may begin to eat). If form follows function, the Rule is built to travel. So give it a try. And if you like it, tell a friend.

## ZENYATTA FRITTATA

by Noel Yauch



### Ingredients

Four small zucchini  
1 medium onion  
1 tb. olive oil  
1/2 lb. shrimp  
1 cup chopped fresh dill  
Six eggs  
1 tb. butter  
1/4 cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

- 1) Slice zucchini into 1/4" thick rounds. Slice onions. Peel and devein shrimp. Chop shrimp into several pieces.
- 2) Heat olive oil in a nonstick pan. Add zucchini

and onions and slowly sauté until zucchini is lightly browned. Add the shrimp and cook two or three minutes more until shrimp turns pink. Add salt and freshly ground pepper. Set aside.

3) In a large bowl, break six eggs and beat lightly until well mixed. Stir in the zucchini and shrimp mixture and fresh dill.

4) Melt the butter in a 10" nonstick skillet. Pour in the mixture of eggs, zucchini and shrimp, and cook slowly without stirring, until the eggs are no longer runny and the edges of the frittata are slightly brown. This can take 15 minutes or more.

5) Sprinkle the top of the frittata with grated Parmesan cheese and run under the broiler until the top is nicely browned. Can be served hot, warm or cold, accompanied by a green salad and crusty French or Italian bread.

### ZUCCHINI AND SHRIMP FRITTATA

Serves four to six

This recipe is a mixture of sautéed zucchini and shrimp combined with eggs to make a delicious Italian-style omelet.



# B-BOY BOUILLABAISSE

by Spence dookey



Cooking is a fine art that takes years of rigorous training to master. To be a truly great chef, one must have complete knowledge of their ingredients and a keen sense of taste and timing. The art of DJing is not unlike the art of cooking. A master DJ must be able to pick only the freshest beats and tastefully mix them in order to produce a truly memorable track. It should come as no surprise, then, that one of hip-hop's most innovative DJs is also an accomplished chef. That's right: Besides being a wizard on the 1 & 2, DJ Fuze (of both Digital Underground and Raw Fusion fame) also knows his way around the kitchen.

Fuze's entry into the world of the culinary arts began at age 11. His first job was washing dishes and cleaning up the backyard at Pig-by-the-Tail, a French charcuterie formerly located across the street from the world-renowned Chez Panisse in Berkeley. While at PBTT, Fuze gradually worked his way up to the position of prep cook. Around this same time he also began helping out across the street with Chez Panisse's catering service. "I was popping Champagne bottles at rich people's private parties," he specifies humbly.

From those modest beginnings as a caterer's gofer, Fuze elevated himself to a position in the main kitchen of Chez Panisse. At first he was put to work cleaning lettuce and maintaining the restaurant courtyard, but once again he was promoted to prep cook, where he helped make and cook pasta as well as prepare the soups.

By this time Fuze was 15 and showing great promise. So much so that Chez Panisse's head chef offered him a summer job at the prestigious Bohemian Grove, the

annual two-week summer camp for power brokers where big shots like Henry Kissinger dress in drag and dance a conga line. This could have been Fuze's Big Break, his passport into the elite world of the master chef and Tri-lateral Commission, but he also had his sights set on a music career. In the end, he turned down the Bohemian Grove gig, opting to attend music camp instead, and his apprenticeship at Chez Panisse came to an end. (It should be noted that Fuze left on amicable terms and was told if he ever got "serious" about cooking, he could come back.)

While trying to break into the recording industry, Fuze continued to "cook in restaurants to make a living." He spent time at Rapollo, a now long-gone Italian restaurant in downtown Oakland, where he learned to be a line cook. In the years that followed, he lent his skills to several other establishments ("none worth mentioning," he laughs) before finally ending up at Francesco's, a family-style Italian restaurant out by the Oakland Airport. It was there that he fine-tuned his line-cooking skills, juggling up to four dishes on the fire at one time. The hectic pace, however, led to a recurring nightmare. "Working at Francesco's was really stressful and you know sometimes DJing a party and keepin' the mix goin' can be stressful. It's like you got to be able to time it. So I had this dream that I was working at Francesco's and had my turntables back in the kitchen, because I had to DJ this party that was goin' on too. Now at Francesco's the line was right in the restaurant, so everybody can see you cooking, and I was DJing and cooking at the same time and shit would

be burning and then the mix would be goin' off."

Nowadays, thanks to a fruitful rap career, Fuze cooks primarily for himself and on occasion will whip up a tasty dish for a large group of friends. And while he may not be a world-class chef, he still has a passion for gourmet meals. In fact, the other members of DU think Fuze is a little nuts when it comes to grub. "A lot of my friends in the group have bought nice cars and a lot of nice clothes — I just go out to nice restaurants all the time."

What follows is one of Fuze's favorite recipes, Linguine B-Boy Bouillabaisse (in layman's terms, seafood pasta stew).

## Napletana Sauce Ingredients

Onions  
Garlic  
Olive oil  
2 cans tomato sauce  
2 cans pureed tomato  
1 small can of tomato paste  
Fresh thyme, oregano, and basil  
Romano tomatoes

## Bouillabaisse Ingredients

Prawns  
White fish of choice (sea bass, halibut, etc.)  
White wine  
Linguine  
Garlic  
Chicken or fish stock (miso or bouillon cubes may be substituted)  
Green onions  
Oregano

## The Sauce

Prepare a Napletana sauce, which is a vegetarian red spaghetti sauce that's also known as marinara.

Sweat onions and garlic in olive oil as follows: Dice the onions and garlic. Throw a little salt and some pepper in the bottom of a saucepan along with some olive oil. Cook on medium heat with the pan covered, so that it steams.

When the onions are translucent, add two cans tomato sauce. Then add fresh thyme, oregano, basil and some diced Romano tomatoes. For that extra flavor, pour in a little red wine before you add the tomato sauce. (Real b-boys use Night Train or red Cisco.)

Let that simmer for a few hours. Add salt as desired to taste and a little sugar to cut the acid. Additional vegetables may be added to the sauce at the beginning (e.g., broccoli, bell pepper, etc.).

## The Linguine

Pre-cook the linguine — i.e., cook it off to al dente, drain and run under cold water. Then set it aside.

## The Bouillabaisse

Once that's done, clean scallops, prawns, and any white fish of choice (e.g. sea bass, halibut). Fuze suggests at least three prawns and three scallops per individual serving, while one nice fillet should serve about three people. Dice the fish and clean the scallops (remove the foot). Then devein and butterfly the prawns. Leave the tails on the prawns.

Have flour on hand for thickening. Take a thin saute pan (it distributes the heat well) and add some oil. Get the pan HOT. Dry your fish by dabbing it with a towel. Put a little flour on the fish and scallops. Then place in the hot pan. Let them brown thirty seconds on each side. Right before the fish and scallops are done add the prawns (because they take less time to cook). Let them turn red on each side. Mussels and clams can also be added at the same time as the prawns. When they're done, drain the oil from the pan.

Keeping the pan on a high flame add butter, a dash of oregano, dash of pepper and one teaspoon chopped garlic. Let this mixture saute until the garlic is browned. When garlic has browned throw two teaspoons of white flour into the pan so that it spreads. Deglaze the contents by pouring about 1/2 cup of white wine into the pan. Once the wine is distributed, add about 1/2 cup of your stock, 1/4 cup of Napletana sauce for flavor and slight color, and then finally the green onions.

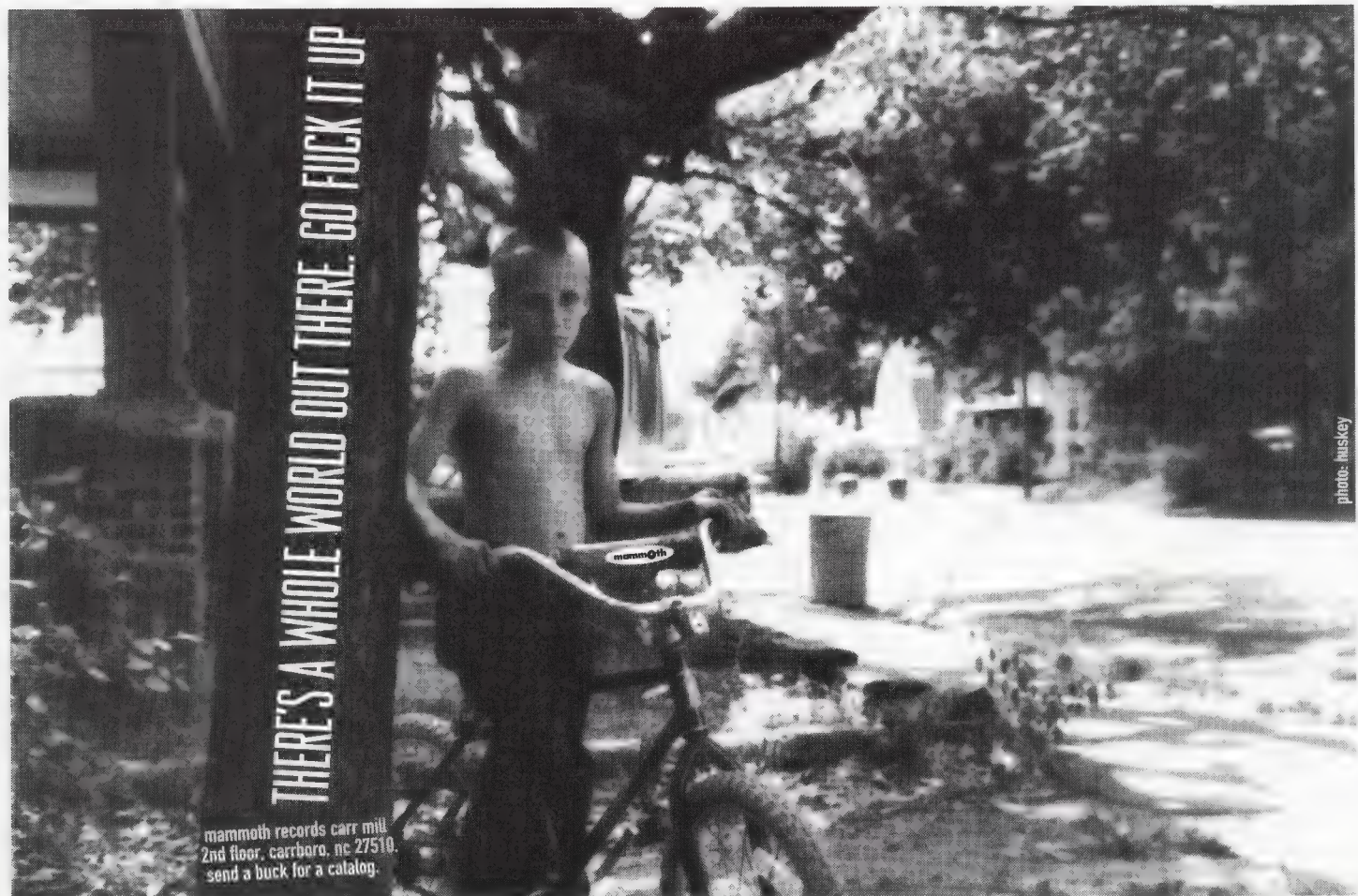
Let this acquire the thickness you desire. You may also add a little cream if you like. Add some salt and lemon juice to taste. Take two cups of reheated linguine and add to the saute pan. Shake this around with a serving fork. Pull the pasta out and place on a serving plate. Then ladle desired amount of sauce over the pasta.

Fuze recommends serving this dish with a bottle of red classico Chianti. "Get the bottle with the rooster tag on the top—the seal of approval from Italy." Otherwise, *bon appétit!*

• When you're visiting the Bay Area, Fuze recommends Chez Panisse in Berkeley for French, Kirala for Japanese, Francino's in San Francisco for Italian, Zamorano on East 14th for cheap Mexican food, and Sun Hong Kong in downtown Oakland for Kung Pao Scallops.

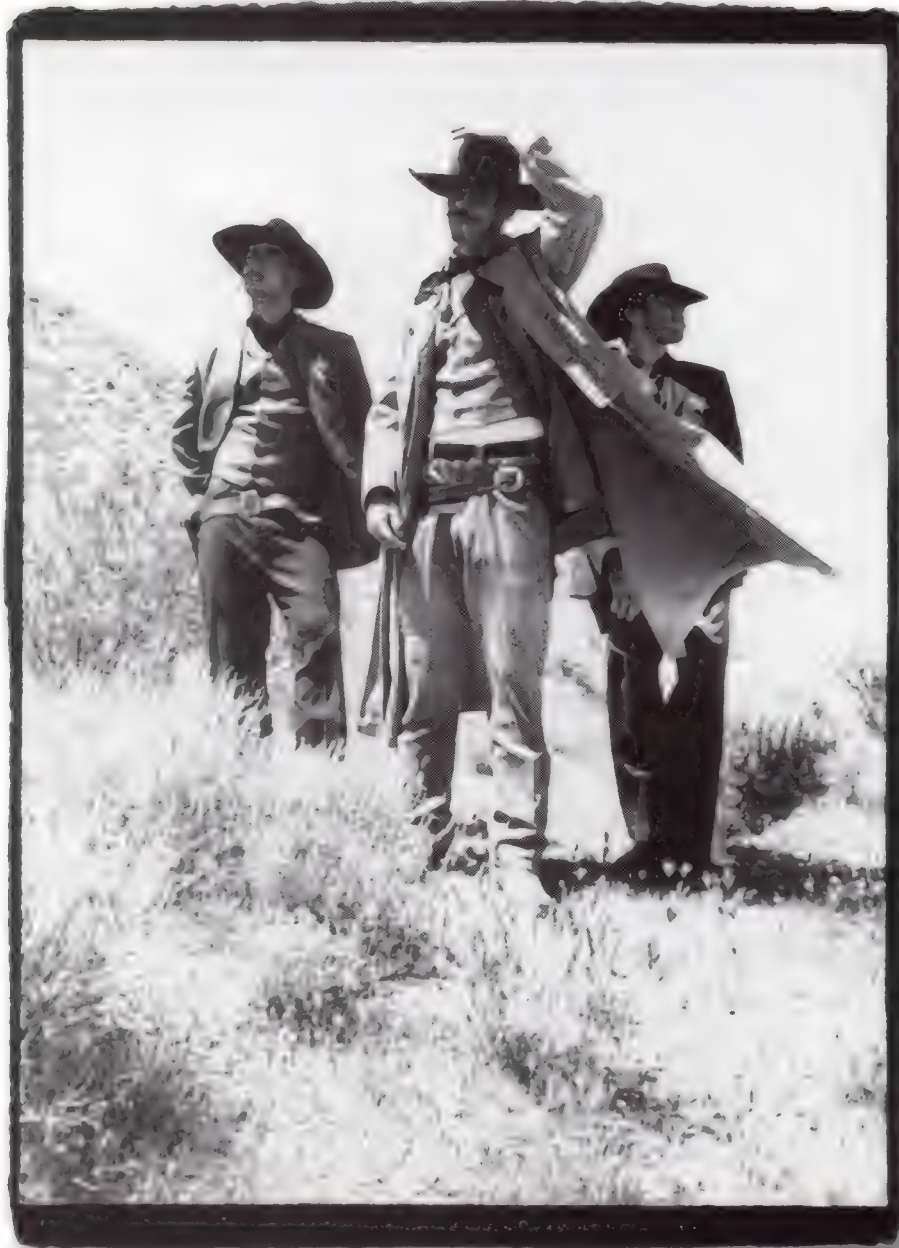


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# BEDTIME FOR GONZO

## The Last Ted Nugent Interview You'll Ever Have to Read

Conducted in person by Bob Mack using questions prepared in part by Glen E. Friedman

YOU REMEMBER THE "THRILLA IN MANILLA"? The third and final Superfight between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier? Well, what follows is more like the "Illa In Vanilla," the worst, wettest, *whitest* exchange between two grotesque gringos that you're ever likely to come across. IN THIS CORNER, The Challenger, with a grin that says he eats as much shit as he talks, the conveniently reactionary libertine and libertarian, me, *Grand Royal* Media Assistant Bob Mack. AND IN THIS CORNER, right-wing Robin Hood, onetime shill for Energizer, butt of the best joke in *Fletch*, former rock star and undisputed Lightweight Champion of the World, Ted "The Nuge" Nugent. Were Mark Twain still around he'd no doubt say these were two of the whitest men he'd ever met. And even Mark Twain didn't mean that entirely as a compliment. This non-title bout came about after we received a press release from Levine and Schneider claiming that Ted was finally at work on a potentially credibility-salvaging solo album with Derek St. Holmes, the dude who played guitar and sang on the classic mid- to late '70s Nuge albums, *Ted Nugent*, *Free For All*, *Cat Scratch Fever* and *Double Live Gonzo*. That is, way back in the day before Tedosaurus Rex was caught unawares by punk, a phenomenon that he still felt compelled to badmouth as late as 1980, when he emptily boasted to Britain's *NME* that Police drummer Stewart Copeland would be "choppin' wood for me someday" (presumably after "new wave" blew over). Needless to say, things didn't work out that way: The Police went on to international superduperstardom while Ted has only kept his name in the mix by forming the atrocious second-tier soopergroup, Damn Yankees. We also wanted to speak with the Nuge because Mike has a couple of beefs



with him. For one thing, Ted charged an exorbitant amount for the sample of his song "Homebound," which the Beastie Boys used for "The Biz vs The Nuge." Later, when Hurricane wanted to loop Ted's "Stranglehold" for the intro to his forthcoming solo album, Ted demanded 100 percent of the song (i.e., both his music *and* Hurricane's rap). Only the little old lady who controls The

Blues Project estate drives that hard a bargain, so Mike had to say fuck it and Cane's dope opener will never be heard. Such haggling only reminded us of all the other gripes we've got about the Nuge. Obviously we felt obligated to prod Ted about his aggro endorsement of bow hunting (and simultaneous taunting of animal rights groups). But more important, we felt it was time to finally call him out once and for all on the Big Issue. In short, why had he sold out and gone so soft? You know, like: Nuge, what happened? What are you givin' us? What's really goin' on? On April 8th, 1994, the day Kurt Cobain's death was announced, we tried to find out. I heard about Kurt when Levine and Schneider's sexy secy Kimberly (thanks for returning my calls) screamed as the news came over the fax literally only seconds before I was ushered into the lion's den. Actually it was more like Lion Country Safari because at this point Ted is more Snagglepuss than King of Beasts. Nevertheless, I'd

interviewed him before, knew his tricks and schticks, and wasn't gonna let him steer the conversation toward his soapbox. Which is why I didn't bring up the news about Kurt because I knew Ted would just use the opportunity to go off on some heartless, tasteless tirade (as of course he ended up doing on fellow blowhard Howard Stern's radio show only days after the following *Crossfire*-on-crack-esque confrontation).

**What was up with Damn Yankees? They were pretty lame.**

[incensed] "Pretty lame"? You got — Did you ever see us live?

**Why would I want to see you live when the album was so lame?**

OH, WELL, TELL US MORE MR. EXPERT-NEVER-SAW-US-LIVE-BUT-WE'RE-LAME! SEE, YOU'RE SO TYPICAL! WHAT'S YOUR MIDDLE NAME BOB, "INSULATED"? WHAT IS YOUR MIDDLE NAME, "I'VE GOT THE NIGHT OFF, I'M GONNA SIT HOME IN A HOT TUB"? FUCK YOU! [singing] "Woah, oh-oh, Damn Yankees" — fuck that! And that video with all those guys shooting at you but not one hits you?

Goddamn right! I'M THE FUCKIN' NUGE, MAN!

[laughs] You're basically admitting that Damn Yankees were wack by hooking back up with Derek St. Holmes and trying to cut your first decent solo LP in 20 years. Tell us about that.

No, let's talk about the Damn Yankees first.

Okay, cos everyone was disappointed with that —

No, they weren't.

**Yes, all your old-school fans were!**

We sold four and a half mil — that's a beautiful thing, my friend. Don't be jumping from edge to edge — the Damn Yankees was genuine, a musical adventure.

**Oh c'mon, it was a cash-out.**

Get the fuck outta here! I jam with Tommy Shaw, he played r'n'b, it hit a nerve with me —

But why —

I got the floor here! When I get moved by a piece of music, it doesn't have to be Motor City Madhouse to get me excited, I have a...*panorama* of emotion. From angst to lullabying my children to sleep [Bob laughs]. And when I get *moved* —

**Right.**

— on any emotion that genuinely intrigues me, I jump on it with both sets of teeth clinging to the fuckin' jugular [belches] —

**The second album tried to cash in on the first album's MTV success.**

MTV SUCCESS? WHAT MTV SUCCESS? They played a little bit of "High Enough!"

**"HIGH ENOUGH" WAS LIKE MICROWAVE ROTATION!**

Get the fuck out of here, it was —

**Played 15 times a fuckin' day —**

WELL, FIRST OF ALL, BOB, WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD! You know how many times I've watched MTV? *Once* in my fuckin' life.

**You gotta be on top of this, Ted.**

YOU KNOW WHAT I'M ON TOP OF? A REAL AMERICA WITH WORKING-HARD, PLAYING-HARD, WHITE MOTHERFUCKIN' SHITKICKERS —

**Why do they have to be white? Aren't there any black shitkickers?**

SHOW ME ONE!

**There's plenty. There's one named Russell Simmons...[guilty giggle]**

Ain't never heard of him!

**He's head of Def Jam records. He was there when you cut that wack video with The Don. In**

**fact, I heard that on that same day you told Russell you were a bigger nigger than he'll ever be. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I SAID.**

**Now what did you mean by that?**

I meant that I've got soul, that I don't resort to fuckin' electronic drumbeats, and I listen to James Brown and Wilson Pickett and Sam and Dave — THOSE ARE NIGGERS! THOSE ARE FUCKIN' SPIRITED, GENUINE AFRO-AMERICANS.

**Tell me about Detroit back in the day with George Clinton and Funkadelic.**

I never met George.

**You never met George Clinton? I've seen you boast of it in print before.**

Mm-mm.

**Do you even know who those guys are?**

I sure...of course I do! I met one of 'em, Bootsy — is that one of 'em? I met him at an outdoor shitkicker in New Baltimore, Ohio. '69. We jammed. But I never saw the band perf...

**See, but I still have a problem with this attitude. What attitude?**

**Most people would call it racism, Ted.**

I'm not a racist by any stretch of the imagination.

**Then why do you equate shitkicking and real America with white people?**

BECAUSE THE BLACK GUYS WITH THIS RAP, ELECTRONIC, MAKE-BELIEVE TALENTLESS MUSIC MAKE ME WANT TO THROW UP! WHERE'S THE SOUL?

**What about their parents? What about like Grant Hill playing hoops for Duke, a white university?**

He's the point guard! His father's Calvin Hill,



played for the Cowboys, went to fuckin' Yale —  
What are the Cowboys?  
They're a football team, America's Team!  
They're shitkickers.

I don't have any idea —  
Oh, you have no idea?

I have no idea what *football* and stuff is.

What, you were a geek in high school?

I was a fuckin' rock and — YEAH, I WAS A GEEK,  
ALL RIGHT! I PLAYED FUCKIN' EVERY WEEK-  
END! I INVENTED SHORT SKIRTS! THAT'S A  
GEEK?

Were you an outcast? Did you have friends?

BOB, BOB! How old are you?

I'm 30. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

I'll get to that. [Bob laughs] Before you knew which  
tit to suck on, I was fuckin' inventin' short skirts. I've  
played rock 'n' roll every weekend since I was nine  
fuckin' years old, asshole! I INVENTED THIS SHIT!  
WHEN YOU WERE SITTING BACK, DRINKIN'  
BEER, WATCHIN' SOME COWBOY PASS A

FUCKIN' PIGSKIN BALL,  
I WAS TEACHIN' THE  
GIRLS HOW TO DANCE  
WITH THE SEXIEST  
ROCK AND ROLL IN  
THE WORLD. That's real  
life my friend. I don't sit on  
the couch and watch  
MTV, I don't sit on the  
couch and watch a bun-  
cha fuckin' assholes play  
electronic music, I don't  
watch guys do something  
I DOOO IT!

Now when you *do* all  
this "Real American"  
stuff, do you expect  
subsidies from the fed-  
eral government to  
uphold this outdated  
redneck lifestyle?

[under his breath] I don't  
believe in any of that.

These farmers who are  
totally subsidized —

Well, they're not *totally*  
subsidized.

You know what I'm talking about, Ted.

Any subsidy sucks, you bet.

The way of life you're becoming synonymous  
with —

Wait a minute, "becoming"? I've always been a  
rancher. And I've never taken a dime from the gov-  
ernment!

Okay, good, but what about all those —

Wait a minute.

— farmers —

Wait a minute.

— and "shitkickers" —

You bet.

— who have their soybeans or cheese or what-  
ever the fuck they grow subsidized so they can  
sit around —

Wait a minute, Bob.

— in cowboy boots —

Are we gonna talk about the —

— and read your magazine and shoot animals  
and —

They do.

— fuckin' bomb abortion clinics —

They do... NO! WAIT!

— and do a lot of other stupid motherfuckin'  
shit —

WAIT, BOB!

— THAT PISSES PEOPLE LIKE ME OFF

BECAUSE I'M A CONSERVATIVE, AND YOU'RE  
GIVING CONSERVATISM A BAD FUCKIN'  
NAME! JUST LIKE RUSH LIMBAUGH!

How am I doing that?

BY BRINGING GOD, GUNS AND A BUNCH OF  
OTHER BULLSHIT INTO IT!

Guns are bullshit? How do you suggest we defend  
our families? As for American shitkickers that read  
my fuckin' magazine, let me tell you something.

[Door creaks open and publicist asks, "Uh, do you  
guys need any more water?"]

I'll take another Coke. Let me tell you, you're out of  
touch. You're talkin' about subsidies, but I'm an  
artist, man. I've got these creative juices that can't  
be stopped!

I grasp the free market.

All right, do you think I *cater* to anybody?

I think you pander to the marketing impresarios  
and FM radio.

PANDER TO WHAT? HOW DO I DO THAT?

You haven't played your heart out since this  
album [brandishes copy of the 1975 album enti-  
tled simply *Ted Nugent*].

That's not true.

You're always trying to second-guess your pub-  
lic with all that cheese and all that bullshit! What  
*happened*?

Excuse me? What cheese and what bullshit?

What happened after *Double Live Gonzo*? You  
started trying to live up to your schtick!

No, no, no. Do you really want an answer to that, or  
are you going to go wild or something?

Yes, of *course* I do!

When I did *Double Live Gonzo* I was going  
through —

By the way, there's a rumor it was recorded in  
the studio.

*Double Live Gonzo*?

Nooo, the whole thing  
was live, that's why it  
sounds so horrible. If we'd  
done it in the studio, at  
least they could have  
cleaned it up and got  
some good performances  
out of those fuckin' twits.  
BUT AT ANY RATE,  
there is an answer to your  
question.

All right, go ahead.

My life is not my life's  
music, Bob. You know  
what my life is? Started in  
1970. My life is my kids. I  
have four wonderful kids,  
and when *Double Live  
Gonzo* was finishing up, I  
couldn't go to the studio.  
Do you know why? Cos  
someone was trying to  
take my kids away. So  
guess what got put on

the second burner? Music. Music meant jack  
fuckin' shit to me.

After *Gonzo*?

After *Gonzo*. I guess bottom line is: We can circum-  
vent everything from *Double Live Gonzo* right up  
until today, Bob, by telling you that you're absolutely  
right. Do you realize that most guitarists would give  
their left nut to create the sonic identity that I had  
with the Byrdland? And do you know that I *missed*  
that, I didn't even *grasp* it for a couple of years?

But what happened?

I was on an adventure. My life is an adventure. For  
example, when I go hunting I don't  
go to get meat. If I wanna get  
meat it's a lot easier to go to the  
fuckin' store. You know what I'm  
after? *Adventure*. So I come  
home empty-handed. Now but  
you say —

You've even said that your best  
hunts are the ones when you  
come back without a kill. Does  
that irony not dawn on you?



Time out, Ted!

Are you gonna let me answer a question or not?

No, I'm gonna cut you off, cos if you're an artist  
[Ted belches], why does the first paragraph of  
your latest press release say that your art is  
"designed to piss off liberals"? That's propa-  
ganda! LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES  
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! I'M A CON-  
SERVATIVE! I LIKE YOUR EARLY MUSIC! WHY  
DON'T YOU GET BACK AND JAM LIKE YOU  
FUCKIN' USED TO! WITHOUT ALL THE  
CHEESY —

YOU'VE GOT 15 —

YOU'VE GOT ELECTRONIC DRUMS!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOB, YOU'VE GOT 15 POINTS!

Which one do you want to talk about?

[laughs] You better start answering 'em all!

Well, if you'd shut the fuck up, maybe I could!

I'm sorry, sir, go ahead.

You are pretty sorry. Let's go back to the shitkickers.

I make my music. Do you know who can listen to it?  
And enjoy it? And buy it, or not buy it? Anybody.

You grasp that, I suspect?





I didn't say that.

**Well, you said something close to it.**

Well, some of my best hunts were probably some of the ones where I didn't kill something, because of the people I was with — maybe my last hunt with my dad. So you can certainly grasp that. There's a spiritual dynamic that comes from the hunt. But let's get back to music. I'm in the middle of Tazmania studios right now, a studio I built. But I'm not producing this record, I'm capturing it.

**Are you using digital or analog equipment?**

I don't know. You'd have to talk to Michael Lutz. See it's just like I don't know who the Dallas — I mean, I know who the Cowboys are now, but I don't pay attention to that shit!

**You should!**

No, I shouldn't! You're wrong.

**I'm not wrong!**

YOU ARE WRONG, BOB, BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE.

**You're supposed to be Mr. Integrity!**

AND I AM! LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MY FRIEND. THAT'S LIKE TELLING YOUR GIRL-FRIEND —

**You let your accountants and all your flunkies —**

THEY'RE NOT FLUNKIES!

**— take care of business for you.**

Of course they do! COS I'M BUSY, I'VE GOT FUCKIN' KIDS, BOB!

**YOU'VE GOTTA BE ON TOP OF THAT SHIT!**

YOU'RE A WEENIE! YOU'VE GOT NO FUCKIN' LIFE, YOU'VE GOT ALL KINDS OF TIME COS YOU GOT TWO THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF. I'VE GOT A HUNDRED THINGS TO TAKE CARE OF. IF I WAS A LUMP OF SHIT LIKE YOU AND ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GET UP IN THE MORN-ING, DO FUCKIN' LAME INTERVIEWS AND THEN TRY TO GET PUSSY AND FAIL MISER-ABLY, THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYBODY ELSE WORKING FOR ME EITHER! BUT I'M A FUCKIN' MEGA-EMPIRE AND BECAUSE I HAVE SO MANY UNBRIDLED CREATIVE JUICES [hushed], it can't be done all by myself. I've gotta have a team, and if some of my team get out of hand, yeah, but you know, I'm 45 years old now which answers the question.

**[laughs] All right, thank you.**

Umm, at 45 I feel I'm reeling, I'm reining in — did you see me on Schneider last night? I was brilliant —

**No.**

You fuckin' missed it; you should be more in tune.

**I don't have a television!**

Figures.

**Figures! I thought you didn't watch television!**

How else are you gonna —

**I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WATCH TELEVISION!**

I DON'T UNLESS IT'S ABOUT ME! But anyhow let's talk about the new album! The bottom line is that I continue to strive with heart and soul to sur-round myself with people who share the vision but who won't say yes to me and kiss my ass. But it's hard sometimes...

**What's up with Derek St. Holmes? Was there a fallout before?**

What? Are you out of touch, Bob? He's been singin' with me for the last five years. He's done every Whiplash Bash with me for the last five years.

**The Whiplash Bash? Word about that doesn't**

**get out beyond —**

Doesn't get out beyond the Heartland, I know what you mean —

**Yeah.**

— to Weenietown, where you're from.

**[laughs]**

But anyhow, Derek St. Holmes is singin' his ass off, but Derek is not the answer. The answer is the heart and soul of the music. For example, there are some songs on this new album that a lot of my fans who have heard the music —

**But is it going to sound rich and resonant and vibrant like the old days, or are you gonna have a lot of cheesy digital shit goin' on?**

Fuck all that stuff! All the digital —

**Ted, if that album comes out and sounds wack...**

Listen. Shut the fuck up! You ask a question, don't answer yourself.

**[laughs] All right.**

I'm the fuckin' answer, you're just the fuckin' weenie question guy. You get to write the questions cos you *don't* know. I get to answer cos I *do* know.

**OKAY, THEN LAY IT ON ME!**

Here's how it works — shut the fuck up! I got a guy named Michael Lutz. He was the songwriter, bass player, and vocalist for Brownsville Station. He *knows* how to get the fiber, the shitkicker blood and guts of the Ted Nugent Byrdland guitar, which I'm using exclusively on this album. Not exclusivley, I got a couple PRSs in here, but the bottom line is I wish I had the tape to play you right now, Bob, cos if you are truly a fan of sexy dynamic Ted Nugent rock and roll, you're gonna shit *blood* when you hear this new one. It's called *The Spirit of the Wild*. St. Holmes is singin' his ass off, I'm singing my ass off, the fuckin' guitars are so rich it's UNNATURAL.

**I'm gonna be on you on this one.**

Cool. Like it matters to my life? [laughs] But the bot-tom line is, uh, I *believe* in this record. I believed in all the records.

**You didn't believe in Damn —**

Absolutely. I believe more — the Damn Yankees, I believe —

**Is Damn Yankees broken up, or on hold, or —**

The Damn Yankees — shut the fuck up, Bob — the Damn Yankees I believed in or they couldn't have hired me. They couldn't have paid enough.

**I thought it was your whole —**

The whole concept was mine!

**What was up with you acting like a priest at the end of that video?**

I thought that was cute. You don't get it.

**[laughs] I get it! It was so obvious, it was like one of those freeway signs with a blinking arrow — of course I got it!**

You must've lost your dick in a terrible traffic acci-dent! But at any rate, Bob, wait till the record comes out. I think you're gonna dig the shit out of it. We've once again focused on the *fiber* and the *meat* of the hollowbody guitars that are my signature. It sounds so good, the music is so fuckin' vital.

**Okay, cool. I believe you.**

I know where your question's coming from. Like the [Damn Yankées] song "Little Miss Dangerous" is one of the best songs I've ever written, but the gui-tars sounded like *nasal* problems. It was such a let down.

**But you gotta —**

ALL RIGHT, I DO! BUT, BOB, YOU GOTTA REAL-IZE: I'M A *CREATOR*, MAN! I AM SO ENTHUSI-

ASTIC ABOUT WHAT I DO THAT I DON'T CHECK MY MASCARA BEFORE ORGASM! I CAN'T GO: [whiny voice] "Wait a minute, can we go over this detail?" Fuck the details!

**Well, I want to get down to one detail.**

We better talk about this gun shit, too, because you're *way* off base.

**Last time I talked to you, you were running the bow and arrow adventures over in South Africa, and as I understood it, you yourself did not actually own the land in South Africa.**

No, but I'd love to. Right now I probably wouldn't love to, the way those assholes are doing it over there.

**You wouldn't feel any compunction about the system over there? Do you think apartheid is okay?**

Well first of all, Bob, do you know what apartheid is? Apartheid was developed by the British government many years ago —

**I thought it was a union thing, actually.**

Right. Because the Incatha and the Zulus and the different tribes would kill each other when they worked together. You know that, don't you?

**It also has to do with the Afrikaaners not want-ing the cheap labor in order to prop up their inflated wages, like all other —**

Wait a minute, wait a minute —

**— other discrimina —**

Who doesn't want cheap labor? I mean, have you ever heard of NAFTA?

**Well, exactly. What's your stand on NAFTA?**

Well, I — I, again —

**That's another one of my questions, because you stand up for free trade and all this bullshit.**

I un —

**But people like Perot, they don't come out for NAFTA. They're not real fucking capitalists. They don't stand for free trade. He got all his fuckin' money out of government contracts. He fuckin' computerized the Medicaid system!**

Oh my, oh my. Bob, my answer to that —

**PLUS HE BULLIED PEOPLE OUT OF CON-TRACTS!**

I don't know what you're talking about, I could give —

**YOU SURE AS FUCK DO!**

I could give a fuck.

**BULLSHIT!**

FUCK YOU! YOU CALL ME A LIAR?

**No, I — you're, I —**

"BLEEARGH BLAH BLAHBLEAH!"

**You're damn right I do!**

FUCK YOU!

**What's your stand on NAFTA?**

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IT MEANS!

**Yeah, you do!**

No, I don't! All I know is that it breaks down the barriers —

**You don't like Mexicans coming into America?**

I don't think they should be *allowed* in America.

**You don't believe in free borders or free trade or anything like that?**

I don't believe in free borders when they come over here and fuck things up and when —

**FUCK THINGS UP? THEY DO JOBS YOU WOULDN'T DO! THAT YOU WOULDN'T EVEN LET YOUR SON DO —**

Wait a minute!

**— LIKE WASH DISHES AND SHIT!**

Hey, Bob, are you ready for the truth, son? You know for every —

**I've fuckin' washed dishes! HAVE YOU? FUCK YOU! FUCKIN' RIGHT I HAVE!**

**Then why don't you let the Mexicans —**

FUCK YOU! YOU HAVEN'T WORKED AS HARD IN YOUR LIFETIME AS I DO IN ONE FUCKIN' WEEK!

**Bullshit.**

**FUCK YOU! YOU KNOW HOW I GOT MY FIRST GUITAR?** I worked at three *fuckin'* gas stations, taught guitar lessons, and played concerts every weekend!

**Fine! I'm not going to justify my life to you.**

FUCK YOU WITH YOUR FUCKIN' LITTLE...*HIPPY* FUCKIN' CLOTHES! [Grabs Bob's rasta-colored sweater.]

**Hippy clothes? YOU'RE THE FUCKIN' HIPPY WITH LONG HAIR!**

FUCK YOU! I've busted more hippies than you even knew existed!

**What's your stand on NAFTA?**

When was the last time you shoveled dog shit?

**When I was 13 years old.**

Well I did it two fuckin' days ago! Fuck you!

**I don't have a dog!**

That figures, you don't fuckin' love animals! You're a fuckin' —

**I LIVE IN A FUCKIN' SHOEBOX! I WOULDN'T BE SO CRUEL AS TO HAVE ONE!**

OH, YEAH, *HERE'S* YOUR DEAD FUCKIN' ANI-MAL, ASSHOLE! [Grabs Bob's leather shoulder bag and hits Bob over the head with it.]

**I don't give a shit about dead animals, mother-fucker!**

[Ted's publicist enters and demands that they settle down.]

[to his publicist] He's so out of touch. This is a les-son in reality. [to Bob] You're in denial.

**DENIAL MY ASS! YOU'RE NOT ANSWERING MY FUCKING QUESTION!**

What's your question?

**Your stand on NAFTA, number one!**

FUCK! I DON'T KNOW! *What* does NAFTA have to do with my music?

**IT HAS A LOT TO DO WITH YOUR MUSIC! YOU SELL YOUR MUSIC TO A BUNCH OF FUCKIN' REACTIONARY ASSHOLES!**

Like you? YOU BOUGHT THIS! [grabs Bob's copy of his LP and laughs uproariously]

**FOR A DOLLAR IN THE CUT-OUT BIN!**

Publicist: EXCUSE ME ONE SECOND! HELLO! TIME OUT! I have a photographer here who is going to shoot some photos of you guys. Bob, about five minutes, we've got to get Ted going.

**All right.**

[*Grand Royal* photographer Carmelo comes in.]

Oooh, it looks like Bob's own personal professional cameraman!

**You're damn right!**

He's about as professional as you are! Wait a minute! Has this guy got a green card? [laughs]

**He happens to be a Native American, Ted.**

Fuckin'-a, man, then you know what the word "blood brother" means.

**Ughh, here we go.**

Then you know what the word "spiritual" means, dontcha?

**Melo: Hell yeah.**

Yeah, before bingo and whiskey, you guys were all right.

**Ohhh, Jesus! So, Ted, what's really going on? Now that you're like Mr. Clean, no drugs, no alcohol —**

Wait a minute! *I've never done* — What's this *now* I'm Mr. Clean? I've never smoked a joint in my fuckin' life, Bob.

**Now you say that, but —**

I never drank, I never done none of that shit.

**What about songs like "Good Friends and a Bottle of Wine"?**

THAT'S MY WHOLE POINT! I said my friends like to drink wine —

**I've seen —**

SHUT THE FUCK UP! You think I'm not gonna have friends cos they like wine? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT WINE'S BETTER FOR YOU THAN COKE!

**Okay, so you never drink any wine in your whole life?**

I had — I got dru —

**Not at communion?**

See how he asks questions but doesn't really want the answer —

**You sound like my dad and my old girlfriend! — cos he's scared to fuckin' death.**

**If I was scared I would leave.**

I wouldn't let you.

**You hit me with my own bag and I didn't leave.**

The bottom line is I don't drink cos I can't stand it! It's too fucking heavy! And I never want to get reduced to drool, I never want to be out of control of my surroundings. I'm in charge of my life.

**What about that picture of you at Studio 54 with Truman Capote and Andy Warhol?**

That was cute.

**You were hanging with Truman Capote and you weren't on drugs?**

They needed me. Bob, are you calling me a fuckin' liar?

**No, I'm asking you point blank!**

I've never smoked a joint in my life. I've never had a cigarette to my *lips* in my life! [silence] He can't even handle it! [Ted cracks up] BOB, THAT WAS THE PARTING SHOT I NEEDED! Bob, I was raised a hunter. I learned to respect my surroundings and in order to respect your surroundings you've gotta be *cognizant* of how you fit in. And you can't do that when you compromise your God-given senses.

**Are you cognizant of how you fit in with the rest of society? You're aggressive for your rights, but what about other people?**

Bob you'd have to follow me around for a week and see the kind of people that I have a courteous, gregarious, open and intelligent relationship with. From little kids in strollers and their parents thank-ing me for how I turned them away from drugs in life, to standing up for individuals' duty to defend themselves with law-abiding gun ownership. The black guys saying how they appreciate my radio show in Detroit every year. I connect. A sincere connection with people on an intellectual and spiri-tual level. We understand that you're [voice cracks with emotion] *supposed to be an asset*. You're supposed to work hard! You're supposed to always help people around you and not take. You're supposed to give. And when you hear my national radio show on ABC, you'll start to grasp some of this stuff.

**Are you going into politics?**

I've been prodded in that direction, but —

**Of course you have. Just answer the question.**

I don't think I can take the hunting season off. As I have with my whole life, I will follow my instincts.

**So what are you gonna do next?**

I can tell you exactly what's going on right up until the year 2000. It is very exciting.

**Okay, let us in on it?**

Well '94 is gonna be the Ted Nugent Band in heat on America's leg. '95 is gonna be a continuation of the same — of course the hunting seasons are off. I do a PBS special, I got my camp for kids, and then I expect by January of '96 I will get back together with Damn Yankees and see if the chem-istry flows between us. But I'm sure the Ted Nugent album I'm coming out with now, *The Spirit of the Wild* —

**Is it coming out on CBS?**

Atlantic. And, and y'know what? I'll hold you to something, cocksucker.

**[laughs] Here, I got something for you.**

Here [gives Bob his card], you call me at that num-ber after you hear my fuckin' —

**Send me a tape!**

Shit, you'll buy it!

**Bullshit!**

Discount-bin weenie!

**C'mon man! I'm standing up for you. Everyone else has written you off.**

Umm, I will —

**You're lucky to have a guy like me!**

— send you one, cos you will shit blood. This time will be real. It won't be HIV-positive either.

**Carmelo: Shit blood?**

*In the end, the Nuge was still the undisputed champ, though as I was leaving he grudgingly gave me props when he found out my mom was from Boonville, Missouri (which I correctly pro-nounced "Mizzurah"). The next day, Ted left the following message for me at the office. "Graaand Royal. Bob Mack! Yah ha hah ha! Hey yo Mack-burger, this is Tedley, your favorite white guy. Give me a call at the Westwood Marquis, I'm in Room 1008, at your earliest inconvenience, and let's live it up beyond your wildest. You'll be looking at life through tunnel vision, but in your case I think it's a flavor straw. W-w-wow! Live it up! You want a Beastie Boy? I got your beastie boy right here." After half-heartedly attempting to return this breath-takingly peculiar message, I figured I'd hear back from "Tedley" soon enough, either when we pub-lished the mag and/or he released his album — both of which were supposed to occur soon after our battle royale. Fortunately Ted fell almost as behind schedule as we did and only recently unveiled Spirit of the Wild, which, to be fair, ain't half bad. Not that it had me searching for hemoglo-bin in my stool, but certain cuts, especially the James Brown-styled "I Shoot Back" and Chuck Dean chestnut "Primitive Man" are more game than lame in their efforts to offset the predictably preposterous standard Nuge dreck like the Dr. Dementoish "Kiss My Ass" and other duds like the ode to his dead bowhunting mentor, "Fred Bear." Needless to say, I'd like to think that the album's delayed release and surprisingly fresh contents had at least something to do with Ted considering some of the points I'd brought up...*



19

**LUSCIOUS JACKSON**  
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21

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26

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36

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39

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52

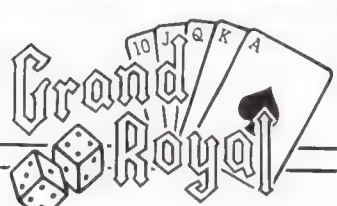
**BEN LEE**  
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56

**HURRICANE**  
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58

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 ASH  
 Walker's "DYNOMITE!" on back

59

**ABA Hoop**  
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 Heather Ringer

54

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 S/S Sleeve or Jersey  
 BLK

53

**Green "Ill" Label**  
 BLK Ringer  
 "Beastie Boys" on back

43

**Luscious Jackson**  
 Asst. Colors

13

**Hurricane**  
 BLK

37

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 GRN Wool  
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33

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 WHT

5

**Elephant Story**  
 ASH  
 Brooklyn Dust logo on back

4

**Cabin**  
 BLK  
 "Beastie Boys" on back

3

**Maestro**  
 ASH  
 "Fuck All Y'All" on back

28

**Mixboard**  
 BLK

31

**Dog**  
 ASH  
 "SOB" on back

30

**Van**  
 Spicoli's "Aloha Mr. Hand" on Back

29

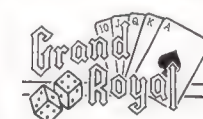
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62

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MULLING OVER THE

# MULLET

An Essay on  
Tonsorial Taste  
by the Editors of Grand Royal



There's nothing quite as bad as a bad haircut. And perhaps the worst haircut of all is the cut we call "The Mullet." You know the one we're talking about, the catastrophic coiffure Creem magazine once called the "Bram Tchaikovsky '79 Cut," but you probably know it by another name. Indeed, "Hockey Player Haircut," "Soccer Rocker," "Guido," "Bi-level," "Shag," "Neckwarmer," "Ape Drape," "Sphinx," "Hack Job," "Lobster," "Mud Flap," "B&T" (Bridge and Tunnel), "River Cut" (as in Colorado River), "Safety Cut" (as in safe from parental/institutional disapproval), "Boz" (from "Brian Bosworth"), "Schlong" (Short on the sides, Long in back), "S&L Crisis," and "Long Island Iced Tease" are only a smattering of the synonyms for the Mullet that we came across in our extensive research for this article. Some, like the Floridian slang "Butt Cut," were strictly regional and sometimes inaccurate (Butt Cut, for example, used to refer to parting your hair in the middle). In any event, there are undoubtedly several other monikers for the Mullet that we're unaware of, so feel free to send us any additional aliases you may have and we'll print them in the next issue. In the meantime, sit back and enjoy our following presentation on the history, mystery and meaning of... The Mullet.



## THE ETYMOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MULLET"

We're not sure where the term "Mullet" came from, but as usual Mike D was the first to use it around here. The *New College Edition of the American Heritage Dictionary* defines mullet as "any of various fishes of the family *mugilidae*," so it's possible that Mike was mistaken and actually thinking of a "muskrat," which of course is the same "large, aquatic, North American rodent, *Ondatra zibethica*, having a musky odor," immortalized in Captain and Tennile's 1976 hit "Muskrat Love." After all, the muskrat, in Webster's words, "has a thick, light brown fur used especially for women's coats," and certainly such a pelt conjures up an image of the lower-echelon mammalian nape-tuft indigenous to modern Mullets. Resident *Grand Royal* anthro-etymologist Dr. C. Warren Fahy notes in Mike's defense, however, that "the mullet fish basically has no neck, and a fish rots from the neck down, so that may be where the slang derives from, especially since most human Mullet Heads achieve this same effect via excessive hair and musculature. Then again, Mr. D. may have been thinking of the more obscure definitions from *Webster's New International Dictionary*, second edition, 1932, which states that on the one hand, 'mullet' was originally a verb meaning 'to curl or dress the hair,' and a noun referring to 'the small pincers used to curl hair.'" (For a more in-depth look at its origin, see Dr. Fahy's following ancient history of the Mullet.)



Muskrat  
(Total length about  
2 ft.; tail to 11 in.)



First Brother Roger Clinton  
tries to sell Corey Haim and  
Corey Feldman on the Mullet.

## TOWARDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE MULLET

Conceptually, the Mullet is as much a state of mind as it is a haircut. It is possible, therefore, to not have a Mullet but be a Mullet Head (e.g. Phil Collins and O.J. Simpson), just as it is possible to have a Mullet but not be a Mullet Head (e.g., Graham Parker and Thurston Moore). Technically, the Mullet is several haircuts in one, "the best of both worlds," as *Roller Derby* fanzine once put it. For kids, it's the ultimate Woodstock II 'do: new wave on top, a bit b-boy on the sides and rock steady in back. The Mullet is also favored by those adult personages who wish to kick out the jams weekends but stay out of jams on weekdays. From their nine-to-five, Monday-through-Friday grind (where the back can be hid in the shirt collar or ponytailed out of sight and mind), to the Saturday morning tailgater/football game (where alumni appreciate the bangs being out of their eyes and the sides above their ears), to the Eagles concert later that night (where you can literally let your hair down), to church and Sunday brunch at the Sizzler (where others are morally obliged to let you do your thing), the Mullet Head is never ill at ease. In short, or rather, in both short and long, the Mullet is the only hairstyle that allows the post-modern squares to live a full life with his parents' approval. In this sense, the Mullet is truly PG rated. The question is, does PG stand for Parental Guidance or Poor Guy and Poor Gal?

## THE BRUTAL TRUTH ABOUT THE MULLET

Given that the Beastie Boys have gone so far as to write a song called "Mullet Head" (featuring Adrock's first-ever guitar solo, no less), it's safe to say that we at *Grand Royal* are obviously Mullet-mad. Perhaps even to the point where, as derogatory as it might seem, our lives would definitely be lacking without the Mullet. While most people say "another day, another dollar," we say "another day, another Mullet," as each new dawn brings with it the promise of another Mullet sighting. We openly engage in this elitist pursuit because we'd like to think that our obsession with the Mullet is a salute to the most entertaining manifestations of the everyday world, i.e., a harmless conversion of other people's mundane human appearances into our own entertainment. Now you might ask, Don't these creeps have anything better to do than make fun of other people's haircuts? And the answer is yes and no. Yes, we have a shitload of stuff going on at any given moment, between putting out a magazine, running a record label and being in a band, but no, we don't have anything better to do than scrutinize other peoples'

hairstyles if, as in this case, that hairstyle threatens the very fabric of the free world. For what was all that World Cup hypola last year but a thinly veiled conspiracy to gas soccer up as our new national sport and saturate the domestic marketplace with a new breed of Mulletized

action figures? And for that matter, how "free" can the "free world" be when the so-called Leader of the Free World, Bill Clinton himself, used to have something dangerously close to a Mullet (while his kid brother Roger to this day maintains a full blown bi-level perm)? As *Grand Royal* staff chrome-dome Wendell Fite would say: *You figure it out.*

## THE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS OF THE MULLET

While the picture-perfect Mullet requires an Aryan, straight-as-a-door head of hair, many different people of many different ethnicities can and do sport Mullets that are as varied and vulgar as the peoples themselves. First off, let us not forget the Female Mullet, initially popularized in the post-modern era, as

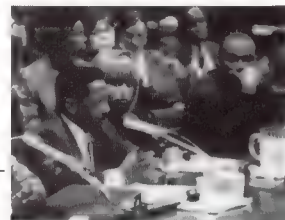


Dr. Tamra Davis points out, by Suzanne Pleshette on *The Bob Newhart Show* and Florence Henderson in *The Brady Bunch*. The "Femullet" was later perfected by tomboy tennis pro Martina Navratilova, both on the court and off (i.e., in the dyke bars).

In fact, the Mullet is one of the most popular looks among lesbians, a diabolical irony given that those women who are least interested in men are invariably drawn to the most atro-

cious male hairstyle. Again, you figure it out. The gay male Mullet, by the way, has become virtually extinct after being momentarily in vogue amongst the perennially with-it homosexual populace during its glam-rock heyday (see "The Origin of the Modern Mullet").

Black people have Mullets, too. In fact, some of our best friends are black people, with Mullets. The one Ice-T had in that movie with Judd Nelson was particularly fierce, as was the literally cartoonish cut that Bishop from the X-Men comic book used to have. Of course there's always the rare but deadly Dreadlocked Mullet, a look last seen on the now-defunct wet-suit wearing combo Living Colour, and most likely the reason Lee Perry once remarked that "dread fuck up as far as I'm concerned." Probably the best-known Black Mullet is the Jheri Curl Mullet or "Poodle Cut" long preferred by pro bas-



ketballer Michael Cage and eventually appropriated by your boy Jean Claude Van Damme. The Poodle Cut's female cousin, the "Braid-ed" or "Pepa" Mullet, originally inspired by Bo Derek by way of Rick James, has actually become such a problem in most major cities that a Congressional Subcommittee recently opened an inquiry into the matter (see above photo).

Hispanics, meanwhile, have arguably had more impact on the evolution of the Mullet than any other single group other than the Northern Europeans towheads who bequeathed this bane of manes upon us in the first place. The Mullet is virtually indigenous to Native, Central and South Americans; the great Inca, Aztec and Mayan tribes most likely perfected the Mullet before their civilizations were—not coincidentally—overthrown. More recently, New York City Puerto Ricans and their cholo bros nationwide have directly contributed to the rise of the modern Mullet through their insistence on growing a Daniel Boone raccoon tails off the back of their heads while cutting the rest of the hair a consistent length (a particularly heinous fashion crime which they encourage even toddlers to commit).

Our Asian brethren are by no means immune to Mulletitis, either. Throughout greater Los Angeles and most other major metropolitan areas, Japanese wannabes, Vietnamese fashion victims, Filipino punks, Korean teens and the Chinese mob can all be seen strutting about with their preposterous so-called "Parrot" cuts, distinguished by an excessively spiked Rod Stewart top coupled with a black-velvet-drape effect in the back.

And finally, a message for our so-called "hair deprived" friends out there: take pride in the fact that balding guys like Karl Lagerfeld have for years contributed directly to the Mulletization of the masses by shamelessly growing and ponytailing what little they had, regardless of the ramifications this might have on other's retinas. To be sure, some of our most gruesome and toothsome cultural icons are closet hate pates with might-as-well-be-Mullet wigs (Dick Clark, Ted Danson, Captain Kirk), or pattern cases who use the remains of their Mullet as a host for their "new w(e)ave" hair



(Bono), or unabashedly bald beings who let their sides grow to alarming length (Eno). Then there are those pathetic any-day-now terminal cases like Michael Bolton, who's thinning in front almost as fast as he's thickening out back. So don't fret! You too can enjoy the thrill of the Mullet, without the pain and ignominy of Rogaine, plugs, transplants, extensions or Sy Sperling and Mike D reminding you that they're also a member.

## THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY OF THE MULLET

Thus the Mullet does not discriminate, though it is rare to see one worn by a senior citizen of any stripe. (Note, however, that Gray Mullets, like the Charley Pride "Silver Fox"-style shag that *Entertainment Weekly* editor emeritus Greg Sandow sports, are relatively prevalent due to the large number of '60s hippies and '70s swingers still stubbornly running around). So don't think that you need to have Sly Stallone's stylized headband-Rambo pageboy or the classic porno star/pro wrestler rug in order to fully enjoy the benefits of the bi-level. Finding the right Mullet to match or adapt to any given mug requires only a certain amount of hair and a barber who's willing and able. Which brings up the final and most important point about the Mullet: its universality. For unlike the Warren Beatty *Shampoo* era fag-shag, which forced men to frequent unisex hair stylists in a vain Kato Kaelin-type attempt to emulate Farah Fawcett's feathered flipbacks, the Mullet requires but a simple operation that can be obtained virtually anywhere in America (presumptuous college towns and snotty bohemian enclaves aside). *Grand Royal* Beauty and Health Editor Michelle Diamond goes so far as to assert that in the same way the Rolling Stones created a new "rock" by misinterpreting the blues, so the Mullet may have been born when a midwestern youth brought his shopping mall barber a picture of Rod Stewart and told him to get to work. In an attempt to falsify this theory, we sent *Grand Royal* Media Assistant Bob Mack to a Hollywood Super-cuts and had him say, "make me look like Billy Ray Cyrus." (See "You Too Can Be a MulletHead" for the disconcerting result.)

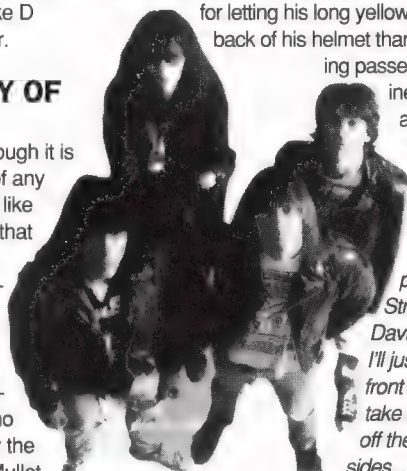
## THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MULLET

Technically, the Mullet has always been with us, as you can see from Dr. Fahy's timeline, but the origins of the modern Mullet are traceable to that point in time where the demise of the hippie era coincided with the first rumblings of the glam rock/punk revolution. As Richard Corson points out in *Fashions in Hair: The First Five Thousand Years*, "the revolution in men's hair styles had begun in the 1960s with a rebellion against short hair. Then, in the early '70s, some of the avant garde rebelled against long hair and cut their hair short."

As usual, the avant-garde caught the rest of us off guard, and as a result, all the sheep who had grudgingly bought into the hippie world view and



spent a couple years growing their hair long were all of a sudden uncool. Entertainers and athletes—always the first to spot trends—contributed to the problem by either artificially curling their excess tresses into "perms," or leaving their hair long in back but cutting it elsewhere, as did former Dallas Cowboy Golden Richards, who was more famous for letting his long yellow locks flow out the back of his helmet than he was for catching passes. You can imagine the confusion



among laymen and -women. "Should I cut my hair short again? Should I keep it long? Maybe I'll get a perm like Barbra Streisand and Mac Davis? Hmm, maybe I'll just cut a little off the front and take some off the sides..." This

dilemma only intensified when punk rock finally formalized what glam had only hinted at, i.e., a complete rejection of the longhair esthetic (though this too was complicated further still by punks like the Ramones who didn't exactly have their haircuts correct).

Quite simply the compromise that arose out of this conflict was the Mullet, pretty much as we know it today. Take, for example, the case of Led Zeppelin. In 1976, after *Presence* was released, they were still as unrepentant in their unkemptness as they'd always been. By 1979, however, with the release of *In Through The Out Door*, the full effect of the punk revolution had manifested itself in the band's new wave look. While none of the members were exactly rocking Mullets, even drummer John Bonham had finally agreed to lose the headband, cut his bangs and exchange the ponytail for barely shoulder-length strands. Not surprisingly, he died soon after. Though it would be another five years before second-generation Zeppelins like Rush began transmitting a distant early warning to their easily impressionable fans, the history of hair and the very nature of the male psyche had been drastically altered forever. Beginning with Rush's five-night stand at Radio City Music Hall in September 1983 (where Geddy Lee debuted his Mullet), it was only a hop, skip and a jump to such later '80s phenomena as Red-Rocks era Bono, New Jersey nerf metal, L.A. sham glam, Keifer Sutherland in the *Lost Boys*, Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon*, Lou Reed, Richard Marx, The Oakland A's and, as though the '90s never started, the Philadelphia Phillies.

## THE ONCE AND FUTURE MULLET

Whither the Mullet? Alas, if only it would wither away and die. But of that there is little hope. To be sure, Richard Marx and several of the Philadelphia Phillies have forsaken their Mullets for more manageable, less mangy hair, as has heavy metal mascot Rikki Rachtman, Faith No More bassist Billy Gould and tennis brat Andre Agassi, among others (see our E-Z-Read Before-And-After Comparo Chart below). It was also encouraging to see that Italian soccer play-

er with the absurd, braided Pepa Mullet botch his free kick and thereby give the World Cup to Brazil. Then again, lifelong Mullet Heads like construction-worker-turned-Liz Taylor beard Larry Fortensky have jockeyed their way into the very "Corridors of Power." And to paraphrase P.T. Barnum, there's a Mullet born every minute. The most recent celebrity to succumb is probably James Hetfield of Metallica, who must have become tired of being told that he looked like The Cowardly Lion because he's gone and borrowed the burly Paramilitary Mullet long developed by bandmate Jason Newsted (who, in turn, has cut his hair normally). So while entire Mullet genres like Motley Crue-esque femme-metal have died off, whole new subcultures have mushroomed in their place—like cyberpunk, which unfortunately has very little to do with punk, at least as far as hair goes. In particular, one of the foremost sci-fi authors of our day, Bruce Sterling, has what eminent futurologist Dr. Erik Davis admits is "an egregious Mullet."

Which means it's basically up to You—the



next, not the "X" generation. Only You can ensure that this menace is eradicated so that in the future what is hair today will be gone tomorrow.

## REFORMED MULLET HEADS

top to bottom: Rikki Rachtman, Andre Agassi, Todd Marinovich and Bishop come clean





# Ancient History of the Mullet



*As early man stood erect, hair receded, distinguishing the head as a totem of humanity. Unfortunately, whoever discovered the wheel had a Mullet.*



by Dr. C. Warren Fahy, Mullet Institute of Technology

There are an average of 100,000 follicles of hair on the human head. Men and women have shaved, braided, tapered, dyed, matted, and teased them for thousands of years, and yet the exact phenomenon known as the "Mullet" was not struck upon until quite recently. Indeed, if all of human history were reduced to one episode of "I Love Lucy," the Mullet would not make its cameo until the placard reading "A Desilu Production" appeared on the screen. That said, numerous precursors of the Mullet have dogged our halting march toward civilization since the dawn of time. Occasionally called the "Ape Drape," the Mullet has its roots in prehistory, when humankind was covered with hair. So although Neanderthal Man had no blowdryers, mousses, sprays or permanent hair-kinking techniques, he did have a complete ignorance of personal hygiene. This, coupled with prolonged exposure to the elements, created a definite proto Mullet of sorts. Eventually humankind branched off from its more hirsute cousins in our family tree: the neck lengthened, the frame grew more erect and the cranium expanded. Once the increasingly sophisticated mind inside the head became conscious of the untamed primordial tresses atop the head, the haircut was born. Since Oriental Man eschewed excess hair early on, Mullet epidemics are few and far between in Asian history. Western Civilization, on the other hand, has been much hairier and is therefore where we begin our search for origins of the modern Mullet.

Lesser civilizations and tribes used hairstyles to identify friend or foe. The Hittite warrior in **figure 1** dates from 1500 B.C., while **figure 2** shows a member of the Moabite tribe from Biblical times with skinhead and hippie sensibilities served on the same pate.

An Egyptian official in 700 B.C. wore the mane-like wig favored by this most ancient, animal worshipping civilization (**figure 3**). By the time Rome conquered Egypt in 200 A.D., Egyptians like the one seen in **figure 4** were forced to discard their wigs and wear short hair.

In Greece during the sixth century B.C., vestiges of the primordial persisted in hairstyles of the youth (**figure 5**), but by the end of that century, short hair was in and the Golden Age was born (**figure 6**).

Greco-Roman civilization looked down on androgynous hairstyles. Men wore their hair short; women wore it long. When the Romans conquered Gaul and Britain, they dispatched barbers to cut the hair of the vanquished barbarians. This created a festering acrimony in the hearts of the conquered Mullet Heads, who eventually grew their hair back, sacked Rome and ushered in the Dark Ages. After the Fall of Rome in 476 A.D., the Church created confusion by requiring monks to shave the top of their skulls and weave the shorn locks into beastly hairshirts. Important men like Charlemagne (742-814 A.D.) said to hell with this noise and grew



figure 1



figure 2



figure 3



figure 4



figure 5



figure 6



figure 7



figure 8



figure 9



figure 10



figure 11



figure 12



figure 13



figure 14

their hair as long as they liked, as did the dreaded Visigoths, Vikings and other "Mullitia" who held feral sway over this importunate era. Not until the Renaissance were medieval styles replaced by resurrected classical values, but while the newly emerging middle class embraced this revival, the ruling classes again clung to the Mullet. Thus the newfound wealth of nations only produced more elaborate Mullet variants in the elite salons of Europe, and by the seventeenth century, in pre-Revolutionary France, we encounter the first example of an entire culture succumbing to pre-Mullet sensibilities.

The wild and wooly constructions in **figures 7 and 8** required unsurpassed fussing and maintenance, virtually forcing the French to invent the guillotine.

Other European aristocracies copied the French, but eventually the common man revolted against these bully Mullets, and short hair, at long last, came back in vogue with the Age of Enlightenment. Today, only the traditional English judge's wig and das dude from the Scorpions (**figures 9 and 10**) survive as reminders of the Golden Age of French Mullets.

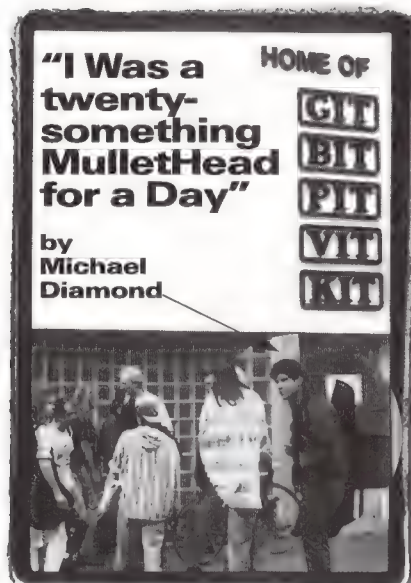
In America, meanwhile, Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson (**figures 11 and 12**) wore austere ponytails, mostly out of politeness to the Mullet-mad European powers they disdained. And with the emergence of close-cropped hotheads like Thomas Paine, America declared its independence and the Mullet was left for dead.

Alas, long live the Mullet. Like a hair plucked from the head, its dormant root resprouted in the New World, where the frontier spread men wide and civilization thin. By the early 1800s, the lawlessness of the Wild West and the Native American inclination toward the Mullet led to the extremely modern bi-level worn by Buffalo Bill, as well as other eccentricities like the coonskin caps. As the twentieth century approached, mopy haristyles like those of Andrew Jackson and Mark Twain became common along with bushy beards, muttonchop whiskers and the cookie duster mustaches later worn by Teddy Roosevelt.

Finally, in the mid 1800s, the American hotelier Hiram Ricker busted out what appears to be the first true Mullet (**figure 13**). The feathered tresses framing his face, however, were simply an enormous accumulation of whiskers, an effect later popularized by Union officer Ambrose Burnside and sci-fi author Isaac Asimov (**figure 14**). Ricker's "weepers," as he called them, would eventually cause tears aplenty by paving the way for Michael Bolton et al.

With the advent of the electric light and camera came clean-cut hairstyles which were ubiquitous throughout the first half of the twentieth century. By the late '50s, it was a battle between crewcuts and grease to see which could provide better control over human hair. Then, even as civilized man vowed to reach the moon, a sleeping giant woke and reared its hairy head...





**11:00 a.m.** Spike and I let our fingers do the walking (that's '70s speak for check the Yellow Pages) and decide on Hollywood Wigs on Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood, California. We are reassured that the Mullet wig is in stock when the woman on the phone goes, "Ohh, the shag!"

**12:00 p.m.** Depart for Hollywood dressed in vinyl trousers and listening to KNAC to get into right mood. This leads us to our first and most important Mullet discovery of the day: Smashing Pumpkins are in fact a heavy-metal band, and KNAC is nothing more than a heavy alternative to the already heavily alternative KROQ. We'd bargained for some Priest and Sabbath but got Al Stone Gossard's Pilots instead.



**12:30 p.m.** Arrive at Hollywood Wigs, purchase light brown shag and obtain custom Mulletization from perplexed Asian proprietor. Only after repeated requests to look like Billy Ray Cyrus does reticent barber cut sides to desired length.

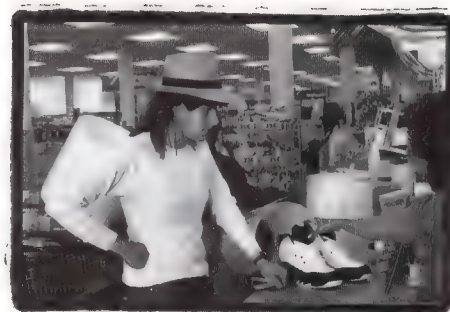
**1:00 p.m.** Pull up to Musicians Institute of Technology, aka Mullet Institute of Technology, just as classes are letting out. With gig bag in tow, I muster the courage to mingle with students and initiate conversation by asking how the school is. Student Mullet Number One asks me what style of guitar I enjoy playing. I respond, "rock, riffs, licks, you know," while looking at ground. Then I ask if the school is very expensive and he confirms that "it's expensive, but I'm doing it all on loans. I'm paying for it later."

Next I ask if it's hard, and he states somewhat cryptically that "anyone can get in, but it's hard to get out. By the time you reach the third level, it's very difficult unless you have theory." He pauses and then asks if I have any theory. I sheepishly but honestly reply no. "Then I strongly suggest you get some before coming here," he advises. Defeated, I try to mill around for a sec but soon head for Hollywood Boulevard in search of more like-minded Mullets.

**1:30 p.m.** Proceed to generic rock t-shirt shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Amidst row upon row of black Cypress Hill, Pantera and Megadeth merch, we overhear our favorite Mullet quote of the day: "What I like to do is overdub a bunch of tracks of my leads first, and then I do my vocals." We're not exactly sure what that means, but we definitely agree that it's awesome.



**2:30 p.m.** Following an uneventful lunch at heavy metal Denny's, where no significant Mullet citings can be reported, we head for Aron's Records in hopes of getting dissed by the high-brow indie-rock cashiers for buying a Joe Satrianni box set. Unfortunately, we soon realize that there are way too many Mullet Heads and assorted Hollywood freaks already frequenting the place for management to be fazed by our appearance. I do, however, earn bonus points for spotting DGC A&R honcho Mark "Kato" Kates and conspicuously brushing up against him with my gig bag while sifting through the bins. At first mildly annoyed and then positively terrified, Kates moves away with increasing alarm before retreating to the far wall of the store, where I finally corner him and brandish a "demo tape" of "my band." Kates begins to bolt, but upon closer inspection recognizes and curses me. I finally go to counter, ask for new Smashing Pumpkins and am mortified to find that the salespeople are more than happy to offer me assistance. (Reached for comment later, Kates revealed that "all I could think was, 'Git!' I know it's been a few years, but this is still L.A. and there are a lot of these guys around. They make me uncomfortable.")



**3:30 p.m.** After a quick stop at K-Mart to pick up some more Mullet haberdashery, we arrive at Mullet Mecca: The Guitar Center on Sunset. We bow in front of Eddie Van Halen's autographed guitar in the front window and enter the same shrine where



some of the most important Mullets in history have shopped. I test-drive several different Flying Vs, but when Spike's wig becomes entangled in his camera's motor drive, suspicion is aroused. The store manager walks over and asks us if he can help us with something. We try to keep a straight face and say that we're just looking for a "gnarly tool." He then asks us what we really want, and we use the tried and true "we're not from around here" excuse, claiming to be students from out of town in search of only a few snapshots at the world-famous G Center. So why were we putting on wigs and changing our outfits in the parking lot, he asks. We realize that our time as Mullet Heads is almost up.

**4:00 p.m. till?** Return to studio for rehearsal in my Fletch disguise, which fools Heart Attack Man for a good five minutes. Following rehearsal (during which Chris Rock compliments my phony Air Jordans), I'm dragged to a chi chi Hollywood Hills shindig with my wife, Tamra, who soon becomes buttonholed in conversation with James Woods. "Who is the long-haired gentleman that came with you tonight?" the notorious thespian asks with a hint of smirk, but is visibly dismayed (and Tamra even more visibly embarrassed) when she is forced to admit, "It's my husband." I continue partying on till the wee hours while facing the wrathful snarls of the assembled glitterati.



## IN DEFENSE OF THE MULLET

by The Captain

I like the Mullet, though I don't think I'll be sporting one any time soon. I mean, being from LA and all, I don't think it would work. It's more of a cold weather cut. The Mullet works better when the air is crisp. You could rock one in San Francisco, for example, but not L.A. Still, it's a very versatile cut. I've seen women rock the Mullet. Little kids. I even saw a dog with a mullet the other day—not a poodle or Mike's dog Rufus, but an Irish Mullet-head, I think it was. I also told my buddy Pete, who's riffin' with his wife, that he should take his kid Calvin and get him a Mullet and a tattoo. That

would shut her up! To me the Mullet is as American as pick-ups with rifle racks, tractor pulls, Wal-Mart, wet t-shirt contests, slapping your girl upside the head with a frying pan and living in the woods. In fact, I think it's time the Mullet became the official cut of the U.S. Armed Forces. Fuck the crew cut. Crew cuts are soft. You won't see no Mullet on Christopher Street. The Mullet is the white man's jheri curl. Hell, maybe I will get me a Mullet after all. A Mullet, an El Camino with nitros, a six of Coors, an eight ball of meth and just ride. All time favorite Mullet? Gotta be the Incredible Hulk. No question.



PHOTO BY JONEZ

## A QUICK Q&A WITH SCOTTY BUGATTI, REAL-LIFE MULLETHEAD



by Steve Martin  
(the Nasty Little Man,  
not the prematurely  
gray comedian)

Scotty Bugatti of Bay-side, Queens is the real deal: a self-conscious Mullet Head. Like a modern day Hester Prynne (that's the protagonist from The Scarlet Letter, tough guy), Scotty bears his stigma with

heroic pride and resolve. Though beseeched for years by his brother to lose the Mullet, Scotty stands by his mane. "I like it, it's kinda crazy."

### Why the bi-level? Why not just one length?

It's the Queens Guido cut. I'm just a robot that follows. I'm immersed in their substandard environment....Plus, it looks good for my head.

### Did you ever have extremely long or extremely short hair? If so, what did you like or dislike about having it all one length?

I had a crew cut when I was really young, but it showed too much face. I had long hair when I was in high school, but it got in my eyes.

### What do you say when you sit down in the barber's chair?

"Spiked on top, don't touch the back!"

### What are the advantages and disadvantages

### of the bi-level?

The advantages are that it keeps my neck warm and impresses chicks with big hair. Lemme see, disadvantages....I'm mocked by people on the cutting edge of fashion....People at work have said I look like a hoodlum.

### Do you happen to know any other names for the Mullet?

Just the Guido Cut.

### Do you ever yearn for long hair but settle for the short 'n' long because you live at home and might upset your mother or because you might get in trouble at work?

No. I keep it this way because it's more manageable on top. And with work, if my hair was long and all one length, I wouldn't be taken as seriously.

additional research by Arman Majidi

PHOTO BY SIGNE CORRIERE

## YOU TOO CAN BE

## A MULLETHEAD

Just grow your hair for eight months, go to Supercuts, and ask for the Billy Ray Cyrus



After talking so much talk, we felt compelled to walk some walk, so Bob let his hair grow out till he couldn't take it no more and went to Supercuts, where he got a shampoo and custom clipjob for 13 bucks. In the ensuing two weeks he learned to live with (and to a certain extent even love) the Mullet.



Immediately afterwards I felt like a new man and posed outside Supercuts next to a Corvette in my polyester DeVito/Schwarznegger/Big Dog sumershirt. Everything was fine until that night, when my friend Tracy said, "Oh my God, I'm making out with a Mullet Head." When I saw myself in the mirror the next morning, I screamed, having forgotten what I'd done. While such shock of recognition usually occurs whenever I get a rug re-think, this was

ridiculous, and for a few days afterwards I grimaced each time I saw my shadow on the sidewalk.

I felt compelled to explain myself to both friends and strangers, but my friends took pleasure in claiming that the Mullet looked appropriate on me, while strangers were often offended. "Whaddya mean? I think it's sexy" said this one female friend of Ubiquitous Virge's who only asked, "What's so funny?" and "What's a Mullet?" when I tried to explain. Apologizing in advance for a Mullet, therefore, is not advised, as most normal people are resigned to thinking it's fashionable and/or attractive.

One morning I decided to tie my wet hair into a ponytail. But after only a few minutes of feeling like Steven Seagal, I envisioned my mother chasing me with a rolling pin, so I undid the rubberband and watched in disgust as my hair flared back out into its typically leonine mess.

Since the band was gone at the time, I had to live with the Mullet for two weeks before I could show Mike. Of course, when Mike finally saw my Mullet, he said it was too long in front and too short in back, so when we all went to Vegas shortly thereafter for the first Lollapalooza show, I found the (Dutch) courage to get the top chopped and sides extra shorn by a black female barber (who, of course, said it looked sexy). And I would have felt sexy had not teenage whiz kid Ben Lee of Noise Addict been there, convulsing in peals of squeals. It was only after outfitting myself in Big Dog shirt, sansabelt slax and white bucks did my Mullet begin to work social wonders. No sooner had I stepped backstage when no less an arbiter of fashion

than Donovan "Nancy Boy" Leitch expressed his admiration for my entire ensemble.

Thus filled with piss and vinegar, I even tried to step to Spike "Hans Solo" Jonze, who, as you can tell from the photo, was positively regaled by my various bon mots. Naturally, my moment in the lime-light was cut short as soon as I ventured out into the crowd where several teenage fans made derogatory reference to what they perceived as my "disco Travolta" look. When friendly arch nemesis MCA asked me if it wasn't all getting to be a bit much, I knew the joke was getting old, especially since most people hadn't



seen the humor in the first place. So after the show, as we were hanging out in the hotel lobby, Tracy came up behind me and castrated my Mullet right then and there. Employees whispered, authorities reached for their walkie-talkies and tourists gasped as I took two handfuls of my former hair and dropped them in the trash can.



So was it all worth it and what did it all mean? No and I don't know, but I can tell you one thing: I somehow feel less of a snob and it sure helped me get more play from Donno and Spike, not to mention better service at House of Pies.

PHOTOS BY JONEZ, SHEA JOHNSON, TRACY MALLOZZI, RICKY POWELL



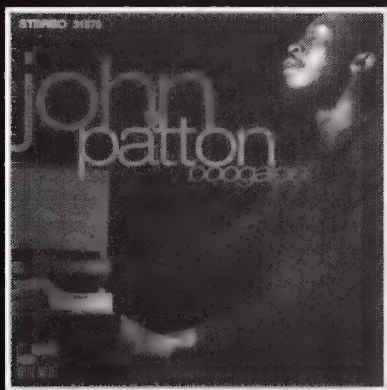
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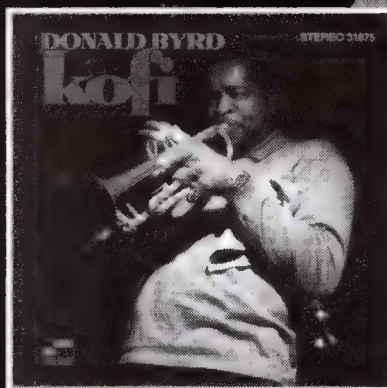
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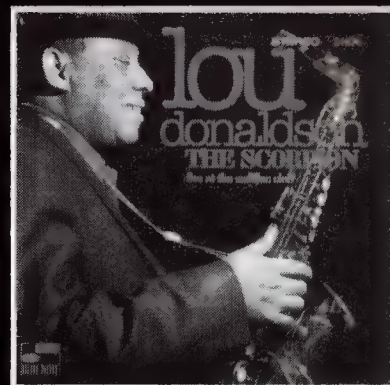
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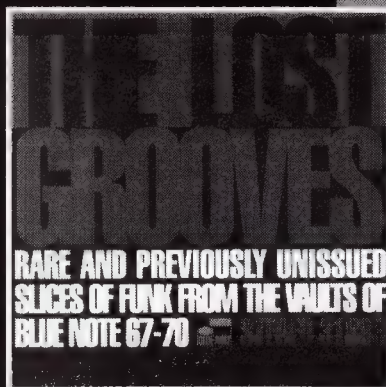
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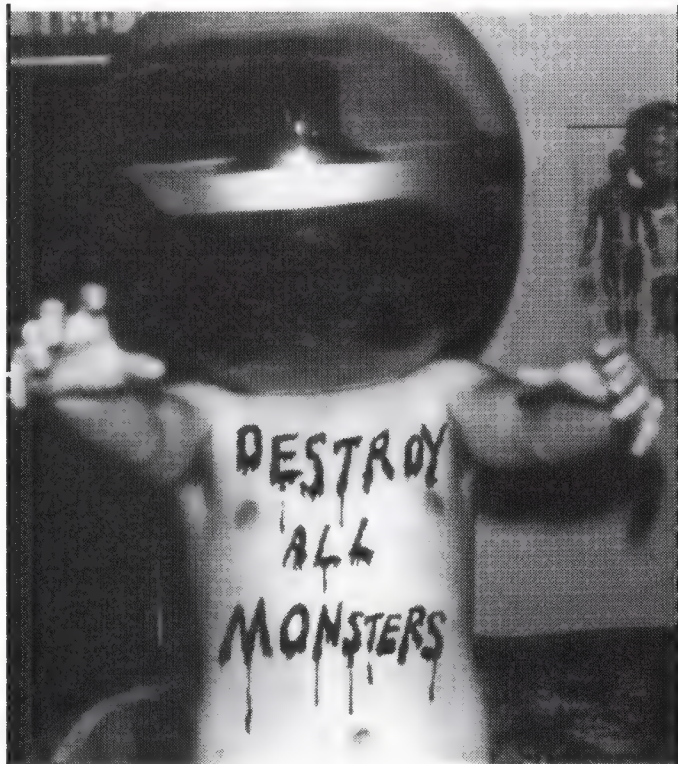
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Most people think of Destroy All Monsters as a repository for riff-cast-offs from the corpse of the Stooges. This doesn't even begin to tell the story. Long before they became the demesne of Ronald Asheton, D.A.M. were onto something powerful and unique.

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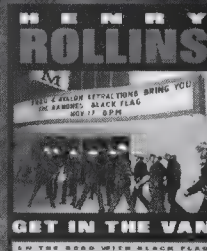
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??



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THAT WUZ STUPID WINSTON!



BY GRABBING ME, I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE YOU WERE!!

ANYBODYELSE WANT SOME!?!  
Cigars



ONE OF WINSTON'S BUDDYS GETS UP!!

YEAH! MUTHA-FUCKA I'M ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A GAT!! WHAT YOU GONNA DO!!



BUT BEFORE HE CAN DO ANYTHING, HE CATCHES A 12 GAUGE BLAST TO THE CHEST!!

BOOM



ANY OTHER MUTHA-FUCKA WANT TO GO FER BAD!

WANDA JABBO'S BOTTOM LADY!



C'MON BITCH LET'S GO! YOU NEED SOME MORE RESPECT LESSONS!

AND I'M GONNA GIVE THEM TO THE HOE!

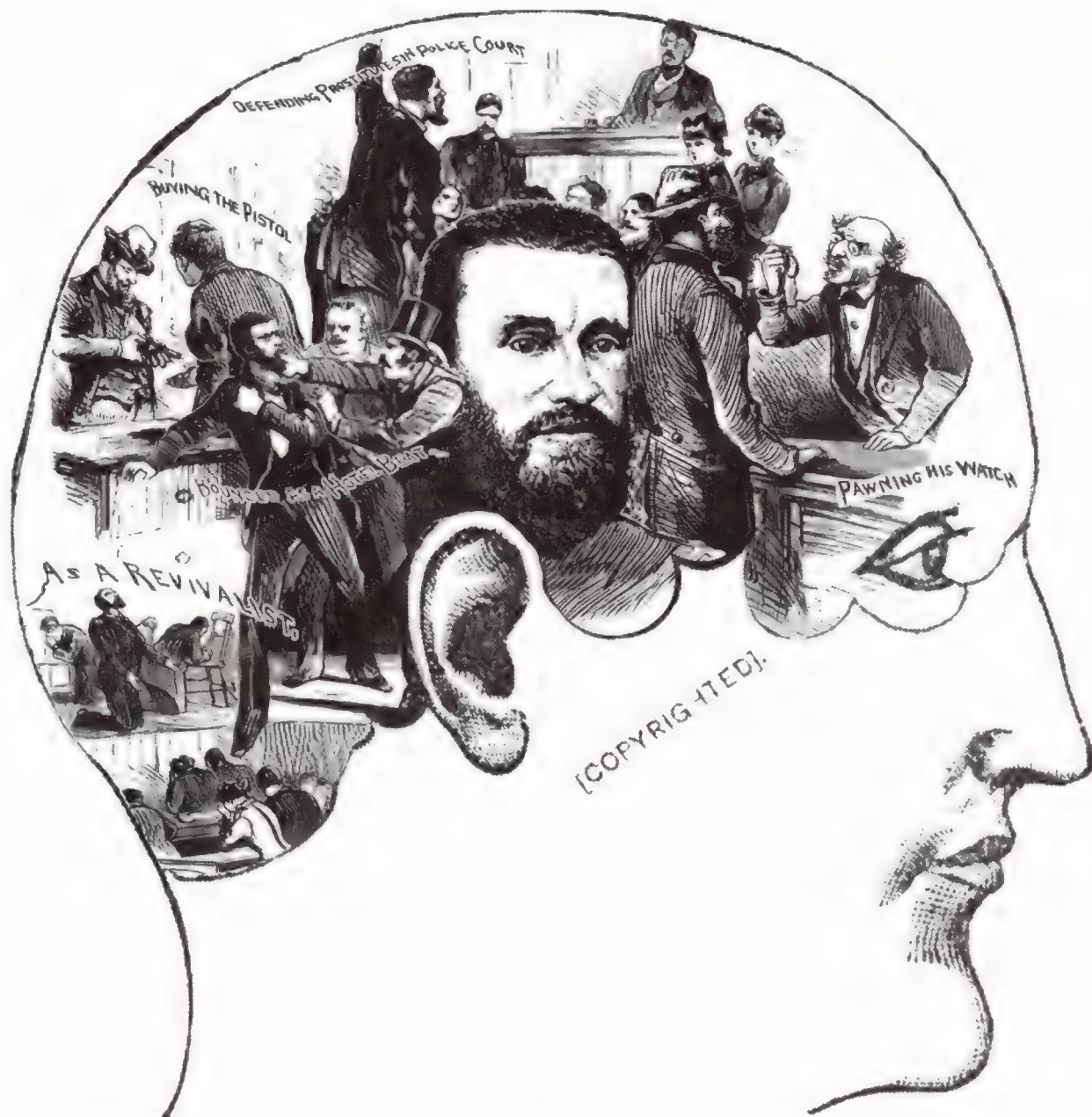
THE END



# CHARLES JULIUS GUITEAU

≡ The Assassin ≡

— BEING A COPIOUS AND CORRECT —



## SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

By Matthew Horovitz

Often in these troubled and confusing times, one thinks of killing the President. Yet only four Americans have ever done so: John Wilkes Booth, the actor who shot Lincoln; Lee Harvey Oswald, the fall guy blamed for Kennedy's death; Leon Czolgosz, the anarchist who killed McKinley; and Charles Julius Guiteau, the so-called "disgruntled office seeker" who took President

Garfield's life in 1881. Of these four, only Guiteau seems to languish in obscurity. While Booth and Oswald have become all but household names and Czolgosz was for some reason featured in the movie *Slacker*, there has been only one book written about Guiteau in the twentieth century. That book, *The Trial of the Assassin Guiteau* by Charles E. Rosenberg (U. Chicago Press, 1968), focuses

almost exclusively on the psychiatric issues debated during Guiteau's trial, but it is Guiteau's life prior to his day in court that is so fascinating. As author Donald Hook remarked in *Madmen of History*, "The events leading up to Garfield's assassination comprise, in a sense, the entire lifetime of Charles Julius Guiteau, for so much of his life was abnormal and unbalanced."



Charles Guiteau (pronounced Git-toe) was born on September 8, 1841, in Freeport, Illinois. His mother died when he was seven, leaving Charles, his brother and his sister in the care of their father, Luther Guiteau. Luther Guiteau was a cashier at the local bank and follower of John Humphrey Noyes, the self-proclaimed messiah and founder of the Oneida Community, a utopian commune in upstate New York. Noyes preached "Perfectionism," which stated that people could either perfect their love of Christ on Earth and go to Heaven, or fail to attain perfection and doom themselves to Hell. Noyes claimed to be a Perfected Messenger of Christ and urged others to join him at Oneida to partake in a radical social experiment he called "Bible Communism."

Luther Guiteau dreamed of joining Noyes at Oneida but was forced to remain in Freeport because of his responsibilities as a parent. Nevertheless, he followed the teachings of Noyes and shared them with his children through numerous manifestoes sent from Oneida. Luther Guiteau taught his children about the battle waged between God and Satan during each moment in a person's life. Impure thoughts or deeds signified capitulation to Satan, and Charles Guiteau received special instruction from his father on these theological issues in the form of beatings whenever the purity of his thoughts strayed. Years later, trial transcripts would reveal that Charles Guiteau was not a happy boy and in particular suffered from an extensive nervous condition which rendered him unable to steady his hands or body for any length of time.

After learning to read at a late age, Guiteau's pursuit of a grandiose existence began with his adolescent idolization of Horace Greeley, fabled editor of *The New York Tribune*, whose well-publicized life story was a rags-to-riches personification of American pluck and snap. Intoxicated by *The Tribune's* heroic calls for abolition, young Guiteau determined that he too would become a monumental public figure. Thus at age 18, after inheriting \$1,000, Guiteau went against his father's advice and enrolled at the University of Michigan. Though Guiteau had never lived away from home before, he assured his sister Frances that "where there is a will there is a way." Three months after arriving in Michigan, he began sending homesick letters to his father. Guiteau wrote that he had sought solace in Mr. Noyes's book, *The Berean*, and decided to quit school and donate his remaining inheritance to the Oneida Community if his father could secure him a space at the co-educational utopia in the woods of upstate New York. "For once," as Donald Hook put it, "Luther Guiteau was proud of his son."

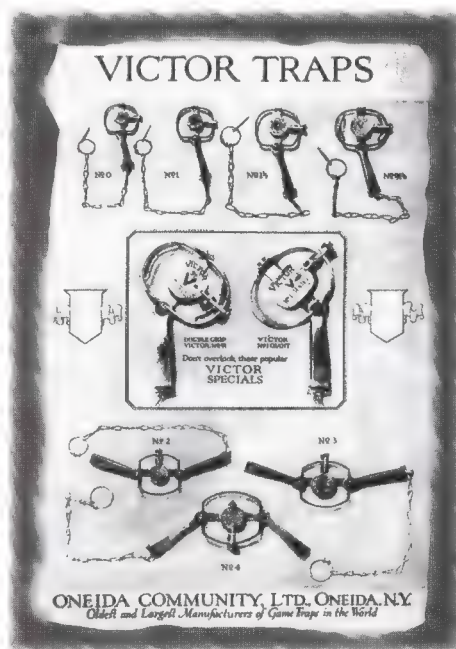
When 18-year-old Charles Guiteau arrived at Oneida in June of 1860, the Community was already notorious throughout America for being a hotbed of evangelical free love. Along with his doctrine of imminent apocalypse, Noyes preached a concurrent letting go of conventional societal bonds. He lectured that marriage elevated selfishness to a virtue, which in turn made monosexual relations unsuitable for a people aiming toward spiritual purification. Noyes also instituted a eugenics program at Oneida, whereby the commune's elders chose everybody else's mating partners and resultant offspring were raised by the older women of the community. More often than not, the male mating partner chosen was John Humphrey Noyes, who reputedly fathered more than thirty children before being deported to Canada near the end of his life.

Each day the other men of Oneida worked in a factory manufacturing steel dog collars and animal traps for sale to the outside world. Charles Guiteau earned a reputation for being singularly inept in all facets of animal trap and



dog collar production. Guiteau was a social failure at Oneida as well. Unpopular with women, he spent most of his free time in the library, where he would write furiously in his notebook, look at what he'd just written, cry aloud, rip the pages from the notebook, hurl them into the fireplace, then talk himself down before returning to his writing and beginning the cycle anew. He was also remembered at Oneida — and at each subsequent stop in his life — for his beady eyes and his unnerving catlike walk, the latter of which allowed him to creep up silently alongside of people without their knowing.

Unfortunately for Guiteau, one of the mainstays of life at Oneida was "Criticism Session," where members of the community were placed in the middle of a circle each week for a frank discussion of their character flaws. A rather specific list was cited during Guiteau's sessions: laziness, self-



obsession, attention-related disorder, prickliness to perceived social slights, redeemer-figure complex. Although Guiteau was tolerated for five years in the peculiar air surrounding Oneida, by the time he left there, Charles Guiteau had been given the nickname "Charles Gitout."

It was at this time that the 23-year-old Guiteau began to understand the nature of his earthly calling. He explained to the Oneida elders that God had given him instructions to go to New York City and start a daily newspaper, *The Daily Theocrat*, that would preach the Noyesian doctrine. "This is the only way," he said, "to pierce the atheistic materialism of the day." Guiteau asked for his inheritance back and explained that his \$900 would last extra long because he had no friends and planned to live frugally on a diet of dried beef, soda crackers and lemonade. Guiteau bragged of his celibacy while at Oneida and pledged to continue this practice in New York.

*"Present them with a theocratic daily each morning at the breakfast table. Do you say that the establishment of a great daily paper is a stupendous work and only to be accomplished by extraordinary talents and energy? However presumptuous it may seem, I am nevertheless constrained to confess the truth about myself. I claim that I am in the employ of Jesus Christ & Co.; the very ablest and strongest firm in the universe."*

— Guiteau's written proposal to Oneida elders, 1865

Guiteau left Oneida on April 3, 1865, and settled in Hoboken, New Jersey. He spent the next three months circulating his prospectus for *The Daily Theocrat* throughout New York, but his proposed ad rates and informational packets were completely ignored. By July 20, 1865, Guiteau was writing back to Oneida, begging to be re-admitted and promising to re-donate his inheritance to the Community.

After 15 unhappy months back at Oneida, however, Guiteau fled in the middle of the night on November 1, 1866, to Brooklyn, where he spent the next ten months growing increasingly obsessed with exacting revenge upon Noyes. Guiteau wrote numerous letters to New York newspapers, attempting to expose the Community's sexual practices and Noyes's autocratic cult rule. Noyes published a rebuttal in the same newspapers, stating that Guiteau, while at Oneida, had confessed to stealing from previous employers, contracting venereal diseases from prostitutes and indulging in chronic masturbation. Noyes even arranged for Luther Guiteau to denounce his own son in these same newspapers. Luther wrote that Charles, in leaving the Community and disgracing Noyes, had been motivated by lechery, frustration and jealousy.

In August 1867, his reputation tarnished and inheritance squandered, the 25-year-old Guiteau moved to Chicago, where he was taken in by his sister Frances, whose husband, George Scoville, offered Charles an apprenticeship in his law firm. Finally freed from his father and Noyes, Guiteau momentarily blossomed. He studied for and passed the Illinois bar examination, and in 1869 at age 28, he married Anne Bunn, a 16-year-old librarian at the Chicago Y.M.C.A., where Guiteau spent a great deal of time reading on legal and theological matters. Anne wrote enthusiastically to her family that her new husband was "a lawyer and a Christian."

As his legal specialty, Guiteau chose debt collection. Credit organizations hired him to track down overdue bills and then keep fifty percent of any collected monies for himself. Guiteau's maniacal persistence served as a virtue in this street-level wing of the legal fraternity, enabling him and Anne to be relatively prosperous during the first two years of their





marriage. Unfortunately it was not a marriage destined to last much longer. Anne Guiteau would later write that Charles routinely beat her and locked her inside closets. "I am your master," he would shout, violently unable to accept any disagreement. "You are to submit yourself to me." This abuse led to the stillbirth of their only child. Anne also claimed that her husband was a con artist. She and Guiteau, for instance, would routinely skip out on the rent by either handing the landlord a bad check or leaving in an unapproachable huff after citing some fabricated excuse such as bedbugs or poor lighting. In time, they came to rely exclusively on one system, whereby a suitcase full of clothes was left behind to suggest that the dwelling was still occupied. The suitcase of clothes was invariably Anne's, as Guiteau had learned by this time to condense his possessions into one large valise.

By 1872, three years as a lawyer had prepared the 31-year-old Guiteau for his next step toward worldwide renown. Politics and his perceived talents in this arena took over his mind. Undoubtedly this had something to do with the fact that his boyhood hero, Horace Greeley, running for President. Guiteau saw in Greeley's possible ascension an opportunity for himself as well, so he moved to New York and circled Democratic headquarters, trying to get himself appointed as ambassador to Chile in the event that Greeley defeated the Republican incumbent Ulysses S. Grant. According to Anne, Guiteau "talked about it day and night" and grew so agitated as election day approached that he was unable to sleep. Instead he would pace their apartment all night in his most natty ambassador-style clothing, reciting speeches he'd written in Greeley's favor and pausing only to gauge Anne's reaction to a particularly dramatic flourish.

Greeley lost resoundingly to Grant. His political aspirations momentarily stymied, Guiteau remained in New York and continued his legal enterprises, which by then were of the shabbiest, most fly-by-night nature. It was said that his habit of avoiding eye contact while at the same time speaking in a tone of confidential urgency made Guiteau the very picture of a sleazy hustler. Consequently he was only able to find steady work in the employ of prostitutes and credit organizations. Guiteau provided a unique service. He would arrange for policemen to arrest a group of prostitutes on the Bowery, appear the next morning in court as the ladies' counsel, then unsuccessfully plead their case and split the ensuing fine for their release with the crooked cops and judges.

Guiteau supplemented this income by continuing the unorthodox method of debt collection he'd begun in Chicago. His standard practice was to settle with a debtor for fifty percent of the amount owed and keep the entire sum for himself. Although he often bragged to Anne about the cunning of this scam, Guiteau was carried by his neck to the police station and spent five weeks in jail during 1873 for such frauds. In addition, five of Guiteau's recent landlords read about this incident and later appeared at his hearing to lodge their own complaints.

Around the time of Guiteau's arrest, Anne filed for divorce. She alleged that during the last years of their marriage Guiteau had repeatedly sent her away from New York to support herself as a nanny while he took up with a great many prostitutes and contracted a variety of near-fatal brain and lung diseases. Anne was granted a divorce in April of 1874. That same month *The New York Herald* began reporting stories about a 32-year-old lawyer and the growing list

of people bringing lawsuits against him. This notoriety ruined Guiteau's legal career, so he moved back to Chicago. Soon after his return, he was thrown in prison for yet another collection scam. He appealed to his father for bail, but Luther replied, "I do not desire your deliverance from jail so much as that you may be brought to obedience to Christ." Guiteau's sister Frances bailed him out.



• Anne Guiteau •

Following his release from prison in 1875, Guiteau hit upon the idea of buying the Chicago Inter-Ocean newspaper and converting it into the greatest daily in the land. He inspected printing plants, applied to prominent bankers for loans and even promised to make one such prospective backer the President of the United States. Guiteau was of course ignored and forced to ask his father to arrange the loan. Luther Guiteau again refused to help his son and confided to his daughter, Frances, that "to my mind he is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum."

In October 1876, Charles Guiteau began frequenting the nightly revival meetings of an evangelical preacher named Dwight L. Moody. Unlike Noyes, the secluded rural sex-lord, Moody was an urbane public performer whose rousing sermons would command the attention of up to eight thousand worshippers. While Moody preached, his organ-playing sidekick Ira Sankey led a choir of more than six hundred singers in Protestant hymns. Moody-Sankey revival meetings became the largest religious spectacle in nineteenth-century America. One night in 1876, Anne Guiteau attended a Moody-Sankey revival in Chicago and happened upon a small, nervous man ushering people into the prayer room after Moody's sermon. She topped and stared at her ex-husband, but Charles only hurried away in embarrassment.

After witnessing the phenomenal scope of Moody's success, it was apparent that the nature of his calling had changed yet again, so Guiteau, age 35, decided that he too would work with Moody and Sankey, spreading the word for them in Switzerland. When all of his talk about Swiss missionary work came to nothing, he headed west to deliver Christ's message to his own countrymen himself. His lecture topic: "Is There a Hell?"

FIFTY DECEIVED PEOPLE ARE OF THE  
OPINION THAT THERE OUGHT TO BE . . .

"The man, Charles J. Guiteau, if such really is his name, who calls himself an eminent Chicago lawyer,

has fraud and imbecility plainly stamped on his countenance. His lecture was a wonderful production of genius. It consisted of the averment that the second coming of Christ occurred in the year 70 when Jerusalem was destroyed, interesting readings from the book of Genesis and the prediction that the world would soon come to an end. Although the impudent scoundrel had talked only fifteen minutes, he suddenly perorated brilliantly by thanking the audience for their attention and bidding them good night. Before the astounded fifty recovered from their amazement, or the half dozen bill collectors who were waiting for an interview with the lecturer had comprehended the situation, the latter had fled from the building and escaped."

— Newark Daily Journal, March 9, 1878

Guiteau spent the next three years riding the railroads hobo-style, without money, and speaking in town lecture halls wherever he was thrown off the train. He also wrote and had printed five separate tracts, which he sold from door to door before his lectures. Boarding-house keepers, handbill printers and tailors were duly fleeced from state to state. One printing house in Boston was left with an unpaid bill for Guiteau's manifesto, *The Truth: A Companion to the Bible*, written during this period on the road. *The Truth* is an exceedingly boring and bizarre book, its belabored thesis being that God sends people to either Heaven or Hell based on one's conduct during their time on earth. Upon publication *The Truth* enjoyed the kind of attention typically accorded books written by railroad stowaways: i.e., none. Even so, Guiteau felt that his successes in publishing and public speaking had prepared him for that final hurdle: his grand re-entry into national politics.

On July 1, 1880, shortly before his 39th birthday, Charles Guiteau moved back to New York to be closer to the upcoming Presidential campaign. Guiteau was now passionately attached to the "Stalwart" wing of the Republican Party and its doomed effort to reinstate an aging, corruption-tainted Ulysses S. Grant for a third term. When the Republican mainstream bypassed Grant and nominated Ohio Congressman James A. Garfield instead, Guiteau switched allegiances and worked avidly, in his own way, for Garfield's election. He became a permanent hanger-on at campaign headquarters, cornering prominent Republicans, brandishing copies of his latest speech, "Garfield Against Hancock," and begging for a chance to speak on behalf of the ticket. His speech attempted to settle once and for all the debate over what would befall America if Democratic nominee Winfield S. Hancock were elected, but unfortunately, as Guiteau admitted, "the State Committeemen wanted a man that would draw a large crowd. So, as a matter of fact, I only delivered that speech once, and that was at a colored meeting, I think, on 25th Street one Saturday evening."

Guiteau was exuberant after Garfield's election and looked with a covetous eye toward the Austrian ambassadorship. He immediately wrote Garfield a letter of congratulations which politely reminded the President of his availability for the post in Vienna. Not hearing back from Garfield, Guiteau moved to Washington, D.C., in March of 1881 to better plead his case.

During the last year of his life, Charles Guiteau became a well-known figure at the White House. By today's standards, security was nonexistent in 1881, allowing Guiteau to freely confront Garfield on at least one occasion. Guiteau walked into the Oval Office, dropped a copy of his "Garfield Against Hancock"



speech on the President's desk, pointed to the words "PARIS CONSULSHIP" scrawled across the top of the page and trailed his hand down to where the author's name, "CHARLES J. GUTEAU," was printed. Guiteau then nodded knowingly to Garfield and exited.

After being banned from the White House, Guiteau tried to enlist the support of James G. Blaine, Garfield's Secretary of State and closest confidant. Guiteau patiently explained to Blaine that after extensive consideration he had decided he preferred life in Paris to Vienna. Blaine initially regarded Guiteau as a harmless escapee from a mental home, but Guiteau's continual pestering infuriated the Secretary of State. On May 14th in front of the State Department Blaine finally screamed at Guiteau, "Don't bother me again about the Paris consulship so long as you live!"

While Guiteau was being rebuffed in these efforts to serve his country overseas, a schism was growing within the Republican party. Garfield's nomination had been the result of a compromise between two warring Republican factions, the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds. As a concession to the Stalwarts, Chester Arthur, Stalwart patron of New York, was tapped to be Garfield's Vice President, but soon after his inauguration Garfield began siding with the Half-Breeds and discouraging all Stalwart advice, going so far as to choose Half-Breed leader James Blaine as Secretary of State. The final blow came when Garfield humiliated Roscoe Conkling, the Senator from New York and so-called "Stalwart of the Stalwarts." When Garfield labelled Conkling's appointments to certain federal posts as "patronage positions," Conkling was branded as the embodiment of dirty politics and forced to resign from the Senate. Guiteau had initially supported the Stalwarts, and these political tussles bothered him greatly, as his daily life had been reduced to sitting in fancy hotel lobbies and reading the same newspaper over and over again.

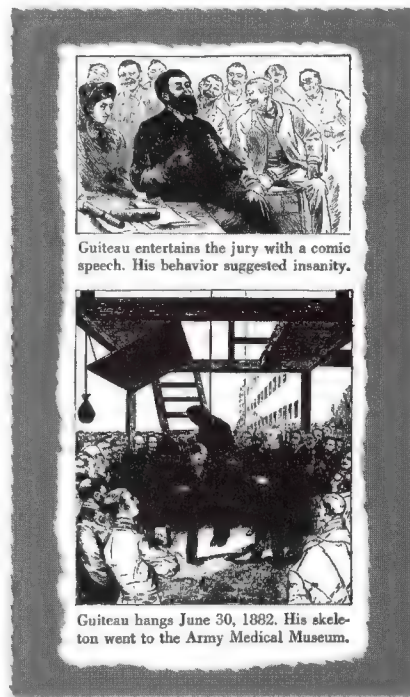
*"I was in bed about 9 o'clock, thinking over the political situation, and the idea flashed through my brain that if the President was out of the way every thing would go better. I kept reading the papers and the idea kept bearing, bearing, bearing down upon me..."*

Guiteau bought a .44-caliber British Bull-Dog revolver and began following Garfield throughout Washington, trailing behind the President and his wife during their nightly walks around the Potomac River. During the day, Guiteau would practice his aim by firing into a remote part of the river. By July of 1881, Guiteau had been consumed by the idea of killing Garfield for six weeks, but each day either circumstance, lack of will, or the presence of Mrs. Garfield — who was so sick with malaria that Charles could not perpetrate violence in her presence — would conspire to foil him. During this time, Guiteau was also writing the numerous letters that he would later give to the newspapers, explaining his upcoming, fatal deed. In addition, he began revising *The Truth*, so that his book would be in perfect shape when the inevitable clamor to re-publish it ensued. Then on Friday, July 1st, Guiteau read that Garfield would be leaving Washington the next morning on a train bound for Massachusetts to speak at his alma mater, Williams College. That night, Guiteau composed a final letter to the American public:

*"Life is a fleeting dream and it matters little when one goes. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way....He is liable to go at any time anyway. I had no ill-will towards the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian, a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts."*

*gian, a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts."*

The next morning Guiteau woke early, lingering over his breakfast and reading his customary newspaper. After firing a last few practice rounds into the river, he arrived an hour early at the train station, had his shoes shined and left a meticulously prepared folder of papers addressed to *The New York Herald* at the depot newsstand. He then began loitering in the women's waiting area, aware that Garfield would pass through there before boarding the train. Guiteau's frantic appearance was noted by train station employees, who kept an eye on him until losing their focus amidst the fanfare surrounding the President's



arrival. Guiteau watched Garfield and Blaine walk through the station, then he crept up alongside them, cat-like, planted his feet and fired.

The first shot hit Garfield's left shoulder and twisted his body away from Guiteau, who fired a second shot that slammed through the President's back. As usual, Guiteau botched the job, and Garfield spent the next two and a half months withering away on his death bed before finally succumbing on September 19, 1881.

Haggard and delirious, Guiteau was led from the train station waving an explanatory letter he had written to General William Tecumseh Sherman. "General Sherman is coming down to take charge," he told the arresting officer. "Arthur and all these men are my friends. I'll have you made Chief of Police!" Guiteau was taken to jail, where he was unsuccessfully shot at twice — once by his own prison guards — while awaiting trial.

Instantaneously the spectacle of Charles Guiteau was unleashed on an American public that was left panting for more. Lusty tell-all books flooded the market, recounting Guiteau's life of vice and immorality. Travelling circuses featured magnificent panel displays picturing each step in his astoundingly depraved path: from free-love commune youth, hotel sneak and wife beater to lawyer for prostitutes, usher at Moody-Sankey revival meetings, hobo preacher, disgruntled office-seeker, gun buyer and blood-thirsty assassin.

Such celebrity was the culmination of Guiteau's

methodical 20-year pursuit of public renown. He authored two books in prison, and when not occupied with dictating his memoirs, Guiteau spent his time giving interviews, primping for court appearances, posing for drawings and photographs and basically taking unprecedented care with the public dissemination of his image.

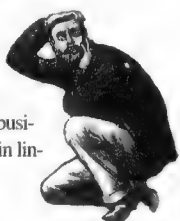
Guiteau's trial became a hot ticket, with Washington society ladies pulling strings to see the fabled mad dog in the flesh. The judge didn't allow Guiteau to serve as his own attorney and instead appointed his brother-in-law, George Scoville, to represent the defense. This pretty much ended the trial for Guiteau, who spent his remaining time in court screaming at the lawyers, witnesses and Scoville, branding them all "consummate jackasses."

Despite unanimous public hatred of Guiteau, his trial dragged on because the world psychiatric community, led by youthful agitators from Vienna, had decided to use the trial as an international forum to press their radical thinking on the issue of insanity. They claimed that Guiteau was clearly insane and therefore not responsible for his actions. Naturally this type of thinking became more despised than Guiteau himself and led to a prolonged duel between prison officials (the leading psychiatric philosophers of the day) and the upstart psychologists. In the midst of all this debate, Guiteau was busy disagreeing with everyone, angry that they were ruining his moment in history. He also became convinced that Chester Arthur and his fellow Stalwarts would save him at the appropriate moment. With the financial considerations of this escape in mind, Guiteau raised money during the trial by selling autographed photographs of himself from the defense table. Nevertheless, when Guiteau was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang, all appeals to President Arthur to spare his life were denied.

On Friday, June 30th, 1882, Guiteau ate a last supper in his jail cell and argued with God, correcting the Almighty and laughing at the Lord's jokes. Guiteau had written profusely during his last month alive, mostly poetry but also theatrical set pieces and songs about the Stalwart benefactors who had failed to honor Guiteau in his hour of need. Thus when he was finally led to the scaffold, Charles asked to read a poem that he had just composed entitled "Simplicity." "I am now going to read some verses," he said, "which are meant to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving this world. If set to music they may be rendered very effective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma and his papa." The poem read, in part:

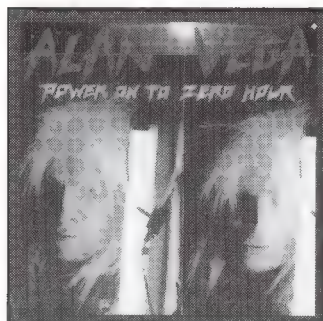
I saved my party and my land,  
Glory hallelujah!  
But they have murdered me for it,  
And that is the reason I am going to the Lordy,  
Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah!  
I am with the Lord.

After Guiteau finished reciting "Simplicity," a hood was placed over his head and a noose around his neck. Guiteau screamed, "Glory, Ready, Go!" The trap door beneath his feet opened. His neck snapped and a cheer went up from the crowd of newspaper reporters, prison officials and other onlookers. Shortly after the execution, Jim Spivey, captain of the prison guards, quit the police force and started his own business selling genuine scraps from the coffin lining of Charles J. Guiteau.





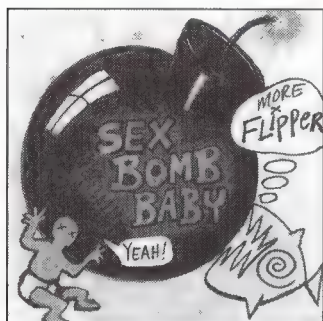
# Infinite Zero



ALAN VEGA • Power on to Zero Hour  
He'll still be ahead of his time ten years from now. Vega is an originator, his solo albums are the logical extension of Suicide.



DEVO • Oh, No! It's Devo  
More vintage Devo, from new wave popstars to a key influence for the alternative acts.



FLIPPER • Sex Bomb Baby  
All the early influential out-of-print singles, which are unmatched for pure f\*\*\*\*\* -upnoise/melody punk rock.



FRED McDOWELL • Live at the Mayfair Hotel  
Live performance from the legendary Mississippi slide guitar player.



ALAN WATTS • Om, the Sound of Hinduism  
The long out-of-print, much sought after Warner's album, lovingly reissued. The Zen-master Watts (hard smoking, hard drinking and hard loving), is the Mark Twain/Neil Cassady of Zen-Buddhism. His spoken word excursions are here, juxtaposed with some brilliant psychedelic drone.



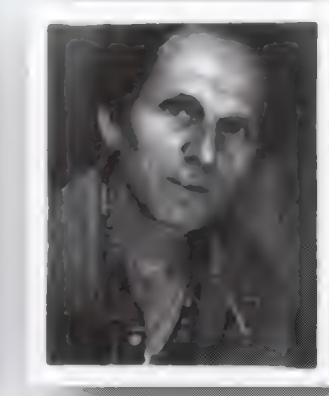
PREVIOUS RELEASES  
DEVO - Duty Now for the Future  
MATTHEW SHIPP - Circular Temple  
ICEBERG SLIM - Reflections  
TOM VERLAINE - Dreamtime  
JAMES WHITE - Buy the Contortions  
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## MANTRA

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# RETURN OF THE SUPER APE



THE LIVES AND TIMES OF LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY

When Lee Perry shits, his enemies cry. When he speaks, they die. Grand Royal spoke to Perry, his family, his friends, his enemies and a small army of experts and enthusiasts in order to bring you the most compleat picture possible of the man, the myth and the Merlin whom many consider to be the greatest record producer ever.

Why Lee Perry? You should know why by now, but just in case you forgot, Lee Perry, like Bruce Lee before him, is on the cover for three reasons: because Mike D said so, because he is dope and because he has "Lee" in his name. Yes, but who is Lee Perry? The simple answer is that Lee Perry, also known as "Little," "King," "Scratch," "The Upsetter," "Super Ape," "Pipcock Jackson," "Kojak," "Dr. On The Go," "Inspector Gadget," "Kimble the Nimble," "Boss Kid Flash," "The Sundance Kid," "Mr. Music," "Mr. Grimmer," "Charles Atlas," "Jack Lightning," "William Shakespeare," "Spooky Scratchy," "Jah X," "Black Sun Jesse," "Lord Thunder Black," "The Red Ninja," "The Last Dustbinman," "The Firmament Computer," "The Gong," "The Harp, Sam Sharpe," "Mister P The Weather Bee," "Dr. Syntax," "Super Chin from Castle Grey Bed," "Duppy Air Ace Marshall," "World Marshall," "Emmanuel King Perry," "Westminster Bank Perry," "President Abraham Perry," "The Hebrew King," "King of the Jews," "The Black Jew," "Gabriel The Archangel," "Jesus H. Christ," "Wizzy Wizzy" "Psych-ee," "Santa," "Paul Getty" and "The King of Mess" is, for lack of a better word, God (or, as he puts it, Sella's twin brother). The more complex answer is that Lee Perry is a legendary 59 year-old record producer whose career

has spanned the entire history of Jamaican popular music — from the sound system dances of the 50s, to the ska and rock steady eras of the 60s, through the golden age of reggae in the 70s and even into the post-Marley 80s and 90s (though Perry has only dabbled in the dancehall and ragamuffin styles he once prefigured, preferring instead to create a more European sound best described as "Tourette's Roots Rock").

Before going any further, however, we'd like to second guess one criticism that we anticipate. We're well aware that some of you might think that reggae is repetitive, boring, absurd and downright sanctimonious. That reggae is a particularly pathetic form of pothead nostalgia for a part of the 70s that cannot and should not ever be excavated. And that reggae is the unquestioned soundtrack of reprehensible Deadheads, frat boys and Club Med yuppies the world over. Now while all of this may be at least half true, it's also true that just like rap, rock, funk, punk or any other type of pop music, a great deal of reggae is crap. But once you realize this and listen to reggae not as reggae but as music — as a variation of and homage to American jazz, R&B, soul and funk — you can separate the wheat from chaffe and grasp its appeal. Certainly plenty of hipsters still dig reggae and lots of kids who don't just shadow Dead in daddy's BMW are starting to discover its insidious charms. Dancehall is the number one underground music in New York, dub culture is bigger than ever, despite having been co-opted by trip-hop trends, and the iconography of reggae is all around us, from Calvin Johnson's Dub Narcotic, the



new Fugazi song "Version," Rancid's pseudo-ska number "Brixton" and the wonderful dubbed-out jazz of Chicago's Tortoise. One could easily argue that Ini Kamoze's "Hotstepper" is only the tip of the reggae revival iceberg, given all the tell-tale signs of an impending implosion of new wave nostalgia. Even a resurgence of real roots musicianship is not out of the question. But enough! No more back and forth! If, like Jenny Boddy, Earl Parker or Paul Simms, you still can't dig reggae, that's your problem. You're the Soul Asylum fan who's missing out, not us. And as a matter of fact, Lee Perry himself would be and is the first person to dis reggae: "I wish my music would be called Earth Music, Roots Music, Whirlwind Music, even soul, but not

reggae. I'm not fighting against it, I just don't want to join it. I was in it, I've been ripped off and it's real burn." Plus, we didn't feature Bruce Lee last time because we're martial arts maniacs but because he transcended his particular occupation and achieved a certain stylistic sainthood.

Not coincidentally, Perry (a big Bruce Lee fan himself) was able to similarly transcend reggae's natural boundaries by incorporating everything from white rock arrangements to African percussion and found sounds into a homespun, low-tech signature

style that to this day stupefies engineers. It is such transcendence which he appears to achieve with his own personality and philosophy. Thus the way he walks, the way he talks, the thoughts he thinks, the clothes he wears, the the food he eats, the music he makes — the whole schtik that he's created out of thin air and which he continually, daily reinvents will probably not be equalled by another popular musician or entertainer for quite some time. The magnitude of his eccentricity dwarfs that of his peers. He's like James Brown, George Clinton, Mr. T, Biz Markie, Ramellzee, Flavor Flav, Sly Stone, Miles Davis, Prince, Jack La Lane, Hunter Thompson and Matt Dike all rolled into one. He's beyond dope, he's super dope. Super Ape. And here's why, tough guy.

## CLOTHESHORSE:



We've never peeked inside his closet, but judging from photos and other visual evidence, it's safe to say that Lee Perry makes all other clotheshorses look like ponies in a petting zoo. Ska era

snapshots show him in simple black t-shirt and relatively clean shaven, save for a John Waters mustache, but after leaving Coxson in '66 he wore a nattier check pullover and then graduated in the late 60s to a kangol cap, slate blue raincoat, black slacks and waffle stompers ensemble, complete with Dr. On The Go briefcase. Soon the Black Panther influence crept in via enlarged afro and Stevie Wonder shades, and by 1969 he was mega Mackin' in pin-striped flares, suede/macrame turtleneck and pre-John Shaft leather long coat tossed nonchalantly over the shoulder. In the mid-70s, Perry settled on his classic look of beard, mustaches and sideburns united for full Fidel Castro effect with 'fro left to grow Don King electric. During this heyday he preferred tank tops with a shark's tooth necklace and either Addidas shorts or elephant cuff bell bottoms. At the end of the decade he lost his gourd and started wearing wide brimmed, bamboo Panama hats coupled with several different eye and sunglasses, ranging from Oscar Goldman wire-rim Cazales to green plastic Buggles goggles and even oversized amusement park bifocals. As he bounced around New York, Amsterdam and England throughout the 80s, Perry had to combat the climate with silky shiny Mets and Yankees warm ups, university sweatshirts, down coats, courdroy blazers, scarves and other winter wear. With the expanded

## TIMELINE OF LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY'S LIFE

"My life is straight out of a comic book. Definitely. I love comics from when I was a kid and it don't change. I'm still a child in my mind."

**March 20, 1936:** According to current passport, Rainford Hugh Perry born in Kendal, parish of Hanover. "My father worked on the road, my mother in the fields. We were very poor. I went to school in Kendal, then Green-Island, 'til I was 15." Earns early reputation for being dancer and character.

**1939:** By some accounts, Lee Perry born during this year in St. Mary's, a different parish of Jamaica.

**c. Mid/Late-40s:** Attacks school bully with razor in early indication of his pride and thirst for vengeance.

**c. 1950/53:** Writes first songs to go with dance routines.

**c. 1951/54:** Quits school. "I learned nothing at all. There was nothing to do except field work, so I started playing dominoes and learned to read the minds of others. This has proved eternally useful to me."

**c. 1951-1954/54-57:** "I was getting to be a big lad, so I got a

proper job. I as a driver of bulldozers. I liked the power! That BRRRRRR from the engine up the gearsick into your arm builds up lots of power. Tractor driving filled Lee Perry with superpower!"

**c. 1954/57:** Migrates to Kingston, attracted by "sound systems" or mobile discos that play U.S. R&B records at public dances. Approaches Duke Reid of "Treasure Isle" system, but Reid spooked by look in Perry's eye. Turns to "Downbeat" system run by Clement "Sir Coxone" Dodd. "Wherever he played, I was with his sound system till we get into the record business." Along with other helpers like the ex-boxer Prince Buster, Perry helps move equipment, select records, do announcements and fight off spies from rival systems.

**c. 1957/59:** Becomes talent for Dodd, searches out best records to thwart rivals. "We was the smallest system. Duke had some big bad guys, so my job was to fight down this and find the best sound. We start to have top record and sometime meet other systems in a club, slug it out toe for toe. You also had spies a check the turntable to see what you playing. One time we put it about that so and so have some real dread sides. And Duke run to the man in such a hurry him didn't even play to check them. And they all old stuff, duds!" Perhaps upset with

such pranks, legend has it that Duke's thugs storm a Downbeat dance and in the melee Perry is knocked unconscious but saved by Prince Buster and his knowledge of the ring.

**1959:** As supply of hot U.S. R&B dwindles, sound system operators begin producing local artists. "First thing we do we call 'boogie'. From there it transferred right to ska. Jamaica had roots thing from long time but being so close to America we slumber. Then something wake we up and we take control, get more powerful than America in soul and song." The first Jamaican star is Prince Buster, whose success with the Fowlkes Brothers' "Oh Carolina" encourages Coxson to start own label and open Studio One recording facility. Perry acts as right hand(y)man and gofer. "I went round and dealt with the pressings and distribution, the shops. The people know me because I started off with the cats in the ghetto."

**1960:** Auditions local artists for Coxson. "Any artists me feel good enough, Coxson listen cause he spot me as a man of talent. Though he might

have fault business-wise, him a nice man. And you gotta pay to learn, right?"

**8/6/62:** Jamaica gains independence, importation of music discouraged, "ska" promoted.

**1963:** Along with organist Jackie Mittoo, co-produces Studio One sessions for Coxson. "Me and Jackie'd produce backing tracks. Afterwards, we and Coxson decide which to put out. We worked as a body, no bossmanship." Also claims to have been sole author of Delroy Wilson's "Spit In The Sky" and "Six and Seven Books" by Toots and The Maytals. "Coxson never give a country boy a chance. He took my songs and I got no credit, certainly no money. I was being screwed." Actually Perry records first songs for Coxson like "Prince In The Back," "Prince and Duke" and "Mad Head," all playful jabs at



# TIMELINE

Prince Buster and his latest hit, "Madness."

**1964:** Jamaica sends 18 year old Jimmy Cliff, to promote ska at World's Fair in New York. Perry releases first singles with themes that will recur throughout his career: social concern ("Help The Weak"), self-promotion ("Can't Be Wrong") and sex ("Chatty Chatty Woman").

**1965:** Releases more than a dozen tracks, including his first collaboration with The Wailers, who sing back up on his song, "Man to Man," and his first hit, "Chicken Scratch," from which he takes most enduring nickname. Also begins referring to self as "King Scratch."

**1966:** Records lewd sides ("Dr. Dick," "Rub and Squeeze," "The Woodman") for Studio One before acrimonious split with Coxson. Records first attack on Coxson, "Run For Cover," for J.J. Johnson's WIRL label, then teams up with Joe Gibbs, who taps Perry to run his Amalgamated label.



JOE GIBBS

**1967:** Immediately produces hits for Amalgamated, including The Pioneers' "Longshot," and his own "I Am The Upsetter," a warning to Coxson from which he takes his second nickname. Cameos on Prince Buster's "Johnny Cool," responds to Buster's Draconian anti-rude anthem "Judge Dread" with "Set Them Free" (wherein Scratch reminds Buster that "a hungry man is an angry one") and cuts "Kimble," his ode to David Jansen's *Fugitive* character complete with smashing glass sound effects and sudden screams.

**1968:** Leaves Amalgamated in huff, retaliates with "People Funny Boy," an immortal goof on Gibbs which uses melody from Pioneers' "Longshot" and sound of crying baby to emphasize his discontent. The song sells 60,000 copies in Jamaica and helps create new "reggae" beat (Gibbs's rebuttal, "People Grudgeful," is somewhat apt but lost to memory). Inspiration for new beat comes to Perry after walking past a "Pocomania" revivalist church: "Me used to go out, drink some beer, and one night me walk past a church, hear the people inside a wail and say, 'let's make a sound fe catch the vibration of the people!' That's where the thing comes from, 'cos them POCO people getting sweet!"



**Late 1968:** Founds Upsetter Records, then with help from Clive Chin and Erroll Thompson, begins producing at Randy's Studio 17. Enjoys instrumental hits by house band, The Upsetters, aka Gladly's All Stars (Gladstone Anderson, keys, Winston Wright, organ, Hux Brown gtr, Jackie Jackson, bass, Lloyd "Tinleg" Adams, drm). Also produces hit vocal tunes like "Tighten Up," which later lends its title to Trojan's popular series of cut rate reggae compilations.

**October, 1969:** "Return of Django," an Upsetter instrumental of Fat's Dominoe's "Sick and Tired" featuring saxophonist Val Bennett, appears in British TV adverts, then grows so popular that it stays at Number 5 on UK charts for three weeks, in particular striking chord with white skinheads.

**December, 1969:** Ad hoc version of Upsetters (Aston Barret: bass, Carlton Barret: drm, Alva Lewis: gtr, Glen Adams: organ) tours UK. Melody Maker calls London show "disaster." Upon returning home, Barret bros. and Adams quit Scratch to join Wailers.

**Late '69:** Perry threatens to kill Bob. Two men confront each other expecting bloodshed but instead collaborate on "Small Axe" and agree that Perry will be the Wailers exclusive producer. "When Bob drop into my hands, him really take on the power of music." In Perry's record shop they drink fish tea, smoke spliffs and cut "Try Me," "My Cup," "Mr. Brown," "Duppy Conqueror" and other gems. Credit for these classics

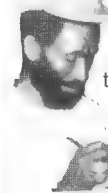


wardrobe came a number of increasingly bizarre get ups: a sailing cap, tie-dyed tank top and topsiders; an SS cap and motorcycle jacket with Van Halen patch; Boy of London longjohns covered in American flags complemented by muckluks embroidered with a hammer and sickle insignia; and our personal, proto-grunge favorite, the Queen "Kind of Magic" t-shirt with plaid flannel tied around the waist-combo set off by red nylon ski booties festooned with broken glass. He continued this last trend toward sartorial sculpture by obsessing over such accessories as jewelry (rings on every finger and numerous necklaces a la Mr. T), haberdashery (homespun headbands constructed from cassette cartridges, playing cards and other consumer flotsam) and footwear (patented hand-painted medallion and mirror-adorned Space Boots). Finally, after relocating to Switzerland in the early 90s, Perry hit upon the ultimate fashion statement by regularly dressing up in either a crown, emine cape and other royal regalia or in full Roman Catholic vestments complete with bishopric miter. And while you might think it's impossible to take it any further than that, Perry was recently rumoured to have shown up at the London offices of Trojan Records in his finest suit...birthday suit, that is. So like the Biz says, you can't front on that.



## POET

Vivienne Goldman, who hung out with Perry and Marley in London during the height of punk, told us that Perry "loves playing with language. If someone would say something, he and Bob might leap on it and make a word game out of it in a way I can't recreate 'cause I don't have that facility." Aura Lewis of the female vocal trio Full Experience did have that facility and recalls an example of Perry's impeccable punning. "We'd been working all day and it was midnight, a full moon, so I said something like 'at midnight,' and Lee went, 'when the clock strikes,' and that's how the song 'At Midnight' came about. We used to do it all the time, but this time it worked on tape." Perry not only loves, he lives for language. While most artists are content to stumble across the occasional phrase, Perry positively dances with words, routinely fashions his songs, spiels, even entire philosophies out of a single soundbite or his own obscure slang. "If the title can move a person, I'll use it. I always write from a title." We won't bore you by quoting lyrics (see reviews p.75), just suffice it to say that he fashioned himself as a ghetto correspondent before Chuck D, and is a master of

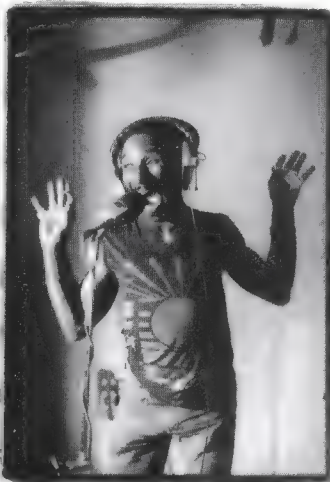


both freestyle toasting ("Shadrach, Meshrach and Abednego/You've got to let the music flow") and measured lyricism ("Every man has his part to play/Just like the moon that shines by night/And the sun by day"). Though canny enough to usually keep the content either lewd (through numerous sexually suggestive tracks), or rude (through constant character assassinations of former employers, rival producers, ungrateful artists and various vampires), Perry was also preoccupied with equality ("Give Me Justice," "Set Them Free," "Help The Weak") and integrity ("Don't Copy," "Never Get Weary," "Bad Minded People). And of course he wrote or co-wrote some of Bob Marley's heaviest haikus. "Most of the time I have a pen writing while Bob's singing," Perry recalls, and Marley biographer Stephen Davis confirms that "while Bob strummed chords and brooded, Perry would croak out catchphrases and brainy doggerel. Perry seemed slightly demented, but he was also a witty and imaginative lyricist who contributed immeasurably to the great records the Wailers made with him." By the mid-70s, Perry's Black Ark studio had become the cultural/spiritual center of hip Kingston and birthplace to reggae's most conscious black pride anthems, all of which were either written or coaxed out of the artist by Perry (who at that point was beginning to infuse all his productions with the complex set of Christian, African, Arthurian and Jamaican folk references that comprise his current cosmology). When his word salads grew too overwhelming ("Wake up and take off your make up you sons and daughters of Jacob"), Perry suffered an alleged breakdown and only rehabilitated himself by writing graffiti over every available surface of his home and yard. Today his graffiti, lyrics and casual conversation are one in the same, scrolls from on high scrawled on notebook pages the interchangeability of which would make William Burroughs blush. The passage that author John Corbett espied in one of these notebooks says it all: "Words make up the world. By saving the words, we'll save the world."



## VOCALIST

Perry not only worships words, he treasures his tongue. "My tongue heals and cures. My



mouth can do anything. My mouth protects me, man!" Legend has it that Richard Burton could read from a phone book and still have an audience on edge, and in much the same way Perry's songs are often nothing more than rhythmic recitations of the alphabet or nursery rhymes (he's cut three radically different versions of "Happy Birthday"). His delivery derives its flavor from an unpredictable arsenal of singing, rapping, talking, laughing, crying, screaming, shouting and any number of Charlie Callas-caliber human beat box FX. "I couldn't tell you my secrets," he once said, "but sometimes I even use my mouth to make the music and you wouldn't know unless you see me doing it." If Perry's actual vocal range is somewhat limited, he compensates for it with imagination and chutzpah. If he can't sing it, he'll either rap it (since the mid 60s he's been an OG b-boy), or tell you how to sing it (a knack for vocal coaching he shares with George Clinton). Indeed, Perry's contemporary babblings on vinyl are merely the natural exhortations and suggestions that he would normally share with the singers he was producing (that's why he misses Bob so much). It was Perry who singlehandedly brought about the maturation of Bob Marley and the Wailers as vocalists. "Perry completely recast the Wailers sound," according to Stephen Davis. "Bob's lead vocals were transformed into something urgent and raw, devoid of pretense. Out went the old-fashioned doo wop harmonies, to be replaced by terse but melodious back up parts." Or, as Perry puts it: "Is me show them what to sing and is there

them go from" (indeed, some experts point to the remarkable similarities between Marley's singing style and Perry's). The countless other vocalists he worked with were no less exempt from his infectious advice. "If them don't listen, them don't learn and we don't burn. Like Max Romeo, him listen — otherwise he couldn't a got a good album like *War Inna Babylon*,



'cos him have two songs and me write all the rest, then tell him how to voice it." Of course a big part of knowing how to sing is knowing how and when NOT to sing, so Perry is always wary because "a singer can spoil it. Even now I prefer instrumental tunes. There are only a few who really sing the type of tunes I appreciate. I say to Bob Marley sing that, he sing it just like I want it. But the artists in Jamaica don't sing as a feeling, they sing for money."

## HEALTH NUT

Like most great musicians (JB, the jazz giants, George Clinton, The Fat Boys), Perry's best songs are often about food — both literally and as a metaphor for you know what. One of his earliest tunes, "Roast Duck," began with a girl suggestively groaning, "Mmm, hungry now," followed later by a chorus of: "She says she wants roast duck." Another of his ska era songs was "Open Up (Cook Book)," though it's doubtful he was singing about the kind of publication Julia Child authors. Nor was he referring to crockery per se in "Yuh Squeeze My Panhandle." In particular, Perry's love of poultry has been a primary inspiration ever since his first hit, "Chicken Scratch," and continuing through his collaboration with Dr. Alimintado on "Best Dressed Chicken in Town" and his own ode to Colonel Sanders, "Kentucky Skank" (complete with bubbling hot grease FX). Though he's a Pisces, Perry has no aversion to seafood, and two of his most beautiful productions with The Congos were "Fisherman," which extols the Biblical virtues of angling your own supper, and "At The Feast" about the Big Banquet Table In The Sky. But by far the tastiest tributes to food as fuel for the imagination are found on the Roast Fish Collie Weed & Cornbread LP. In "Favorite Dish," he shouts out his favorite foods (ackee, salt fish, cow's foot, split pea, tripe, broad beans, etc.) and reasons that "I'm a working man/So I feed up strong/Nothing can go wrong." Meanwhile, "Throw Some Water In" goes a step further by drawing clever parallels between auto maintenance, agriculture, nutrition and exercise: "Water your garden and it will grow/Service your car and it will go/ Service your body/Eat the right food/Take some tonic/Drink some fish tea!" Given his thirst for other beverages (namely Tia Maria, white rum, wine, Dragon Stout and de-natured alcohol), the Perry diet should probably be supplemented with a grain of salt, but even so, he must be doing something right to be as fit as he is at age 59. The 5'4" man has been known to lift boulders superhumanly (his arms have the rippled definition of a river delta), routinely do karate kicks above his head and execute glorified headstands that he calls "triumverats".

## MACK

Sex is paramount in the Perry universe and has been since his earliest recordings, which included titles like "Doctor Dick," "The Woodman," "Pussy Galore," "Puss In Bag" and "Whup Whop Man" (even instrumentals had lewd names like "Live Injection"). After working with Bob Marley (who couched his innuendoes in gentler terms as on "Don't Rock My Boat") Perry's focus became more spiritual than sexual, and this pretty much remained the case throughout the 70s, when he worked mostly with concious vocalists like Junior Byles, Max Romeo and The Heptones. Those tunes that were written about women during this period tended to be love songs like the immortal "Curly Locks," or cautionary advice to the easily smitten like "Concious Man" by The Jolly Brothers, which warned that "Solomon was wise/Solomon was very wise/But he never knew /The ways/Of a woman." Perry himself was not exempt from this dictum. In late 1978 he entertained great expectations for the female vocal trio Full Experience, not just because they were talented but because, as group member Aura Lewis confides, "you know Lee, all these pretty women, he thought yeah, why not?" Not coincidentally, according to Lewis, "little aspects started to create confusion. There was Lee Perry's crush on [another group member] Pamela. Black Ark was in the same yard as his house, so his wife Pauline, the kids everything [were right there]." When Perry broke down in 1979 and Pauline left him, he changed his name to Pipecock Jackson and wrote an 11 minute ode to sex called "Bed Jammin'" (when he re-cut "Bed Jammin'" in 1984 and added lyrics about how he wanted to "pop" his "daughter's water," rumours of incest circulated around Kingston). He cavorted in like manner for most of the 80s, playing the funky uncle Bill role to the hilt and cutting tracks like "Pussy I Cocky I Water" and "Sexy Lady," a nutty 1986 dabble into disco-funk wherein he repeatedly rhymes "sex" with "Echoplex" and instructs said lady to "Open the tree of life/Open the book of rules/Open the bag of TOOLS!" In 1989, he settled down with current squeeze, Mireille Campbell, an attractive Swiss woman who's 20 years younger than him and who, let's just say, has a reputation to rival Perry's in this department. Perry, who once sang "I'm a breeding man/So I speed along/Nothing can go wrong," will soon be 60 and fathered his latest child just three years ago. As he says, "I am a sexpert, I was born by sex! When you make love and having sex, you make two people into one and out can come a baby and make it three in one! (laughs). The church fight against it but they all wrong. God is sex. If there was no sex, we would die and with us would die truth and religion. God loves sex."

## PRODUCER

Not to be too dramatic, but everything we've said so far about Lee Perry is of secondary importance compared to his staggering accomplishments as a producer, engineer, arranger and mixer of recorded music. Between 1968 and 1978, it's estimated that Perry produced no less than 1000 sides. Prolific as he's been and despite the fact that he cut fairly iffy versions of "Feelings" and "Cherokee Nation," such quantity rarely took away from the quality because Perry is the ultimate example of "the-producer-as-artist" who literally plays a mixing console as if it were an instrument. After working for more than a decade at several studios in Kingston, Perry opened the so-called "Black Ark" studio at his home in 1974. Although the Black Ark was only a four track studio, Perry made it sound like 24 or more. To this day

remains up in the air, but Perry once told Carl Gayle that "I said look here Bob I want you to write a tune with 'Yes me friend/We on the street again' in it. He give me third line, I give him fourth and the ideas flow til we get 'Duppy Conqueror'." Organist Glen Adams confirms that "Bob and Scratch would sit in a room and write lyrics. We would never interrupt them, it takes total concentration."

**Early 1970:** Second series of Wailers recordings yields future classics "Kaya," "Lively Up Yourself," "Keep On Moving," "Don't Rock My Boat." Peter Tosh's "400 Years" and "Small Axe," their warning to "the Big Tree" (Jamaica's "Big Three" record labels). Cuts first serious side with Junior Byles ("What's The World Coming To?"), continues releasing "acid-soul" organ instrumentals in Booker T/Meters vein.

**Summer, 1971:** Possibly records earliest versions of Marley's "Natural Mystic," "Concrete Jungle" and rare "Long Long Winter," but parts with Wailers. Cuts epic "Beat down Babylon" with Junior Byles, continues working with first and second generation DJs.

**1972:** Leads way in slowing down beat, utilizing talents of engineer Osbourne ("King Tubby" Ruddock. Together they pioneer "dub," give birth to the re-mix.

**c. Late '72/Early '73:** Moves with common-law wife Pauline Morrison to well-to-do Kingston suburb, Washington Gardens. Begins constructing studio in backyard.

**1973:** Cuts "Cow Thief Skank," first hip-hop "scratch" record, with Charlie Ace and Perry mooning and rapping over track that cuts between the beats of two different songs ("Like a movie where man always 'ave to laugh"). Releases first full LP by Junior Byles (*Beat Down Babylon*), other well known vocal tracks like Leo Graham's "News Flash" and The Gatherers "Words of My Mouth," plus three Upsetters discs (*Africa's Blood, Cloak and Dagger, Battle Axe*), while continuing to run Upsetter, Justice League, and Wizz-dub labels. Teams with Bunny Lee to cut "Liberish," their cavalier response to artists' accusing them of rip-offs.

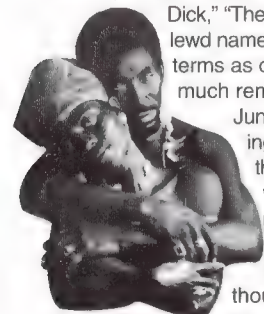
**1974:** After two years and 12,000 pounds, completes construction of four track in back yard dubbed "The Black Ark," which soon earns reputation as magical place thanks to productions like "Curly Locks" by Junior Byles (at right), the first Jamaican single to sell 100,000 copies worldwide. Releases dub masterpiece *Blackboard Jungle*, featuring Perry's mix in one speaker and Tubby's in the other and before severing relationship with Trojan, releases one last LP, *Double Seven*, featuring "Kentucky Skank," Perry's salute to KFC: "I eat so much Kentucky I feel like I going to fly!"

**1975:** Releases engineering battle, *King Tubby Meets The Upsetter At The Grass Roots of Dub*, and his own *Revolution Dub*, which lives up to title with spare beats, TV samples and prank vocals that literally leap out at listener. Lands worldwide production/distribution deal with Chris Blackwell's Island Records: "We do it with words and words are the greatest contract." Produces Susan Cadogan's "Hurts So Good" (No. 4 UK) and follow-up, "Love Me Baby" (No. 22). In August, Haile Selassie, former Ethiopian emperor Rastas believe to be God, dies, age 83. Perry and Marley reaffirm faith by cutting "Jah Lives." Near end of year visits U.S., obtains demo of unique phaser which, along with Roland RE201 Space Echo, a primitive drum machine and lots of reverb, will enable him to expand a signature sound already being described as "dense, multi-layered, instantly recognizable and eminently imitable."

**1976:** Island begins releasing string of reverberated, Perry produced classics: Max Romeo's *War Inna Babylon*, Jah Lion's *Columbia Colly* and the Upsetters' eerie *Super Ape*, which he insists is "God's work. Jah create it and just use I as a tool."

**September, 1976:** Co-writes "Smile Jamaica," Marley's plea to "settle down, roots

PHOTO: DAVID KATZ



JUNIOR BYLES



MAX ROMEO, '76



## TIMELINE

people" during election year violence, and "Rainbow Country," which is particularly popular with Jack Ruby's sound system.

**1977:** "Two Sevens Clash" by Culture is big hit in this "tedious" year of spiritual import to many Jamaicans, who stay inside on July 7th (7/7/77)

for fear of Biblical holocaust. Accordingly, Perry keeps producing classics for Island like it's the end of the world: *Party Time* by The Heptones, *To Be A Lover* by George Faith and Junior Murvin's seminal *Police and Thieves*, the title track of which is covered

by The Clash, who also take their name from Culture's song and employ Perry to guest-produce their own "Complete Control." "Lee was shit hot! He was standing on one leg in karate pose, the walls shaking, and nearly blew the control room up getting Paul a bass sound! Brilliant." Island's plan to send Perry to Nigeria and produce Eddie Quansah goes awry when Perry is delayed trying to obtain visa. Decides to chill in London with Bob Marley instead. Bob repeatedly refers to Perry as "genius" and the two write "Punky Reggae Party," their bemused call for Lollapalooza-like shindig: "It will be like a festival when that song come out. The whole world sing the same song." Back in JA, finishes Congoes LP, his most ambitious production yet featuring African rhythms and spacey mixes of rootsy songs.

**1978:** Black Ark reaches boiling point, as artists, hangers-on and dreads hover, while Perry puts in 18 hour days fueled by ganja, rum and Dragon Stout. Session with Jolly Bros. interrupted by unannounced arrival of two Zaireans who have been abandoned by their promoter, booted from their hotel, forced to eat from garbage cans and stabbed before being directed to Perry, who has just had UFO experience and takes arrival as sign from Jah. Records amazing amalgam of African reggae which prefigures Sunny Ade but is not released until 1992. Meanwhile, Perry's production of the Full Experience vocal trio featuring black women from Africa, the Caribbean and America also falls through. Finally, Perry's relationship with Island deteriorates when they reject three of his productions in a row: *Heart of the Congoes*, Perry's debut vocal LP *Roast Fish, Collie Weed and Corn Bread*, and the jazzy *Return of the Super Ape*. Soon after Perry fleeced by dreadlocked promoters who hustle him into funding proposed Broadway musical about reggae that never materializes. Bans dreads from premises, re-cements driveway so only clean footsteps can enter and says "dread fuck up as far as I concerned." After being diagnosed with cancer, Bob Marley asks Scratch to produce four track demos of the heavenly "I Know a Place Where We Can Carry On," the extra ruff "Who Colt The Game" (about an upset domino match) and other elegies that remain unreleased.

**1979:** Records last artists at Black Ark such as Linda McCartney, whom he calls "fucking very good!" Releases final singles like "The Garden of Life" by Leroy Sibbles on Big Spanner Disco Ajax label and his own tortured plea for relief, "City Too Hot." Wife and business adviser Pauline leaves, takes kids with her. Perry breaks down, trashes and allegedly torches Black Ark, later explaining that "I woke up that morning with turmoil in my heart and went to the studio. I love kids' rubber balls. They are air trapped, and I had one favourite, from America, on the mixing desk. Someone had taken it when I got to the studio, so I destroyed the studio and burnt it down. Over. I felt I'd stood up for what I believe in. No one could rip me off any more. Not Chris Blackwell, not anybody." In 1995 Perry would finally clarify that he was not, as

his primitive and unorthodox recording methods astound Eurocentric engineers. As producer Brian Foxworthy marvels, "he didn't over-compensate high frequencies with EQ or micing. Everything is natural sounding. Tape saturation, distortion and feedback were all used to become part of the music, not just added to it." As far as Foxworthy can tell, what Perry probably did is record the initial rhythm on a Teac four-track, mix that down to one or both tracks of a separate two track machine, then take that dub from the two track, put it back on one or two tracks of the four track and thus free up either two or three tracks for more layers (depending on if he mixed down to both or just one of the two tracks). This cycle could be repeatedly endlessly and Perry did so, even though the tape got increasingly degraded each time. Perry didn't care. In fact, Foxworthy guesses that he added live echo, flange and reverb effects, plus loads of percussion (both when recording on the four track and when dubbing down to the two). By 1977 the Black Ark sound was internationally famous and even attracting the curiosity of white rockers ranging from Robert Palmer and Linda McCartney to the Clash. Such was his passion for production that he routinely gave unknowns a first try and has been a second chance. But as pioneering DJ Dr. Alimintado points out, he didn't make them nervous by keeping one eye on the clock: "With Mr. Perry, if you book an hour or two, he will give you two, three, four hours on top, just



makin' sure you get the music right. Whereas with King Tubby's you go in for an hour and have to come out within the hour." While most studios book time, the Black Ark booked a show, as Neil Spencer described: "There he is now, conjuring with switches, knobs and faders; then down to the studio to adjust mics and issue orders to musicians; back upstairs to set tapes rolling, bang on the glass between booth and studio and yell 'ROLLING' at the top of his lungs (amazingly there's no intercom); then the red light is on and Scratch is dancing at his console, arms swinging madly, sitting and unsitting on his stool, when suddenly he swoops on a pair of switches, knocking the piano out of the mix and bringing in a double echo on the drums. He twirls more knobs with all the drama of Dr.

Strangelove switching on the Doomsday Machine, and the guitar echoes uncannily while the hi-hat zips in like a machete." That hi-hat sound became the most distinctive aspect of any vintage Black Ark production. The patterns were melodic enough to carry entire songs, and the actual sound was indescribable, somewhere between a steno pool, snake pit and Rainbird sprinkler system — sometimes evil like a chef sharpening his knives, sometimes happy like a horse's canter. When Perry sent this hi-hat signal through the reverb, flange and delay (as on the classic "Fisherman" by the Congos), the entire song would spiral as if being cooked on a spit. But like we say, descriptions are futile. You have to hear it to dig it and after that you won't need convincing. In the mean time, the undisputed facts are as follows: Perry's emphasis on heavy bass, his strategic stopping and starting of the mix by dropping key parts in and out, his polyrhythmic layering of noise and found effects to create a wall of sound, his use and re-use of his and other people's musics and the actual borrowing of existing records to "scratch" in a patch of sound, not to mention the humor and anger of his own unique slangage — all of these Perry was pioneering when Grandmaster Flash, Afrika Bambaata and the Bomb Squad were still in short pants. His influence on white rock producers has arguably been even greater: Trevor Horn, Adrian Sherwood, the Dust Brothers, Mario C and any others you care to name all take a cinematic but rhythmic approach to production which Perry introduced to the post modern era via the Clash. By the way, he did all this and more in a funky as fuck kinda way: Perry would blow marijuana smoke on the master tapes as they rolled by, clean the tape heads with his tee-shirt, bury the finished tapes in his garden and Lord knows what else. If the final results were often so muddled by degradation that it sounded underwater to the Western ear (see Robert Palmer sidebar), that's probably also why it sounds so dope today.

## HERO

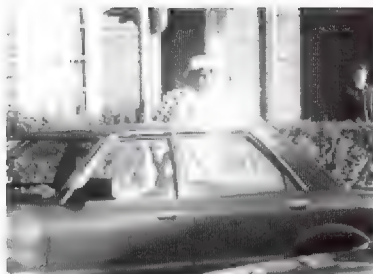
Lee Perry's impact on post modern pop culture goes beyond his contributions to hip hop language and production techniques. Before hip hop even began he was inspiring such prime movers of the punk movement as Johnny Rotten and the Clash. Rotten made early punk history by faking out the nation when he guest-DJ'd a BBC radio programme and spun not standard punk personal favorites like the Perry-engineered classic, "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" by Dr. Alimintado. The Clash took their admiration to the next level by covering the Perry/Junior Murvin hit "Police and Thieves" and having Perry produce the song "Complete Control" for their debut LP. Not to be outdone and mildly bemused by disaffected white youths who empathized with Rasta, Perry and Bob Marley penned the "Punky Reggae Party" single, which imagined a kinda Lollapalooza festival comprised of only cool alternative acts: "The Wailers will be there/The Damned, The Jam, The Clash/Maytals will be there, Dr. Feelgood too/No Boring old farts, No Boring old farts, No Boring old farts/Will be there/Well it's a punky reggae party/And it's tonight!"

It wasn't long after his collaborations with Marley and the Clash that Perry allegedly lost his mind and began writing cryptic graffiti over every surface he came across. Such unorthodox behavior only encouraged another generation of western pop musicians to seek his services. Though he ultimately declined to work with some of the cooler artists who approached him (Mantronix, Talking Heads, Bad Manners), and ended up working with a veritable Who's Who of wack ones (Simply Red, Terence Trent D'Arby, The Woodentops, Zodiac Mindwarp), he nonetheless remained an inspiration to numerous acts of varying styles. During the late 80s, Perry also released two albums with Adrian Sherwood, who perhaps more than anyone has popularized Perry's production methods among non-reggae listeners through his ongoing work with the On-U Sound record label.

With the advent of the 90s, Beastie Boys entered this exalted circle of disciples by conscientiously carrying on the Perry legacy in a variety of ways. For one thing, they found a kinship and shared production duties with Mario Caldato, who was largely responsible for hipping the band to Perry in the first place. On both *Check Your Head* and *Ill Communication* Caldato and the band went after the kind of mixing board experiments that Perry pioneered. As the group







unearthed classic Perry tracks like "Kojak," the haunting "Soul Fire," the mouth-watering "Roast Fish and Cornbread" and all-time OG b-boy anthem "Introducing Myself," they discovered that here was another dude from a completely different space and time who also had plenty of beats and liked to rap about food, sex, pot, himself, his soul and schlocky TV shows like *Ironside*. Caldato even thinks that a mixed tape he made for the group which contained a Perry song that made reference to Shadrach, Meshrach and Abednego may have sparked the band's own song about the three wisemen/minstrels who refused to burn when thrown in the fire.

When the band started playing instruments again for *Check Your Head*, they sampled some of their own grooves (not unlike a lot of the LP) from a G-Son

session that was later remixed by Neal "Mad Professor" Fraser (a protege of and collaborator with Perry). The sessions were eventually shelved, however, and later downplayed because the ideas were never finished. Mad Professor did a bunch of mixes but they were never edited down. (However, the UK's Massive Attack have recently released a Mad Professor remix version of their recent *Protection LP*.) In lieu of playing tribute to Perry, the B-Boys turned to subtly footnoting in different ways over the last two albums. The "Soul Fire" refrain from "Time For Livin'," the "Movin' 'em away" snippet in "The Maestro," the "OK, OK, let's take it from here" intro to "Heart Attack Man" and the line about "Music to rock the nation" throughout "Flute Loop" are all "homages" to Perry. As are Adrock's name checks of Prince Jazzbo in "B-Boys Makin' With The Freak Freak" and Dr. On The Go in "Get It Together" (not to mention his boast during "Sure Shot" that "Like Lee Perry, I'm very....On! Rock the microphone, and then I'm gone").

In addition to these concrete references are all the intangible elements of his style that have either rubbed off on them or confirmed their own instincts: everything from Perry's enormous cache of potential loops to his indefatigable enthusiasm, contagious sense of humor and skewed but right on view of the world. For Lee Perry has more to offer than just good music. He's not just a hero but a way of life. What might indeed be Perry's greatest talent and source of inspiration to others is the genuine freedom that he himself as an artist possesses. It's beyond the sort that a record company can grant someone. It's a true ability as an individual and an artist to be totally free and immersed in creation. As author John Corbett notes in his new book, *Extended Play: Sounding Off from John Cage to Dr. Funkenstein*, Perry has basically created his own universe and cosmology a la George Clinton and Sun Ra. But while Clinton still has one foot in this dimension and Sun Ra has passed on, Lee Scratch Perry The King of Mess remains truly out there, casting spells, declaring rights, prosecuting wrongs, riding the whirlwind, fighting the devil, reversing the curse. And it's a full time job, as we found out when our European correspondent Thomas Markert visited Lee the gnome's home in Switzerland.

At one point during the visit, Perry held up a little booklet of his drawings and carefully turned the pages that were filled with news clippings about UFOs and childlike stick figures. "I am an art addict," he suddenly confessed. "I am addicted to art." He finally turned to a crude rendering of a penis and laughed hysterically, but he wasn't joking. His admission to being "addicted to art" is a clue, if not the key to understanding his whole trip. Because if Perry is addicted to art, then it's arguable that everything he does is art. Not to quote Sting, but every move he makes, every breath he takes is art. Now it was probably Coteau who said that the true hipster behaved as if he or she were always on camera, and in exactly the same way, Perry not only behaves as if he's always on camera (he's been videotaping visitors to his various dwellings since the mid 70s), but more significantly, he behaves as if he were always creating art. As Glen Adams put it, Lee could trip over his feet and turn it into a dance. And the videotape of our visit confirms that he literally sculpts, paints, writes on, fiddles with or sings and raps about everything in his wake. Everything he does is not only a work of art, though, it is also an act of worship. This, in turn, is because Art (and particularly Sound or Music) is God. And, as Perry has said, "the only thing I know is God."

What else to make of his detailed explanations for all the fetishes constructed out of children's toys and consumer waste scattered at strategic locales throughout his yard? Why else would the walls of his secret laboratory be covered with layer upon layer of polaroids, press releases, publicity photos and The Painted Word? Probably for the same reason his furniture, clothes, shoes, karaoke machine, Casio keyboard, speakers and microphone are all painted and pasted with Jamaican, Ethiopian, Indian, Christian and pagan forget me nots of all sorts, shapes, sizes and significance.

Yes, but what exactly is the significance of all his kindergartner cut and paste posturing? The sheer inertia of Perry's charisma coerces one into believing that it must mean something. His spiel, as John Corbett points out, "makes use of a vast set of references — personal, Biblical, Rastafarian, Obeah, cabalistic, conspiratorial, musical, megalomaniacal, sexual and scatological." And while armchair semioticians and spiritualists will no doubt have a field day trying to pinpoint exactly what the little bugger's getting at, it may be simpler than we think, as Perry himself implied to San Francisco DJ Doug Wendt back in 1981: "I'm talking about Judah Lion, the living fire, right? I'm talking about the King of Israel, right? I'm talking about music. I'm talking about words. I'm talking about what I'm talking about: sound power. I'm talking about the time for me, the black man, to have lots of fucking money. Right. That's what I'm talking about. Heh heh heh — nothing else."

That may strike some as a bummer, but it's the brutal truth. Born into a cane-cutting, corn-pickin' caste, then reared in the cutthroat Kingston record business, Perry has always been acutely aware of socio-fiscal justice, while his best tracks have been gripes about the greedy and ungrateful. And although he too has been accused of ripping off artists (in particular the Wailers, unpaid for their classic tracks released on Trojan), Perry insists that he couldn't pay the Wailers because Trojan never paid him in the first place.

Of course it's kind of hard to feel sorry for Perry, who now lives in Switzerland, a titled, successful and sexy wife at his side, a BMW in the driveway and a tidy sum of liquidity at his disposal (just to keep him equipped with paint, tape, glue, film, cassettes and other sundry stationery must alone cost a small fortune, being the art supply bill of someone who's always creating art). According to Mike Chernow of San Juan Music, the company that licenses the 25 Bob Marley tracks Perry lays claim to, it is "safe to say that Perry makes decent money and is happy with our representation." Chernow

rumoured, committed to mental hospital. A dying Marley's mood darkened by news of these events.

**April, 1979:** American Hank Targowski of Black Star Liner Distributors in Amsterdam journeys to Black Ark, finds it covered in graffiti, with broken equipment and priceless masters heaped in pile on the soggy rug. Convinces Perry to clean up tapes, but he continues scribbling cryptic phrases and holding objects to sun as part of "declaring the rights, executing the wrongs" and creating a new metaphysics based on music. "Who is Jesse the Hammer?" he asks. "Jesse the Christ," he laughs. "Get it?"

**July, 1979:** NME's Vivienne Goldman visits Black Ark, finds Perry worshipping bananas, eating money, covering any available surface with tiny Xs and baptising visitors with a hose kept running at all times. The yard is deserted, save for Perry's daughter Marsha, whom he claims is reincarnation of Queen of Sheba. Introduces self as "Pipecock Jackson," renounces dreadlocks ("aren't they biased, partial and some fucking shit?") explains Xs: "X is the creative power of the universe. Sound is God, and when thunder rolled in the beginning of time, the earth split in X, it produced a sound and God made man out of the earth. So sound is God and earth is the word, you get me?" Emphasizes point by hitting large pipe with hammer.

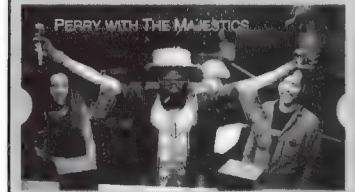
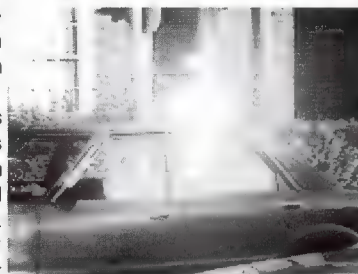
**February, 1980:** Travels to Amsterdam to voice tracks for forthcoming LP on Black Star Liner, who also release *Cloak and Dagger LP* and three Perry singles, including "Bafflin' Smoke Signal," about the death of the Pope. Explains upcoming single "Bed Jammin'" to press: "Bed jamming is a must! Yeah, yeah! Wa, wa! Baby crying! I know the truth!" Reveals plans for first film, *Nature Survival*. "I'm making the best film in the universe — no gun shooting. It's a ball of fire, baby!" First indications of what will become larger obsession with The Big Payback. "I intend to be a millionaire, have Rolls Royce too. All the best things. They think I'm mad, but they're going to burn! Hahaha, it's Scratch's time to laugh."

**May, 1980:** Black Star Liner's plans to record new tracks at Black Ark with "Pipecock Jackson and the Cornerstones" run aground. Though engineers from Amsterdam install new Teac eight track, Perry disconnects unit, and digs a duck pond in studio drum booth to insure good vibes. Geese wander about, but no ducks make it into pond, which fills with rubbish instead. No live drums are recorded, either, only beat box rhythms. Gives white European musicians and black Zap Pow rhythm section vague instructions to re-work oldies and doesn't capture "new" sound he's searching for. Only two new tracks, "Bed Jammin'" and "Easy Knocking," emerge (all other tracks on Pipecock Jackson recorded with usual JA sessionmen before fall of Ark). Project aborted after three weeks, having cost \$65,000 (JA).

**July, 1980:** After receiving such support for over a year, Perry severs relations with Black Star Liner before he can mix new tracks. Black Star's crew do final mix and are credited as co-producers on *The Return of Pipecock Jackson*. According to Perry, "they were in a haste to catch a flight that isn't ready. They ask some singles from me, give me little advance and come with idea to do an album. But they don't find the money. And so many demands they make. I told them I wasn't interested. They put album out, but it's a bad spell me cast upon them — them fall into the twilight zone."

**May 11, 1981:** Bob Marley dies in Miami.

**Summer, 1981:** Surfaces in New York at gig by The Terrorists, a white reggae band from New Jersey. Agrees to produce their EP, plays east coast dates with their backing. According to Stephen Davis, "several people who caught these shows said they were the worst in reggae history." Perry fires The Terrorists after seeing footage of another white reggae band, the





# TIMELINE

Rochester-based Majestics. Says name is "Dr. Syntax" whose "idea is to execute all thief, liars and vampires, mentally."

**Late 1981:** Stephen Davis finds Scratch back in Kingston recording with former boss Joe Gibbs. "Scratch laid the following items around himself: Sagittarius horoscope, small gold statue of a lion, hand exercise grips, a book on Buddhist yoga, note pad of lyrics, several of his own records with weird phrases scrawled on the covers, a hammer, pink plastic airplane, book on space oddities and other objects beyond identification. He stood on books and anointed his feet with clear, sweet-smelling liquid from a rum bottle. The phrase, "coconut excalibur" was repeated frequently. Despite his eccentricity, he was coherent in giving instructions to the musicians and very demanding."

**1982:** Records "Jah Road Block" single with former partner Errol Thompson, releases *Mystic Miracle* Star LP, recorded with the Majestics and Gladly Anderson on piano. The nursery rhyme melodies, mental ward word salads and white boy riddims of the 12-minute "Radication Squad" are blueprint for much of what he'll do throughout 80s.

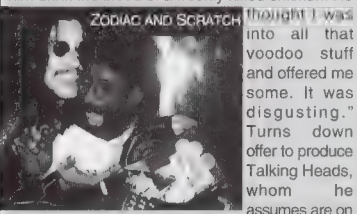
**1983:** Begins recording new album at Joe Gibbs' studio in Kingston.

**Late '83 — Early '84:** Finishes slick but sub-standard *History Mystery and Prophecy* at Island's new Compass Point Studios in the Bahamas. Justifies decision to work again with Island by saying "I was financially embarrassed, Chris knew it. I had to take money because he wasn't sending me any royalty, right?"

**September, 1984:** Moves from Jamaica to London.

**October, 1984:** Claims that Island sabotaged *History, Mystery & Prophecy* by releasing it in America but not U.K. "They afraid Bob Marley record dem have stop sell, and Lee Perry record sell." Unveils master plan: "Me set up shop and tek back tapes from all who have tapes, build studio and repress all me old material. It will happen like a miracle." Such pipe dreams never materialize, nor does his desire to work with "Stevie Wonder, Billy Paul, Paul McCartney, no amateurs."

**November, 1984:** During interview with NME, accuses Island's Chris Blackwell of being vampire. "He invited me to Compass Point Studio and I saw him drink the blood of a freshly killed chicken. He



Island because they record at Compass Point. Credits recuperation from breakdown to "exercise and Buddha, that's my recipe." Near end of year records numerous tracks with Neal "Mad Professor" Fraser.

**Early 1985:** Perry's production services sought by several artists, including Amazulu and Bad Manners, the latter of which is told they must change name to Good Manners to work with Mr. Perry.

**March, 1985:** Releases "Judgement Inna Babylon" which again accuses Chris Blackwell of being "a vampire" who "killed Bob Marley" and "penalized the Wailers." Island calls allegations "not only ridiculous but quite sick."

**November, 1986:** Releases *Armageddon Time* (*Millionaire Liquidator*), his best effort since *Black Ark*. Prior to voicing "Time Marches On," reportedly sips mix of blackcurrant and gasoline, wears electric heater on head as shown on back cover.

**Spring 1987:** *Time Boom X De Devil Dead*, produced by Adrian Sherwood, released. Continues cutting material at Thameside Studios, where he covers walls in graffiti and places wine bottles filled with his urine on mixing the board. (Tracks from these sessions, among them "Stinting By The Seaside," a lullaby he feels is too good to entrust to any record company,

says Perry is not "in his own private Idaho" but is in fact quite astute and prone to conduct phone conversations capable in the Queen's English rather than a rude bwaï patois. You know all those bootleg Bob Marley releases you see on truck stop cassette racks? Many of them are put out by labels that license from San Juan. For example, according to Larry Jaffee writing in *Billboard* magazine, a typical San Juan-sanctioned release, Bob Marley At His Best (Essex) sold 89,389 copies last year, compared to Exodus, the best selling Marley studio album available on Island, which sold only 62,405. (Just so you know, Perry is suing Island over eight tracks appearing on Marley's *Songs of Freedom* box set. Perry says he owns the tracks, Island says they bought them from Trojan, who say they bought them from Perry. Perry says he only licensed the tracks to Trojan for a term long since expired, which is why he's suing them, too). Now to even have the funds to pursue such litigation requires formidable capital, but who knows? Maybe his wife is funding the whole deal. As Perry biographer Dave Katz points out, "Scratch loves spending other people's money." Regardless, a disconcerting subtext presents itself. There's Perry, sitting pretty in Switzerland, having married a white woman and turned his back not just on his country and his color but—according to some—his own family as well. And we're supposed to sympathize with him?

No, not sympathize but perhaps empathize or at least realize where he's coming from. In 1976 Perry released a remarkable roots dub LP on Island called *Super Ape*, which unabashedly embraced the stereotype of black men as primates once removed—a gesture as daring then as it is unthinkable now. Like most of Perry's records, it was a hit with European whites but, as Chris May pointed out to Perry in 1977, not that big in Jamaica. What Perry replied then is what he would probably maintain today: "Jamaican ears lazy to good music and me feel particularly sad about it. Anytime you start to do power music and it sound good, so as to match fe foreigner's own, them turn them back on you and hate you. You polish it, shine it and make it look nice in the eyes of the nation, so the whole world see it and say 'there's Mount Zion, black Africa do that,' but they say you too creative, too newly polished. So it seems like your music going on in the gutter, but if people can't hear it in this time, the next generation pick it up. So nothing gonna stop me from giving people what they need—which is good music. It's easy to give the public what they want, but sometimes they want too much. Best way is to give the public what they need."

Perry didn't contradict this vow by moving to Europe, he confirmed it. After all, let's face it: when he says, "all my fans are white," he's only calling a spade a spade, so write the *Super Ape* off as an Uncle Tom at your own risk.

From here on out you're on your own. There's hopefully enough sidebars, bedknobs and broomsticks to keep you little monsters occupied for another year (and let you answer the Big Questions—Well, is he or isn't he crazy?—for yourself). Just be forewarned that what you've just read and are about to read is by no means the truth, whole truth and nothing but the truth. Keeping in Perry's own spirit, we've taken liberties wherever we could to bring you the sexiest production possible. [Nevertheless we did try to research everything as thoroughly as possible and borrowed liberally from the photographs, writings, interviews, notes, liner notes, record collections and discographies of the following experts, without whom it would have been impossible to compile this article: David Katz (editor of *The Upsetter* and *Musical Root*), Roger Steffens, Roy Hurford (editor of *More Axe 7*), Paul Holgerson (editor of *Dub Catcher*), Robert Kuipers, John Corbett, Larry Jaffee, Steve Hellig, Doug Wendt, Kathy Kenyon, Shawn Mortensen, David Corio, Dennis Morris, Adrian Boot, Chris Johnson, Neal Fraser, Neil Spencer, Vivienne Goldman, Adrienne George, C.C. Smith, Steve Barrow, Chris Wilson, Hank Targowski and our own kooky Kingston correspondent, "Get" Stu Longin. As for a formal bibliography, we also acknowledge the debt owed to the following authors and their books: Stephen Davis, *Bob Marley: Conquering Lion of Reggae*; Stephen Davis and Peter Simon, *Reggae Bloodlines*; Dick Hebdige, *Cut 'N' Mix: Culture, Identity and Caribbean Music*; Howard Johnson & Jim Pines, *Reggae: Deep Roots Music*; Timothy White, *Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley* and *Best Magazine's Best of Reggae: Historique Reportages Prophets*; We also drew on several newspaper and magazine articles, in particular "The Upsetter" by Carl Gayle, *Black Music*, Jan-Feb '75; "Starting From Scratch" by Chris May, *Black Music*, Oct '77; "Scratch The Upsetter" (pt.II) by Chris Lane, *Blues + Soul*, 3-16 Aug '73; "Lee Perry: Genius, Madman, and Magician" by H.W. Targowski, *Vinyl*, Sept-Oct '81; "Game, Upset & Scratch" by Ian McCann and Danny Kelly's 1984 profile in the NME.]



have yet to be released). Also reunites briefly with Max Romeo and the two re-record "The Queen Can't Shit" after being informed that the Queen Mother had a colostomy bag. Re-mixes Simply Red's cover of Bunny Wailer's "Love Fire," re-works heavy metal hit "Backseat Education" by Zodiac Mindwarp (never released) but declines to produce Mantronix or Big Audio Dynamite.

**August, 1987:** Launches Arkwell Records, releases tracks by Max Romeo's sister Jennifer and himself (credited as Jesus Rainford Perry).

**November, 1987:** Adds percussion, cow sounds, the cries of his three year old daughter and his own spoken word intros to "Sign Your Name" and "If You All Get To Heaven" by Terence Trent D'Arby. Reportedly paid \$1,000 a day for the three day session (one day of which he spends dry heaving). Performs first shows ever in Paris at the Elysée Montmartre and afterwards visits Jamaica for first time in three years.

**February, 1988:** Voices over tracks in New York for producer Lloyd "Bullwackie" Barnes, later released as *Satan Kicked The Bucket* LP. Expresses negative view of Big Apple: "too much poverty people everywhere."

**1989:** King Tubby murdered in Kingston.

**1989:** Releases "Masters of the Universe" b/w "A.D. Vendetta" on Arkwell. Both sides feature heavy rock sound mixed in acid house style.

**Spring, 1989:** Re-locates to Switzerland with Mireille Cambell-Ruegg of Laubholzstrasse, an allegedly titled and notoriously shrewd Zurich business-

woman formerly married to another reggae artist, Michael Campbell (AKA Mikey Dread).

**April, 1990:** NME reports that Swiss "have taken a shine to him and donated resident's permit, something British never extended." Meanwhile, Perry takes credit for removing Ronald Reagan and Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga from office. Cites Chris Blackwell's sale of Island as another victory for his cause and casts new spell: "The mirror god himself will chop off Margaret Thatcher head and kill the seven demons in her. As soon as this interview publish, it happen." Also warns "vampires" who bootleg his music that "I don't need a lawyer, they will perish by natural law. Breaks character in "rare moment without jokes or obeh threats," confiding to Ian McCann that "it's taken me 10 years to build myself back. I'm not going to throw everything away."

**June 12, 1989:** *Jamaica's Weekly Gleaner* reports that Perry and manager Mireille threatening Coxson with legal action to prevent "illegal distribution" of the 40 songs Perry had recently recorded at Dodd's Studio One. *The Gleaner* suggests Perry is turning on gentlemen's agreement after falling under influence of new love.

**1990:** After vowing never to work with Adrian Sherwood or Island Records again, releases *From The Secret Laboratory*, produced by Sherwood for Island. Cover features Perry sitting on a throne in red crown and ermine cape. Returns to Jamaica with intention of rebuilding Black Ark, but plan falls through.

**1992:** Heartbeat Records releases two Perry albums, *The Upsetter Meets The Beat* (culled from the late 80s sessions he threatened to sue Coxson over) and the digital ragamuffinish *Lord God Muzick*, notable for its update of "Who Colt The Game," wherein Perry implicates Bunny Lee in King Tubby's death. *Option* magazine publishes author John Corbett's interview with Perry, who refers to Bob Marley as "the Cowardly Lion." Chris Blackwell as "an energy pirate who wants to steal Africa," Coxson Dodd as "a cold, slimy snail," Joe Gibbs "a load from the mountain" and the Mad Professor "a false image." Does, however, offer "congratulations to the hip hoppers, punk rockers and rappers for advertising their words!"

**Spring, 1994:** Grand Royal European correspondent Thomas Markert and photographer Sven Leykauf visit Scratch in Zurich the day before his 58th birthday. Soonafter Perry embarks on successful European tour backed by Soon-Come band, playing shows of over three hours in duration. Splits from his wife Mireille and begins living in Arwa Sound Studios, where he records material for three of his own vocal albums and makes plans to work again with Adrian Sherwood, Dr. Alimantado, and Kalo Kawongolo. Tours France backed by Robotiks band. D.I.P. arranges to release mid-70s Perry catalogue. Gets back together with Mireille Campbell.

**June 1995:** Mad Professor plays Los Angeles, promises to disclose full story of Scratch's saga with Mireille but leaves town before doing so.

**August 1995:** Scheduled Perry concert on California riverboat cancelled due to claims of insufficient payment from Perry/Cambell camp.





# GRAND ROYAL INTERVIEW: LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY

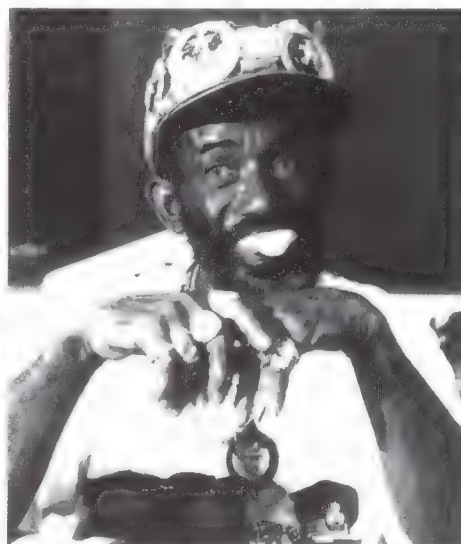
a candid conversation with the original hotstepper and dub innovator about the origins of music, punky reggae parties, Michael Jackson and naked girls

When we found out that Lee Perry was alive and well and living in Switzerland, we just assumed that Mike wouldn't foot the bill for an airline ticket to Zurich, so we had to find somebody young, naive and European enough to do the job for us on the low budge but high energy tip. Enter Thomas Markert, Bob's former assistant at MTV in New York and now at MTV Europe in London, where he works under longtime bud of the B-Boys, Peter Doherty. What follows is Markert's account of his once-in-a-lifetime afternoon with the elusive, eccentric, perhaps even extraterrestrial record producer.

London really sucks. It's expensive as hell and pubs close at 11 p.m. The only good thing about living in London is it makes me the European correspondent for Grand Royal. My first assignment was to go to Zurich, Switzerland and interview Lee "Scratch" Perry. After charging my flight on Mike D's Corporate AmEx, I flew to my hometown, Frankfurt, Germany and met with a photographer friend of mine named Sven. Then we drove to Zurich, anxious to meet the man and legend himself, yeaah! When we arrived, Lee was working in his magic tree, which has lots of weird artifacts hanging from it. As he took a painted skiing outfit down from the tree he greeted us and said he forgot we were coming. From my first impression of the man, I knew it would be a very interesting day. Lee had to prepare a few things in his garden (the man is always working on something and ideas are always flashing into his mind), so he showed

us around his yard, which is more like a permanent art installation. There's the Magic Tree, Lee's Space-ship (a big rock), the "Roots with a Union Jack flag" installation, a cross with whirlwind, "The Balancer" (a sandbox), a fireplace and a little garden ("where collie used to live"). The man is extremely weird, but has good vibes and comes across like a child. He's always playing with new ideas but with a deep philosophy. At least that's the way I got it. He must've liked Sven and me 'cause he invited us into his "Secret Laboratory," which he said "no man had entered before." Well, almost; his wife's washing machine is there, but Lee said it was time to open the "Secret Laboratory" up to outsiders. Apparently he had accumulated too many secrets of late. My buddy and I were very flattered, and entered this amazing workplace and studio that seems to be a shrine of some sort littered with old sound systems, painted synthesizers, religious artifacts, a TV set with a painted screen, and thousands of polaroids, press releases, and other pictures glued to every available surface. I told Lee my editor said I was a very lucky man, and he said, "dem are true." One of the weirder things in his basement was a t-shirt with Lee and Michael Jackson on the front. Lee said he really likes Michael Jackson a lot because Michael is an Ark Angel! Lee rolled a spliff, started smoking then grabbed a red, gold and green mic to give us a little concert. He toasted over a new track he just programmed into his Karaoke machine called "Reverse The Curse," a really cool 45 minute techno trance

tune which would be Number One if I was the ruler of Universal Playlists. After a while his wife Mireille came in. Mireille is a very nice, attractive Swiss woman (much younger than Lee), and she entered carrying her and Lee's first child, Gabriel. Lee "The Music Daddy" told me that Gabriel "The Music Dolly" is an Ark Angel as well. With Gabriel in his arms Lee continued his little concert, triggering sequences on his old synthesizer and adding percussion fills as he saw fit. And this is how Lee "is trying to hold the evil spirits back" in a nice family home overlooking Lake Zurich. In addition to Mireille and three other kids, there's a nanny and a weird old man with spraypainted hair living in the house. In all, it was a nice day indeed. I asked Lee if he could dub a copy of "Reverse the Curse" for me and for the next 45 minutes he toasted and added keyboard to my own, one of a kind version. My friend Sven took millions of pictures (256 to be exact—ed.) and I think he really enjoyed this 'cause Lee kept saying, "Hey snapper, take a picture of this!" We had to keep things moving, so we finished our visit to the "Secret Laboratory" and told Lee we were very honored to be the first ones allowed in the sacred spot he also calls "The Blue Ark." Then we went upstairs and interviewed him, asking questions prepared by Mario, Mike, and Bob. The day soon came to an end and we drove back to Frankfurt. As we did so, we listened to the tape "Reverse The Curse" and thought, how fucking lucky can one get? Now I'm back in London. It still sucks



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SVEN LEYKAUF

"Jesus could be any color. Because he is not the spirit or the flesh. It's the word and the impression of the word. So I could be anything, or you could be anything. All you can say is "I am," and try to live up to the person you say you are."

"Wilson Pickett, James Brown, those boys spiritual. Gladys Knight and the Pips, Smokey Robinson. Actually Michael Jackson is my favorite. I'm not saying it 'cos other people do it. My heart is programmed with Michael Jackson."

"I believe in the English language. But I don't believe in the Swiss, German tongues. I don't believe in short tongues, I believe in long tongues."



*but at least I can listen to my new tape and hope Grand Royal will give me a new assignment. But somehow I get the feeling it'll be a while before I get another like this one.*

GRAND ROYAL: How's life in Switzerland compared to Jamaica, do you miss the warm weather?

PERRY: I don't miss anything, I was trained to take anything that is for me. To take is a learn.

GRAND ROYAL: What is your daily routine?

PERRY: What I like to see most is naked girls. That is what Ramta has me at. Ramta the god of love, right? The god of love and the god of sex that make children. Ramta loves to see naked girls and naked bodies, in swimming pools and other things like that, in the sea. When Ramta see naked girls swimming he get funny upstairs, he get real sexy. Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

GRAND ROYAL: So your daily mission is to see naked girls?

PERRY: Naked girls from where's we come, nakedness. Babylon farmer want to make money so they say he must wear clothes 'cos if police see you don't wear clothes they will lock you up. But God don't like that because they hide the beauty of Almighty God. The god of nature is vexed because nature is naked. NATURE IS NAKED!

GRAND ROYAL: What are your plans for the future?

PERRY: My plan for the future is to see lots of naked girl. Lover-doc who lord of naked pretty girls. Ha-ha! Then we make naked pretty sexy music and make naked sexy tours.

GRAND ROYAL: There's a tour coming up?

LEE PERRY: Of course. "The Whirlwind Tour." Lee 'Scratch' Perry Whirlwind Tour. And naked sexy parties. Universally. World-wide. Globe-wide. And globally. When you treat the music, there ain't nothing the music can't do, right?! And Hercules is a god, right?!

GRAND ROYAL: You're going all over Europe?

PERRY: Everywhere! By the dolly, it will be possible. This dolly say it is written in the book of life about this dolly in Isaiah:9 of the Holy Bible. Me people don't believe in the Bible but I believe in it 'cos I live in the Bible. And to prove that I come out of the Bible and take on flesh and blood to prove I believe and chosen a son is born. And because this child is born then the sun shine. This angel in the flesh of human being. Continue.

GRAND ROYAL: Your band is German?

PERRY: German band, yes. Named the Soon Come.

GRAND ROYAL: Do they feature Jamaican artists?

PERRY: They are Germans. I had an experience with Jamaican artists and I wish not to get involved with things not to my suit any more. I only wish to have people around who have a respect for the music and if they don't respect the music then they'll respect the one that makes the music. I am not asking or begging them to respect me but to respect music some more and respect the maker of the music. But the Jamaican, them don't respect the maker of the music, they expect music. Do you understand what goes on?

GRAND ROYAL: So Germans are more respectful?

PERRY: Yes. You have good German and bad German. But these German that select my music were chosen by God, so they have no other chance but to select it.

GRAND ROYAL: They must be very honoured.

PERRY: Well if they weren't honourable, then Hitler wouldn't have taken advantage of them. Because they are all looking for a leader or a way to go.

GRAND ROYAL: Could you say a few words on

your collaborations with Terence Trent D'Arby and Simply Red?

PERRY: Well congratulation for their try to reach a spot around. They meet a little failure, but try again to get up because a man has seven times to fall and seven times to rise. And if one don't have an understanding of how to help himself, say "I bless myself." And before you bless yourself know that you love yourself. But I do not love yourself then you won't bless yourself. I bless myself because I love myself and I wish myself to do only what is good for me and for other people so other people can hear it and enjoy the pleasure I find in it. Happiness—not misery and torments and complaints.

GRAND ROYAL: Lots of artists ask you for help?

PERRY: Them need help from me know. I will only help those with good manners.

GRAND ROYAL: Do people with bad manners...

PERRY: Those who have bad manners I am allergic to. I am allergic to shouters and doubters and I am allergic to penalizers.

GRAND ROYAL: Is it your birthday tomorrow Lee?

PERRY: I think so. That why these words come before the day. Because this the beginning.

GRAND ROYAL: May I ask how old you are?

PERRY: How old am I? I am ageless, I have no age.

*"It's the instruments first, the musicians second, singers third, DJ's fourth and rappers fifth."*

Otherwise I am A#1. I call me XYZ, the real name. I have no name and age. I am ageless. I am ABC, XYZ.

GRAND ROYAL: You've said that you wrote your first songs at age 14. Do you remember any early titles?

PERRY: Well, I don't keep memory gems on the things that I do or what I have to do. Because this upstairs is not human brain I have. My brain burnt out when the Ark of the Covenant was burnt down. So I transfer my brain into somebody else. I don't have any memory of the past, but the past that need me will have to come to me. I don't go back!

GRAND ROYAL: These questions are all about the past, though.

PERRY: I don't go back to the past. You'll have to ask a question about the past which I remember. Say which I don't, I will not.

GRAND ROYAL: How did you get involved with music, through the church?

PERRY: Through the church! Some people want to paint Jesus in many colors, but Jesus could be any color. Because he is not the spirit or the flesh—it's the word and the impression of the word. So I could be anything, or you could be anything. All you can say is "I am," and try to live up to the person you say you are. I am the child of a king. There is a king over I, the king that overrides the music. Okay?

GRAND ROYAL: Yep! How did you come to work with Clement Dodd, Sir Coxson?

PERRY: Because that's where the music was. Me want to be in the music and believe in Jesus, and the music wants to show me who is Jesus, so the music said, "follow me and go through some people who you will

have to go through." And them carry me through those people so I came unto Coxson to take back the music from Coxson, because me leave it with Coxson, fair reason. Coxson is believing in me long time, too, because Coxson mother didn't believe in him too.

GRAND ROYAL: How old were you when you started?

PERRY: I don't remember. [quirky voice] It's just the tragedy going through and the part me have to play.

GRAND ROYAL: Back in those days there were a lot of sound system rivalries?

PERRY: Yeah, you have this Duke, Duke Reid. He want to be a bully. You have King Edwards, they had big big sound system with big box and they have some bad man to be there because they need bullies. Some people love bullies, they love badness ya know?

GRAND ROYAL: Uh-huh.

PERRY: I love boom sound. The one that get the best tune the people will follow. They buy foreign records and play until the music grow. Because people in Jamaica love fine music. So Coxson, Duke Reid, and Edwards fly around the world, America and England, to buy records that other sound systems don't have. To bring to the crowd that night. Bring them back to Jamaica to make people happy. Because when people want to be happy they will come chasing because no one needs sadness. Duke Reid is playing tonight and everyone want to hear what Duke Reid have! Coxson is playing tonight and everybody want to hear what Coxson have! Then one time Duke Reid and Coxson say maybe I'll make my own record because people love record and especially if it make money. And they started.

GRAND ROYAL: Now in those days there was...

PERRY: Leslie Kong, a Chinaman. They all get involved. Jamaica in record business now, and all the weed people started to groove the music, love the music, follow the music. So me in the country, I said Ahh! Something hit me and said you have to leave the country and go to town. Now me love tractor driving at first. The connection! Always wanted to have a connection with the Earth! I believe in the Earth! So me learn to drive tractor, miraculous to drive tractor. Before the Negril project start, me get a job down there. Then me get second and third job in Westmoreland. They call it Caterpillar, yellow tractor. Them go by color and me follow colors because me believe in color. So it lead me to Negril and from there to Westmoreland and straight to Kingston! Trailing the music, you know. The music take me through the Earth straight to Coxson.

GRAND ROYAL: Wow!

PERRY: Straight into Coxson, because Duke Reid was the bully and Coxson needed another material body, another spirit to help fight. So me out goes as the second spiritual fighter for him.

GRAND ROYAL: What about Prince Buster?

PERRY: He and money was right. I'll tell you what I remember and how it go. I was just on a trail to do a job. That how I get involved, not to be a bully like the rest of the guys. I didn't in it 'cos I want to make money but then I realize I need money. I was doing the job I was programmed to do. Prince Buster was in it. Buster was a big star in London. Big world big. Wash wash—it was Ska. Prince Buster was, I would say, the Emperor of Ska, hahaha. And call Coxson the Emperor of Rock Steady.

GRAND ROYAL: Was there a big fight one night when Prince Buster saved you?

PERRY: Ya, Prince Buster believe in exercise and all



those things. He can defend himself, he's a fuckin' tough guy. I love him, ya! If a guy tried to do me anything, Prince Buster would kill him instantly without even think. Prince Buster would kill a guy for me. Hear me, hear what I say. Coxson might be shame of coward but Prince Buster would go right to you and say you move you bumba clot and kill a guy at the same time. Me sure of that. I live my life on and I say "Shazam!" Fire fly from my arm, right? [Laughs]

GRAND ROYAL: You said a lot of them went to America to buy albums?

PERRY: Those are 45s you call them in those days. They were big like this, about a big plate. Hot Rocks, hot plate.

GRAND ROYAL: Did you ever go with them?

PERRY: No no no. My spiritual come from the Earth, like me show you how the trail go. And listen to the Earth because I respect the Earth very much. 100%. I respect the Earth even more than myself!

GRAND ROYAL: What were some of the popular records of those early dances?

PERRY: I remember that Derrick Morgan was very hot, Monte Morrison was hot, Prince Buster was hot. They all have hit in Ska days until it change over. Coxson slow it down though to be Rock Steady. Them call it Reggae now but Coxson and all them guy can claim it too, 'cos it them who start it.

GRAND ROYAL: Who were your favorite American artists in those days?

PERRY: Wilson Pickett and all them guys. James Brown. They heavy in my mind. Listen to those boys spiritual and heavy. Gladys Knight and the Pips, Smokey Robinson. Ohh! What about um, no, no. Actually Michael Jackson is my favorite.

GRAND ROYAL: Oh?

PERRY: I'm not saying it 'cos other people do it. My heart is programed with Michael Jackson. When I change out of the reggae business I call myself Pipecock Jackxson 'cos I want to have a connection with Michael Jackson. And by the word speak, the word manifest. So I call Michael Jackson my angel. The Arch Angel. Put together by the Ark Angel.

GRAND ROYAL: So you recognized him when he was in the Jackson 5, in the 70's?

PERRY: That is too tough. That is a positive example of money and power, heavier than government power.

GRAND ROYAL: Which bands do you like today?

PERRY: You mean Jamaican music or international universal?

GRAND ROYAL: International.

PERRY: Well it very hard for me to tell you now. The Third World band is really sounding good at this time.

GRAND ROYAL: Have you heard of the Beastie Boys?

PERRY: Beastie boy? I think so.

GRAND ROYAL: Do you listen to rap at all?

PERRY: Yeah, I love the rap music. I have nothing to say about the rap music. The rap music is sounding good to me, but it get a little monotonous now. I think it need a little change and something else.

GRAND ROYAL: Okay. Was your song "People Funny Boy" directed at Coxson or Joe Gibbs?

PERRY: [laughs!] Joe Gibbs.

GRAND ROYAL: How did you come to slow the rhythm down in that song and thereby help create reggae?

PERRY: Well at that time we was listening to the rebels, and the rebels was the lazy people. So them want something to rock to because them fucking lazy. They want exercise, so we have to take the rhythm down to help be a part, because we don't fight against anybody. We leave them to fight against themselves.

GRAND ROYAL: Was the song "Curly Locks" about

anyone in particular?

PERRY: Yes, it was a vision of a guy who had locks in his mind but not on his head. Because his head is a soulman, so he couldn't grow the locks. But he loved to see a girl with the locks. So him said to the girl, Curly Locks, "I have not a dreadlocks, I know I am a dreadlocks." He do it both sides, showing the picture in negative and positive. I love that, because I was a lover of curly locks. I was lovin' her and I did love dreadlocks to my heart, believe you me.

GRAND ROYAL: But you never decided to...

PERRY: I never know they could be so really corrupted. What a terrible experience with dreadlocks, my experience. So I had to put that much into "Curly Locks" by disguising "Curly Locks" as a vision. And I did really love to see locks! Even though it don't fit me, I love it. But when I experience what the locks people are behind the locks...TERRIBLE!

GRAND ROYAL: One of our favourite songs is "Introducing Myself." What's the story behind that song?

PERRY: Introducing myself, Mr. Lee 'Scratch' Perry. Introducing myself, Emperor Haile Selassie. Because I am he. You know why? He is my father and he's inside of me now. He's resting in Mt. Zion. They said he's dead, but he's in me. [Points to necklace with likeness of Emperor Haile Selassie.] Have a look together, same face. We look the same. Look, look, look at the head back. [Removes hat to reveal another portrait of Selassie inside.] Why should I lie? I am he who say not to die. Hahahaha! Fear not, said he the mighty dread, for seize their troubled mind and cast a spell upon their heads. And casts them amongst the deads. The walking talking deads.

GRAND ROYAL: What's the most exciting thing about music--making it, or the reaction you get?

PERRY: The reaction I get from the people. The love they send back to me. Is a play forward and playback. I send them a letter, they love what they read and love what they hear, they send back the letter telepathically to my head, and I hear 'em. I hear all my fans out there.

GRAND ROYAL: Can I ask some technical questions?

PERRY: Yeah, you sure can.

GRAND ROYAL: For the Bob Marley sessions, how many tracks did you use and what type of recorder?

PERRY: Well just a simple 1/4" 4 track Teac. The Japanese equipment. The guy in Japan make a boom, how terrible it is, so instead of putting the boom into the water they put it into tape recorders. And I was lucky to pick up one, Teac AD33, AD44, something like that. And then we go up to one they call Tascam, 8 track Tascam. Those were the equipment. We take it large and Bob Marley rock it to the moon. Straight into the moon.

GRAND ROYAL: What was it like working with all three Wailers in the same room at the same time?

PERRY: Power!

GRAND ROYAL: Were there arguments?

PERRY: No arguments. There was no arguments with the Wailers and Bob when we work together. Couldn't be arguments. Because the power of Buddah is all good over evil.

GRAND ROYAL: Do you sing on any Marley tracks?

PERRY: I was singing through him actually. I learnt him my voice, my melody and my words. He was a body and I was singing through him. So what my name is not on is still mine. And what his name is on is still mine. I give him the idea. I give him the connection, PUN-ky REG-gae PAR-ty. It wasn't Bob. If it was Bob, Bob would be still here. No correction about that because it does compute.

GRAND ROYAL: Did you record the bass directly into

the mixing board or did you mic the amplifier?

PERRY: Straight into the mixing board. I believe in straight and narrow. Why should I mix? And anything I mix, it will mix. Question please.

GRAND ROYAL: How many mics on the drums?

PERRY: Oh, three mics. Bass drum and I was pickin' up all the other hi-hat with only two mics. Because me technological effects on. I have special ears and help. Accessories and E.S.P. Check them out, heavy letters. Straight from A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Zed. From X-Y-Zed, wise-head. [pause] Listen I show you: I present Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti-Do. Go to your question, go ahead.

GRAND ROYAL: What brand of mixing board were you using during the Marley sessions?

PERRY: English SoundCraft board.

GRAND ROYAL: Was it the same one you later used at the Black Ark?

PERRY: Everytime, its got to be a SoundCraft, I believe in SoundCraft. I won't have a aircraft if I don't have a SoundCraft. How could I represent my aircraft without a SoundCraft? I believe in the English SoundCraft boards and I believe in the English language. But I don't believe in the Swiss, German tongues. I don't believe in short tongues, I believe in long tongues. [Makes funny face and sticks tongue out.]

GRAND ROYAL: What type of reverb, plate or spring?

PERRY: Ah, Echoplex! Everything I believe in have to have X in it. Echoplex and sex, anything with X.

[wife laughs] I am in it, full charge. Hahahaha!

GRAND ROYAL: How'd you get the drums to sound so slow and the cymbals to sustain so long?

PERRY: Well they were going through the Echoplex, and with the Echoplex we can do anything. We can change energy and feelings. Because on the Echoplex was rising the invisible ghost King Arthur. The ancient King Arthur from London, England. We saw Excalibur because he's on the SoundCraft everytime.

GRAND ROYAL: What type of EQs did you use?

PERRY: EQ? SoundCraft! What else do you think?

SoundCraft board, SoundCraft EQ, the only thing that wasn't SoundCraft was a Marantz amplifier, because that sent to me from the planet Mars. Hahaha. And my Yamaha headphone as well, it's got to be Yamaha to make you happy and go yamahahahaha! I don't want to use sad things, I don't want to use boring equipment. I want to be happy, so I have Yamaha headphones.

GRAND ROYAL: What type of song do you prefer mixing, instrumental or vocal?

PERRY: INSTRUMENTAL! You shouldn't ask that. I believe in instrumental and instrumental is formed in the mental. From the beginning was all instrumental and God said the musician play the instrument then singers come after. It's the instruments first, the musicians second, singers third, DJs fourth and rappers fifth.

GRAND ROYAL: How did dub come about?

PERRY: Was sound system again, with Tubby's. Competition must be in the music to make it go. So Tubby used to come in the session because he liked my funny music and think it's magic, he loved magic. So him come see how we make the tracks. Today I record the bass and drum and tomorrow I record the rest, the keyboards. So he used to sit in my drum and bass session, and he looked at me and said, "Scratch this is crazy, we can make them just like that." You don't believe me? Alright, give me that tape." And he cut some Dub and carried it to the studio and Jesus Christ that was it! People go fucking crazy and then King Tubby's go BOOM! It was so big, that's why them kill him. Tubby would be a billionaire now. So them kill him before him become a billionaire!



**GRAND ROYAL:** So just for people who don't know what Dub is, can you explain it in a few words?  
**PERRY:** Well Dub, the drum is the beat of the heart, right? The bass is the brain. Me no have no brain, we call it rain, R-A-I-N. That's where the vibration is, the beauty of the sound wave. But the boom boom come from here [beats chest]. So those two are perfect together. One world for the heart and the thoughts. That's clarifying?  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Yup! Who are your favorite producers?  
**PERRY:** Coxsone you should know, because if he was not a favorite of mine, I would help him fight in war. I don't want to remember anybody, but that come up in the thought.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Are you familiar with the engineer Rudy Von Gelder and the work he did for the American jazz label, Blue Note?  
**PERRY:** What? The Jazz?  
**GRAND ROYAL:** A producer named Rudy Van Gelder and the jazz label Blue Note!  
**PERRY:** Well I must recognize him, whether I know him in person. Not everyone is working for the Blue Note. Then he's in the high sky. That is clear. If he's on the Blue Note I don't have to recognize him in the flesh, I can see him in the spirit, in the Blue Notes. [laughs] You know what I mean? Blue notes, the blues, jazz, blues. Beginning of everything, before you can talk about. Before we had the Blues there was a thing they call Naybingi jungle music. People beat the drum, they call it Naybingi. So that advance unto the blues, jazz blues and carry on, creating a big ball of fire. Big power. The Mighty Music. Yes sir, continue.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Where do you see yourself in the history of music?

**PERRY:** As the music baby boy.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Who taught you the most about music and production?  
**PERRY:** The earth, the air, the water, and the fire. And my head. Mirrors. The master of the future. Because without a mirror you never see yourself, your other self. You see in the mirror your original self.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Who has been your most accomplished apprentice? Was Brad Osborne one of your promising students?  
**PERRY:** Osborne? He did have a love inside him for me. And anybody love me too much they always get rid of them. The people that love me, deeply, they always try to kill them with gun. Because when you touch a brother it make me cry because brothers are somebody I love very much.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Did anybody ever try to kill you?  
**PERRY:** Many times. But it is not possible for me to die. This was given by earth, to protect me. I believe in this. This flesh that I'm wearing, I love it very much. And because the flesh that I wearing knows that I love this flesh very much, this flesh has got to protect the spirit in the flesh, for all of times. I'm not afraid of death.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** What was unique about the construction of Black Ark studio?  
**PERRY:** Well I was inspired by the sea, the water, because I believe in water, to build a studio called the Ark. So I build it out of stone and in time it be finish. And then I was inspired by the sea and the water and the strength to get rid of it, and I did so. As I was told. I am the music boy. I am not a man. I can't explain that to you, but still you can understand. I am a boy so I take orders from my daddy. The sea is my daddy. I am a fish, in the flesh.

**GRAND ROYAL:** Did you maintain the studio yourself or did you have assistance?  
**PERRY:** Would I be so stupid to let somebody go inside what God has given me, with their filthy hand and filthy spirit? I am allergic to evil spirits.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** So...  
**PERRY:** NEVER!!! Nay! No! Never I would do that.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Did you like working with people around or by yourself?  
**PERRY:** If their spirit is clean it's welcome, but if it's dirty it's not welcome. I love a good spirit around. Ohh, could come in a million when the spirits are good. You won't be confused and I won't be unhappy. You'll make [his stepson] Noel happier. And when we are together, the happier we shall be. And the more we are the keeper then we'll share the weather. Under the umbrella in the children's dome, that conquer Rome with rubber foam. And soap, soap sud. Talk about Cleopatra's magic soap. How could we survive without soap? So Michael Jackson Perfume and Lee Scratch Perry Soap is coming. Michael Jackson come clear with his perfume, you ever see that? [giggles] And him he get from Egypt. The Egyptian perfume did that for Michael Jackson, so I am coming with Lee Scratch Perry Cleopatra Magic Soap next! 'Cos everybody has to bathe. Everybody need special soap.  
**GRAND ROYAL:** Yeah.  
**PERRY:** That's a part of my future plan. Then we have the music going and the cassette: Lee Scratch Perry Magic Soap Cassette and Lee Scratch Perry Magic Soap Japan. Lee Scratch Perry Custom Cap. Lee Scratch Perry Space Boots. [laughs]. You know what I mean? And the soap must be used so Michael Jackson go in--[tape cuts off]

## CHRIS BLACKWELL IS A VAMPIRE?

No discussion of Lee Perry would be complete without reference to Island Records founder Chris Blackwell. Perry has accused Blackwell of being a "vampire," but back in the days when he received a 20,000 pound advance per LP, Perry enthused, "Island the best deal I ever had to ras claat man!" The honeymoon ended in '78 when Blackwell started shelving Perry's productions. We wanted to know why, but Blackwell (who Peter Tosh once dubbed "Whiteworst") ignored our requests for an interview, and Mike didn't use his juice to get him on the horn, so Luscious Jackson's Vivian Trimble translated the pertinent exchanges from an interview Bruno Blum conducted with Blackwell in the French magazine *Best*.

### What is the nature of your relations with Lee Perry today?

*He's the biggest producing talent that I know, all categories of music included, an absolute genius. When you think of all the records he did on a Teac, recorded with four tracks, where you couldn't even copy a track on another in order to get all the instruments--and all of this in a tiny studio, Black Ark. What he created is truly extraordinary. His sense of rhythm, his capacity to draw something really unique from his musicians, he was really on it, but he gradually he became really crazy. During one period in his studio, everything was perfection, totally clean, organized, impeccable. And then everything deteriorated up to where he set his studio on fire.*

### His song "Judgement Ina Babylon" accuses you of sorcery.

*Yeah, he was furious that I refused to put out one of his records which wasn't very good. He was under the impression that I was dropping him and that pissed him off. Before this episode I thought he was recovering his spirits. I gave him \$25,000 so that he could go buy material in New York to put together his studio, but he spent everything at Cartier. He bought assortments of silver jewelry for thousands of dollars. On top of that he started repainting the apartment that had been lent to him. He was finally thrown out when he was caught repainting the elevator.*

The bottom line, as Ian McAnn noted, is that "Perry knew that no-one in the world could do what he did, and he resented Island for not selling him harder. In truth, they did more for him than any other label could have done." Nevertheless, one can't help feeling that Whiteworst will always be indebted to Scratch: As *Mojo* magazine recently reported: "On December 3, 1976, Blackwell was delayed from visiting Bob at 56 Hope Road as Scratch did what he promised would be a 'quick mix' on his song 'Dreadlocks In Moonlight.' It was just as well — Blackwell thus avoided the bullets when gunmen arrived at Bob's to make an attempt on his life."

## REBEL SOULS, PERRY & MARLEY

*If ever there was a love-hate relationship, it's gotta be Lee Perry's ongoing affair with the ghost of Bob Marley. Here's a selective oral history of Perry's relations with Bob and the Wailers.*

"When Perry authorized Trojan to issue *Rasta Revolution* and *African Herbsman*, it was Perry himself credited as the author of "Duppy Conqueror," "Kaya," etc. Bob walked into a Kingston record store, picked it up, yelled, "Shit! Dat motherfucker!" went directly to Perry's house and the two wily men screamed at each other while Perry's wife and kids cowered in the bedroom. Even though Bob left Washington gardens with shattered crockery in his wake, the two were as blood brothers the next day, laughing and slapping each other on the back as they outlined new songs." (re: c. 1974, Timothy White, *Catch A Fire*) "Every song Bob Marley sing is good. If you say, Bob I want a tune about this bamboo cup, Bob will take up the guitar (he begins to sing) 'bamboo cup,' until he finds a melody. I and him can even quarrel 'cause there are certain things between me and Bob that no one can understand. Bob Marley great man! Peter is another good writer. Any time Peter writes a tune he writes it for a reason. Bunny is a good singer. Bunny would do great if he give himself more time to think." (1975) "As Bob come out of my section was when him roots manners start. I the right man to go with their kind of soul." (1977) "People might have said things about the difference between me and Bob but it no so. We 'ave a work we mus' do — compulsory job — so if Bob stay away a little while it's because 'im that have the trouble and we 'ave none, dig. We still ave fe go to a deeper depth to find the 'alf that never been told. Evil force part us because we expose too much truth." (1977) "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. If he dead, he must know why him dead." (1981, on Bob's death) "He's a tormentin' in hell. He don't give me credit for the songs I write, much less any money. When he was with me, me share with him. He want tek over me voicing, want tek over me music, me style, everything." (1984) "When the Wailers were on top with Bob Marley and Island Records, they didn't have anything to say about ol' crazy Lee Scratch Perry. Why should I have to say anything about them now? None of the Wailers play on 'Punky Reggae Party.' Bob was about to lose one of his feet in Miami when I took the tape there. There's one good thing I love about Bob, his mind catch on very quickly. He might have got greedy after some time, but he is a good guy." (1987) "Him never believed in Black Monarchy. God is black. The record plastic can prove that to you. Look at the sun when it casts a shadow. That's the spirit. The spirit is black. Bob thought his own shadow was red or white. He never knew it was black." (1987) "Me no sorry for Peter Tosh. Why? People like Peter Tosh cannot be trusted, they are too fucking boastful!" (on Tosh's murder, 1987) "The cowardly lion. He didn't believe in nothin' but politicians and quick money. He didn't believe in me. It was all my idea. I wrote it, recorded it, told them what to do." (1990) "I am the balancer/And I don't give you cancer/I don't want my head to be bald like Bob Marley." ("Vibrate On," 1992) "When we first approached Lee Perry, he was broke. We withstood the cost for those records. Then Perry started selling the tapes all over the place. We never received one dime. Lee Perry never played a note. All these albums say Lee Perry wrote 'Keep On Moving' and all the others. All bullshit!" (Bunny Wailer, 1994) "I open Bob Marley door. I open Peter Tosh door. I close Bunny Wailer door. I close all the Bunny's door. I close all the funny's door." ("Open Door," 1995)

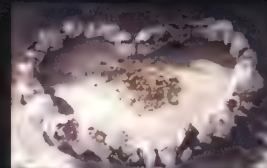




## In Search of the

# Black Ark

Photos and  
Text by  
Shawn  
Mortensen



My friend and I noticed that the houses were really normal, with little driveways, trees and real sidewalks, so we thought that this couldn't be the place. Then we came across some big rocks forming a large peace sign in the middle of the sidewalk. Next to that was a big heart, also made out of stones but filled with broken glass as well. This must be the place, we thought.

Lightning bolts were painted on a wall separating the sidewalk from the yard, and the front gate made it seem like Dub Graceland. Alifton "P-son" Perry, Lee's brother, let us in, and Scratch's graffiti was everywhere, even on the roof. There was a portrait of Scratch in the entry way, and on the front door were nailed several quarter inch master tapes.

Each had scrawled murals, phrases and other symbols all over the walls in the side of the house, too. In the back yard, a burnt out concrete structure painted with the words "Black Ark" confirmed that these were indeed the

ruins of Scratch's fabled home studio which he allegedly trashed and torched after things got too hectic in the late 70s.

Inside the studio, the console was missing but you could still see the small observation window, almost like a gun turret, looking out from the control room that was slightly above the ground floor like a sleeping loft. There was also a burnt out speaker with a Lion of Judah painted on the grille, and Scratch's Roland Space Echo on top of the cabinet. The walls were black from the fire and of course covered with graffiti.

Although I had my camera, I was too excited to ask typical journalist questions. On the bus ride back I thought that Black Ark was not just a legitimate historical landmark but it had also fed something Scratch had allegedly said upon leaving Jamaica: "When the people in want me and my music, I won't be there."



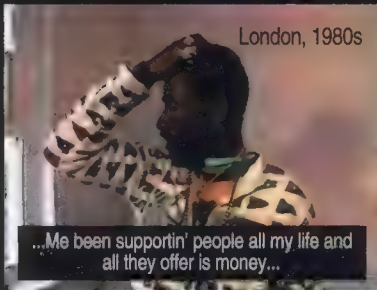


Black Ark Studio, Kingston, 1970s



"Kingston is full of little studios, like Scratch's home. He records all the greats, even Paul McCartney is coming from England. Scratch has a rhythm of his own. The instruments may

London, 1980s



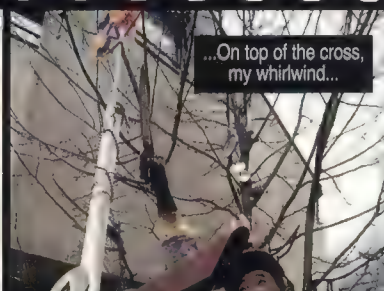
...Me been supportin' people all my life and all they offer is money...

...Understand that this is holy sun, moon and star...

...I see in Madonna's knickers a black cocky -- it could be mine!...

I am psychee -- good things are happening out there!

Mireille's Garden, Zurich, 3/20/94.

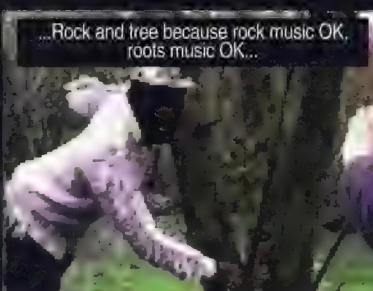
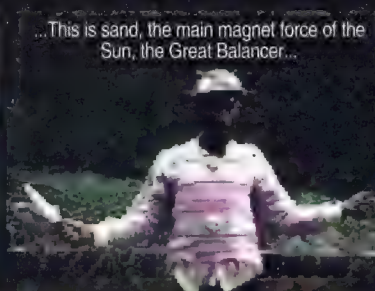


I'm an international universal man -- all my fans are white...

...This is my spaceship, the rockstone...

...I will climb my magic tree and you can videotape me...

...On top of the cross, my whirlwind...



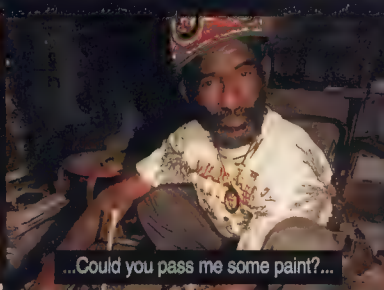
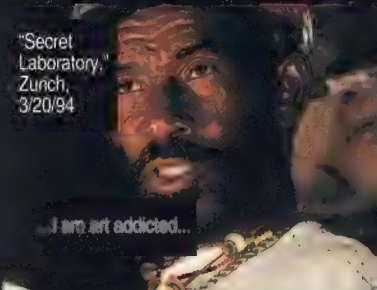
Well, heh-heh-heh, going on very good...

...This is sand, the main magnet force of the Sun, the Great Balancer...

...Rock and tree because rock music OK, roots music OK...

...My fireplace, where I warm myself up when I'm cold...

"Secret Laboratory, Zurich, 3/20/94

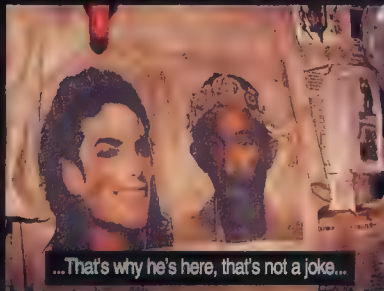


I am art addicted...

...I am addicted to art...

...This is my compellance powder...

...Could you pass me some paint?...



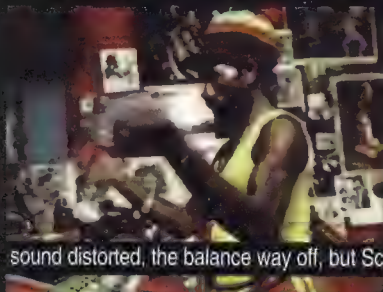
...Too many secrets...

...You the first man to ever look inside my cap...

...God sent a plan to Michael to come into dub music...

...That's why he's here, that's not a joke...





sound distorted, the balance way off, but Scratch knows exactly what he wants."



-from the video *Roots, Rock, Reggae: Inside the Jamaican Music Scene* (Shanachie, 1988)



Flexible youth who believe in excercise can create anything with their muisc....Make sure you see this...Or I'll stand here for the next two weeks without moving, alright? HA HA HA!



...And this is my world grin...



...The earth rock I and I rock the earth...



...If you catch this in the sky you'll be very lucky...



...Cross you heart because the fire flames is here...



...Hahaha! Lee Scratch Perry behind Bob Marley collection...



...You better hit your panic button...



...I don't allow people down here...



...I've changed the name from Black Ark to Blue Ark...



...We'll take over Eiffel Tower and share profit...



...You can depend on my soul about that...



...I've got roots on top of my boots...



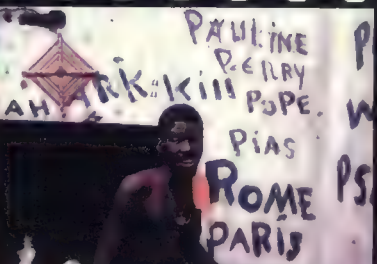
...I have a secret in my cap...



...Here Mistress Perry, the whole family on her chest...



...I am Magic Daddy, this is Music Dolly, Merlin reborn...



...Omar "Mark" Perry, 1994, Kingston...



...Lee Perry's mother, 1994, Green Island.



LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY'S



COURTESY ROGER STEFFENS ARCHIVES

RECORD COVERS COURTESY MARCO C. MIKE D. JONAS KUGLER, MAX PERLOH, ROGER STEFFENS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY REGGIE CAGLIARDI, SHANE JONES, SON MORTENSEN

WALL OF SOUND



# WALL OF REVIEWS

<p><b>CHICKEN SCRATCH</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1964-66; <b>Style:</b> Upbeat Ska; <b>Content:</b> Priceless comp of earliest, long out of print efforts, ranging from ska scorchers, lewd/rude boasts to wounded love songs and traditional folk. Distinctively quirky, hard edged style already apparent. <b>Band:</b> Skatalites; <b>Backing Vocals:</b> Rita Marley's Soulettes, the Dynamites and the Wailers ("Man to Man"); <b>Sample Lyrics:</b> "Take your time/Dig it man/Chicken Scratch" ("Chicken Scratch"); "Hand to hand/Man to Man/We shall defeat them one by one" ("Man to Man"); "I don't want a woman with 10 fat fingers" ("Puss In Bag"); <b>Liner Note:</b> "Lee Perry, while appealing to sophisticated European audiences, could still capture the essence of Jamaican life."; <b>Cover:</b> Scratch Warhol.</p>	<p><b>PEOPLE FUNNY BOY</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1968-69; <b>Style:</b> uptempo, poppy Rocksteady and early Reggae; <b>Content:</b> 20 early productions incl. big hits "Return of Django," "People Funny Boy" and best ever version ("You Crummy"); <b>Vocalists:</b> Burt Walters, Val Bennett, The Meltones, David Isaacs, Danny &amp; Lee, The Beechers, The Inspirations, Slim Smith; <b>Standout tracks:</b> The Upsetters' "Handy Cap" with the steel drums carrying the melody, the machine-gun report guitar riff and crying baby intro to "People Funny Boy," Burt Walters' wavering, emotionally fraught reading of Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind" (complete with sound of wind blowing!), David Isaacs' lovely reading of "Place In The Sun" (popularized by Stevie Wonder), <b>The Sincerest Form of Flattery Award:</b> Val Bennett for aping Chubby Checker; <b>Best Titles:</b> "Evol Yench," "Popeye (Stranger) On The Shore," "Nonesuch Busted Me Bel," <b>Smash Hit:</b> "Return Of Django" which was a UK Top 5 while Bill Cockook (sax); <b>Top Couplet:</b> Lee Perry in "You Crummy": "Look how we used to be really good pals/ we even shared the same gals"</p>	<p><b>THE BEST OF LEE PERRY AND THE UPSETTERS VOL. I &amp; II</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1969 (Vol. I), 70 (II); <b>Style:</b> Soul/rock-tinged early reggae; <b>Content:</b> Mostly Meters-inspired organ driven instrumentals, a few serious vocal tunes and goofy proto talkovers; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters; <b>Vocalists:</b> Dave Barker, Count Sticky, Reggae Bos (Featuring Max Romeo), Pat Satchmo; <b>Dope Titles:</b> "The Return of Thugly," "Clint Eastwood," "My Snob," "Soul Stew," "Beware Fade," "Goosy," <b>Choice Lyrics:</b> "For a few dollars more/You'll be lying on the floor" ("For A Few Dollars More," Vol. I); <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Nightfall Ruler" (hard rasta toast), "Sessalie" (early rasta vocal plus unbelievable bass) "Ain't No Love" (harmony vocal) and "Cloud Nine" (spiritual vocal like Marley); <b>Note:</b> Vol I (blue cover, same photo, not shown), is better but both dissed by some critics for "sounding like roller rink music."; <b>Liner Note:</b> "Lee talked about this album saying all his original imagination went into these works because he had them stored up for years before he got the opportunity to record them."</p>	<p><b>BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS, SOUL REVOLUTION PT II</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1971-72; <b>Style:</b> Raw, vintage rootsy Marley before he was marketed by Island to western rock audience; <b>Content:</b> Easily some of the heaviest, best reggae ever recorded; deliberate, avai, hi-hat, scratchy guitar, arap percussion and ethereal harmony vocals. <b>Band:</b> Barrett Bros: bass &amp; drum; <b>Ava Lewis:</b> guitar; Glen Adams: organ; P.Tosh: melodica; <b>Vocals:</b> Wailers; <b>Writers:</b> Marley and Perry; <b>Choice Cuts:</b> Marley's prettiest ("Don't Rock My Boat"), toughest ("Duppy Conqueror"), roughest ("Soul Rebel") and freakiest ("Mr. Brown), along with the original version of "Kaya" and cover of Richie Havens' "African Herbsman; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "T'm so high/I can even touch the sky/Above the falling rain"; <b>Note:</b> Part II is an instrumental dub of Pt. I, originally pressed in a limited edition of only 5000 copies. Perry printed 5,000 copies of the jacket for Pt. II, however, and craftily filled the remaining 4,500 jackets with copies of the vocal pt I disc. <b>Album Pictured:</b> Signed "Jah God" by Perry, courtesy Roger Steffens Archives.</p>
<p><b>THE UPSETTER COLLECTION</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1969/70, 72-73; <b>Style:</b> More organ and sax heavy instrumentals, early toasts, scorcher vocals; <b>Content:</b> Instrumentals and crucial tunes ("Check Him Out" by Beechers and "Words of My Mouth" by Gathers) are from 69/70, while astounding pre-hip hop sound collages ("Cow Thief Skank") and perky Perry toasts ("Bucky Skank") are 72/73 stuff; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters <b>Vocalists:</b> The Beechers, The Gathers, Carlton &amp; His Shoes, Perry, <b>Choice Titles:</b> "Kill Them All," "Drugs and Poison," "French Connection," "Freak Out Skank"; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "The higher you climb, the more you expose/The bigger the breeze/The stronger it blows/Bucky Skank/Do it hank/on the bank/Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh" ("Bucky Skank"); <b>Note:</b> "Freak Out Skank" is a dub of Al Green's "Love and Happiness"; <b>Liner Note:</b> "By 1972, his technique was more or less perfected — Upsetter lead the way in every sort of reggae, and although no one ever thought of him as a DJ at the time, his own toasting records sound as fresh and vital today as they did then"; <b>Cover:</b> Black Ark mixing desk at its most cluttered.</p>	<p><b>SHOCKS OF MIGHTY</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1969-75; <b>Style:</b> Content: 13 eclectic cuts, instrumentals ("French Connection 2") sufferer's songs ("No Bread and Butter," ), JB-Boy workouts (Dave Barker's "Shocks A Mighty"), anthems ("Black Man's Time"), nursery rhymes ("Three Blind Mice") and covers ("Be Thankful"). <b>Band:</b> Jackie Jackson, Rad Bryan, Family Man (bass), Lloyd Adams (drum), <b>Ava Lewis,</b> <b>Hud Brown</b> (gtr), Winston Wright, Ansell Collins (org), Bobby Ellis (tp), Ron Wilson (tbn), Tommy McCook (sax); <b>Vocalists:</b> Barker, Milton Morris, The Classics, Neville Grant, Jimmy Riley, Leo Graham, Bunny Clarke; <b>Recorded:</b> Randy's, Black Ark; <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Civilization" (heavy), "Dark Moon" (McCook skronk), "Three Times Three" (Tubby cane); <b>Choice Lyrics:</b> "Look how we're living in this world/We need more civilization/And better organization/To fight victimization." <b>Note:</b> "Move Out of My Way" is track Scratch dubs on "Kojak"; <b>Liner Note:</b> "A version of 'Clint Eastwood' (UK pop hit in '69) called 'The Tackro' illustrates Perry's use of sound/studio effects to renewing 'old' tracks." <b>Cover:</b> SS cap, jean jacket, Star of David necklace.</p>	<p><b>BEST DRESSED CHICKEN IN TOWN</b>  <b>Era:</b> 1973-76; <b>Style:</b> proto-rap DJ talkover by pioneer Dr. Alimantado; <b>Content:</b> First-rate toasting over super spongy golden age reggae; the classic title track features one continuous vocal echoed throughout entire song; <b>Engineers:</b> Perry (title track), "Can't Conquer Natty Dreadlocks," "Ride On" and King Tubby ("Just The Other Day," "Plead I Cause"); <b>Note:</b> not known at press time what Alimantado holds doctorate in; <b>Liner Note:</b> "Thanks to all singers, producers and musicians before me who have paved the way so I can trod on, and special encouragement to all young singers — keep trying and never give up."; <b>Cover:</b> Tado's fly is open in the superfly photo.</p>	<p><b>PUBLIC JESTERING</b>  <b>Years:</b> 1973-76; <b>Style:</b> Spiffed-out character assassinations, earliest Black Ark tracks; <b>Content:</b> Eight tracks, nine versions; <b>Vocalists:</b> Jimmy &amp; Glen, Leo Graham, Horse Mouth, Prince Jazbo, Truth Fact &amp; Correct, Judge Winchester; <b>Choice Cuts/Lyrics:</b> "I'm A Dread Locks" (based on "3 Blind Mice" has Perry calling dreadlocks "dead-locks," asking "where you been?" To which a dread answers "In the bathroom, sir"); "Babylon Deh Pon Fire" (catchy messianic chant), "Nine Finger Jerry Lewis" (taunts Ninety the Observer with "Here Nine Finger/Jerry Lewis/pompous Judas"), "Doctor Demand" (high strong Leo Graham vocal, fuzzy synth), "Herb Vendor", Horse Mouth's very high ode to his dealer, with B-Boys sample at :38; <b>Note:</b> Six versions of "Black Dealer"; title tracks updates and surpasses early Prince Buster courtroom dramas; <b>Liner Note:</b> "The Leo Graham tracks are a warning to enemies who might seek the help of an Obeah man in order to attack the producer."; <b>Cover:</b> Fractal Panther.</p>
<p><b>REVOLUTION DUB</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1975; <b>Style:</b> Dark, minimakot, surrealist dub; <b>Content:</b> Nine familiar rhythms stripped to bare essentials (hi hat, bass drum, gtr) to showcase improv scat singing, ill freestyle rhymes; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters; <b>Vocalists:</b> Perry, Ricky and Bunny ("Bush Weed"), Jimmy Riley (Woman's Dub); <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Kojak," "Dr On The Go," and "Bush Weed" (probably Adrock &amp; Mike's three faves); <b>Choice Lyrics:</b> "This is Dub Revolution/Music to rock the nation!" "I don't want to mess around/I don't want to be your clown/I'm my own man/Can't you understand?" "My name is Kojak/Meet me at the track/With the double attack"; <b>Note:</b> Bunny Clarke later became Bunny Rugs of Third World; first Perry LP with drum machine, also uses British sitcom laughtrack la Pink Floyd.; <b>Liner Note:</b> "More astonishing still (although with Perry this is the norm) are the echo effects on the Bunny Clarke voices from 'Move Out,' known here as 'Kojak.'"</p>	<p><b>SUPER APE</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1976; <b>Style:</b> Double Irie So-Fi dubs of "Curly Locks," "Come Along," "War Inna Babylon" and other hits, spiced with lascivious African undercurrents and apocalyptic chants, rants, toasts and boasts; <b>Content:</b> 10 of the most accessible yet authentic dub raps ever; Prince Jazbo's "Cooking Lizard" is best, it ate out the toughest; <b>Band:</b> Bass: B. Gardiner, Drum: Mickey Boo and Ben Bow, Gtr: E. Smith; Piano: E. Sterling, Percussion: Perry &amp; Skully; <b>Recorded at:</b> Black Ark; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "Jah Jah's arms are open wide/Why not step inside, y'all?" "This is the ape man/Tied into creation/Are you ready/Are you ready to step with I fear?" <b>Dave Katz Says:</b> "A dub album with a difference, in that it features harmonising vocals and jazz melodies."; <b>Liner Note:</b> "He's known for a long time that there's no other Jamaican producer, hence no other producer in the world, that can do what he does. This, combined with the realization that after eight years at the top he has very little to show for it in financial terms, is the source of much energy and inspiration. He's not gonna let up for a moment. Especially now that the whole world is watching."</p>	<p><b>RETURN OF THE SUPER APE</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1978; <b>Style:</b> muddled, cluttered and nutty end-of-ana era art reggae; <b>Content:</b> Jazzy dubs, crazy covers, out there originals, EZ listening instrumentals, aggressive rock beats, psychotic segues, primitive sound effects, super-sad awwals; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters; <b>Vocalists:</b> Primarily a grunting JB-inspired Perry, plus two Congolese mechanics on labor exchange (not Seke and Kalo of <i>Heart of the Congo</i>) and Full Experience; <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Bird in Hand" by the two mechanics, "Crab Yars" (jazz lite), title track (w/ primitive synth, broken glass and other destructive sound FX), "Psyche and Trim," ("one is fat, the other slim"); <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "You're gonna lose you're dinner/For the lion are de winner" ("The Lion"); <b>History:</b> Rejected by Island, perhaps reflected in violent sound FX on title track (is he actually destroying studio?); <b>Liner Note:</b> "The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." <i>Isiah 9</i>; <b>Note:</b> Cover version of Rufus's "Tell Me Something Good," another song by the mechanics is on <i>Scratch On The Wire</i> (otherwise their album languishes in Island's vaults).</p>	<p><b>WAR INNA BABYLON</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1976; <b>Style:</b> spacey, mid-tempo, mid 70s roots riddims with legendarily concious lyrics; <b>Content:</b> Famous British bestseller, Perry's first for Island, featuring titanic title track and other self-explanatory titles like "Uptown Babies Don't Cry," "I Chase The Devil," "Stealing In The Name of Jah," "Smile Out a Style"; <b>Recorded at:</b> Black Ark; <b>Vocalist:</b> Max Romeo; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters; <b>Backing Vocalists:</b> Marcia Griffiths, Cynthia Scholas, Barry Llewellyn, Earl Morgan; <b>Writers:</b> All but two tracks co-written by Perry; <b>Lyrics:</b> "Smile outa style/Love on the walk/Scrawface back in town." ("Smile Out a Style"); <b>What Robert Christgau said:</b> "I find his album more attractive than all but two reggae LPs released stateside in 1976 — the Mighty Diamonds and the first Burning Spear. But I won't argue with anyone who finds it tediously close in spirit to the foregone conclusions of Peter, Paul &amp; Mary."</p>
<p><b>POLICE AND THIEVES</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1977; <b>Style:</b> Reverber-drenched semi-militant falsetto roots; <b>Content:</b> 10 sweet but tough Curtis Mayfield meets reggae hybrids, including epic title track (spend 13 weeks atop British reggae charts, later covered by Clash); <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Roots Train," "Rescue Jah Children," "False Teachin'" ("Babylon make the wine/To blow the children's mind") and boastful remake of "Solomon" ("I am wiser than Solomon, so girt don't play your tricks") and spirited support vocal on "Lufter"; <b>Band:</b> Upsetters; <b>Vocalist:</b> Junior Murvin; <b>Writers:</b> All but two co-written by Perry, "False Teachin'" and "Workin' in the Confired by Perry; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "All the crimes committed day by day/No one tried to stop it in any way"; <b>Note:</b> Title track re-entered British pop charts in 1990. What Christgau said: "Two compelling tracks leading into eight pleasant ones make for a more than passable and slightly less than recommended reggae LP."; <b>Liner Note:</b> "Perry not only realized the strength of "Police and Thieves," but almost immediately visualized it presentation."</p>	<p><b>HEART OF THE CONGOS</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1977; <b>Style:</b> Heavy/enlfi afro-roots harmonies; <b>Content:</b> 10 epic tunes of Biblical gravity, psychedelic complexity yet savage simplicity; <b>Band:</b> Boris Gardiner (bass), Sly/Michael Richards (drum), Billy Boy (gtr), Ernest Ranglin (lead gtr) Keith Sterling (piano) Winston Wright (organ), Noel "Scully" Sims (perc); <b>Vocals:</b> The Congos (Cedric Myton and Roy Johnson), backing by The Meditations; <b>Credits:</b> Two songs ("Fish-eman," "Congomang" co-written by Scratch; <b>Choice Cut:</b> Surreal, primordial "Congomang" prefigures Michael Crichton with drum machine/conga counterpoint; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "Shadrach, Meshrach and Abednago/They came forward and away they go/Daniel in the lion's den/They thought they'd never see him again." <b>Cover:</b> Shea Johnson lookalike in Puma cleats (on back eating fresh fish on dock right out of net). <b>Note:</b> At least five mixes of LP, look for two from 1977 on Black Ark (fewer FX, more piano and percussion) and the 1978 one on Go Feet (moo cow, full Perry treatment).</p>	<p><b>CONCIOUS MAN</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1977-78; <b>Style:</b> Heavy but elegant roots reggae; <b>Content:</b> Simple, loving Black Ark space riddims buoy self-explanatory three part harmonies like "Brotherly Love," "Have a Little Faith," "Back Biter," "Cool Down"; <b>Band:</b> Black Ark players, plus Seke Molenga/"Carlos" Kawango; <b>Vocalists:</b> Jolly Bros. (Cleveland Lewis, Leonard Gordon &amp; Winston Edwards) and Hendrick Nicholson ("Brotherly Love"); <b>Writers:</b> Jolly Bros. <b>Prod. &amp; Arr:</b> Perry; <b>Lyric:</b> "I see conscious man/When you fall in love"; <b>Note:</b> Sessions interrupted by unexpected arrival of Congolese duo Molenga &amp; Kawango; prior LP, Consciousness, recorded at Black Ark by Prince Jammy, contains four of these tracks; bonus track "Color" on CD.; <b>Cover:</b> Bros in rowboat with ever-peripatetic Perry.</p>	<p><b>ROAST FISH COLLIE WEED AND CORN BREAD</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1978; <b>Style:</b> lo-fi/highbrow roots with western rock flavoring; <b>Content:</b> Perry's first solo vocal LP, w/ 10 original tracks about the ups (good food/hard work) of life at Black Ark — and the downs (back biting/hypocrisy/greed); <b>Band:</b> Boris Gardiner (Bass); Mickey Boo &amp; Sly Dunbar (drum); Geoffrey Chung, Earl Smith, Billy boy (gtr); Winston Wright (orgn); <b>Vocals:</b> Perry backed by Full Experience (Aura Lewis, Candl Mackenzie, Pamela Reed.); <b>Choice Cuts:</b> all killer, no filler; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "One thing I'd like to know/Where does the taxpayer money go?" "The fascination of evil/Throws good things into the shade/On the whirlwind of desire/Put up a simple heart"; <b>Note:</b> Album's anger apparently inspired by, directed at The Congos. <b>Cover:</b> On back Perry may be pointing at Judas.</p>
<p><b>MAGNETIC MIRROR MASTER MIX</b>  <b>Era:</b> Late 78; <b>Style:</b> Complex but still groovy Black Ark ultra riddims; <b>Content:</b> Seven extra thick slabs, four with Scratch toasted percussive dubs, all with Biblical/spiritual slant; <b>Vocalists:</b> Leo Graham ("Voodooism"), Lloyd and Devon ("Wolf Out Deh"), Errol Walker ("Better Future), Brother Roy ("Different Experience), Keith Texon ("Living My Life") and Perry; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "Stop fool the people/You old bull weevil" (about the Pope). <b>Note:</b> Not to be confused with <i>Mystic Miracle</i> Star LP, no longer in print, orig. released 1989 by H.W. Targowski of Black Star Liner, whom Scratch authorized to release in return for halting destruction of Ark in '79; <b>Cover:</b> Computer-generated karate kicks in red jump suit.</p>	<p><b>CHAPTER 1</b>  <b>Era:</b> Mid 70s Black Ark; <b>Style:</b> Mellow dubs, spiritual toasts, scattered vocals; <b>Content:</b> 10 tracks, including "Curly Locks" dub, extended "When Jah Come," odd take of "Bush Weed, Corn Trash" (perhaps ill Perry joint ever); <b>Band:</b> Family Man/Boris Gardiner (bass), Carlton Barrett/Mickey Boo (drum), Winston Wright/Glen Adams (organ), Chinnna Smith (gtr), Brad Osborne (flute), Skully (perc.); <b>Vocalists:</b> The Blue Bells, Johnny Lover, Devon Liner, Ricky &amp; Bunny, Scratch, The Townercharters, Pick Hits; <b>Lyric:</b> "Bush weed com trash (here I say)/Bush weed com trash (every day); <b>Note:</b> Remixed 1980 in U.S. by late Brad Osborne, one of Adrock's first and favorite Perry purchases; <b>Liner note:</b> "He can make a four track sound like 16 because he is about ten years ahead of himself. This man has offered more to reggae music than any other Jamaican producer, taking nothing away from Striker Lee."</p>	<p><b>"ONE DROP" b/w "JUDGEMENT INNA BABYLON"</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1985; <b>Style:</b> Slightly digitalized but still rootsy lovers rock w/ scandalous character assassination; <b>Content:</b> the a-side is the sanest, sweetest Perry vocal since the 70s, the b-side, with its claim that "Chns Blackwell is a vampire," is his harshest dis ever; <b>Writer:</b> King Perry; <b>Lyric:</b> "I saw Chris Blackwell in Nassau/Drinking the blood of a chicken/In a sun glass/And have the heart to offer I man a drink/I said 'I'm a stud, I don't drink blood/Chris Blackwell is a vampire/Don Hayes, his lawyer, is a vampire/His secretary Denise is a witch/Who claims to be she's a high priestess/Yes/He killed Bob Marley/And take away his royalty." <b>Note:</b> Blackwell's secy Denise recently passed away; Single has disappeared from market a la "Starway to Gilligan's Isle"; recorded by Mad Professor around same time as <i>Mystic Warrior</i> session.; <b>Liner Note:</b> "Let not your heart be troubled."</p>	<p><b>MILLIONAIRE LIQUIDATOR, BATTLE OF ARMAGIDEON</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1986; <b>Style:</b> New Orleans R&amp;B and zydeco, funk, funeral rock augmenting Perry's "Whirlwind Music"; <b>Content:</b> Eclectic but coherent, Perry's best all-around album since <i>Roast Fish Collie Weed and Corn Bread</i>; <b>Engineer:</b> Jerry Tilly (Fats Domino's producer); <b>Recorded at:</b> Thameside, London; <b>Band:</b> "The Upsetters" — Mark Downie (gtr.synth), Spike (bass), "Peng" (drums), Tariok Mann (lead gtr), Russ Cummings (keys), Trevor Jones (trombone), Lloyd Clarke (alto sax), Perry (percussion, harmonica, gtr); <b>Vocals:</b> Perry, Sandra Robinson; <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Introducing Myself," "I Am A Madman," "Drum Song," "Sexy Lady." <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "I am a madman/who come to fool the bad man."; <b>Cover:</b> Rasta skeleton front, Perry with electric heater on head back.</p>
<p><b>FROM THE SECRET LABORATORY</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1990; <b>Style:</b> "Scientific Dancehall"; <b>Content:</b> Straightforward singing and relatively tame toasts laid out familiar On-U rhythms and spiced-up Jamaican staples; <b>Produced by:</b> Adrian Sherwood/Perry/Scott; <b>Band:</b> Dub Syndicate and Roots Radics; <b>Vocalists:</b> Perry, Akabu, George Faith; <b>Covers:</b> "I've Got The Groove" and Augustus Pablo's "Vibrate On"; <b>Lyric:</b> "I am an alien from outer space/Living out of my briefcase/I am a hitchhiker/Hitching and hiking straight from Africa" ("African Hitchhiker"); <b>Note:</b> A stronger effort is Perry and Sherwood's other collaboration, <i>Time Boom X De Devil Dead</i>.</p>	<p><b>THE UPSETTER MEETS THE BEAT</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1992; <b>Style:</b> Lite adult lovers reggae; <b>Content:</b> 12 tracks feature Scratch reunited with his mentor Coxson to freestyle over classic and recent Studio One riddims. Disappointment but sweet beats and more coherent than usual vocals taste the best of time; <b>Producer:</b> Clement Dodd; <b>Recorded at:</b> Studio One, Kingston and New York; <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Welcome Aboard," "Don't Blame The Balhead," "Happy Birthday Jamaica," <b>Lyrics:</b> "Welcome aboard the Black Star Liner/This is your Flight Captain, Pipecock Jackson/The Living Son"; "Happy Birthday Kingston, Jamaica, Happy Birthday music maker"; <b>Liner Note:</b> "Reunited on the beat street, Lee Perry Zion Lionhead. The Black Jew speaks pure sound attack. Don't fight against prediction." <b>Note:</b> Approx. 40 songs were recorded and no contract signed. Perry offered Coxson \$50,000 for rights, Coxson refused, Perry and mgr/wife sued. Jamaican Gleaner noted: "I would hate to think Dodd is being treated with the way because some starmy-eyed managers comes along with enough money to turn Perry's head."</p>	<p><b>SOUNDZ FROM THE HOT LINE</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1992; <b>Content:</b> Definitive versions and unheard masterpieces from original Black Ark masters; <b>Recorded at:</b> Black Ark &amp; Randy's, (vocals on "Ashes and Dust" at Channel One); <b>Choice cuts:</b> "Bionic Rat" (previously quiet piano up in mix), "Vibrate On" (with Scratch's cosmological mumbblings directed at Chris Blackwell), "In This Iwa" (slow salute to Rebel Girls over Fever rhythm), "Babylon A Fall" (celebrates Pope Paul's fall with vocal lighting ball sound); <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "When I shit my enemies cry/When I speak they die"; <b>Note:</b> With so many unauthorized collections about this genuine article is a welcome arrival. Dave Katz raves "without hesitation the best retrospective Perry collection available."; "Rainbow Throne" is a lost Pipecock Jackson track; <b>Liner Note:</b> "This story is not a song but a record, so prepare to take it hard. Hey scavengers, hey vampires out there."</p>	<p><b>BLACK ARK EXPERYMENTS</b>  <b>Year:</b> 1995; <b>Style:</b> Retro roots mixed with wacky rapamuffin moderne; <b>Content:</b> Nine new potential upsets undercut by drum machine and over anxious, unprepared vocals; <b>Recorded:</b> Anwa, London; <b>Mixed:</b> Mad Professor, Wm. The Conqueror; <b>Band:</b> Mad Prof/Nolan Irie (drum), Wm. Conqueror/Irie (bass, pno), Victor Cross (keys), Black Steel (gtr), Kato Holmes (flute), Barmie Rose (sax), Rico Rodriguez (tbn), Tan Thornton (tp); <b>Choice Cuts:</b> "Super Ace In a Good Shape" (Yellowman/cocaine dis), "Come Back" (hope that great expectations may yet be fulfilled), ambient dub title track; <b>Choice Lyric:</b> "Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti-Do can open any door"; <b>Note:</b> "PooP Song" unfortunately not misleading title (should've been replaced by "Messy Apartment" b-side); <b>Between Song Banter:</b> "This could be a good tune, I like it," "Hello Ace of Base/You are the reggae boss/Coming from the king," "MTV free your mind/And play my record like you should." <b>Cover:</b> Striped overalls, space boots and cap collage.</p>



# LEE PERRY

## SELECT DISCOGRAPHY by David Katz

Compiled with the assistance of Robert Kuijpers, Chris Johnsen, Mario C, Mike D, Shea Johnson, Rebecca Melino, Roger Steffens, Steve Hellig and Bob George of the Archive of Contemporary Music.

Lee "Scratch" Perry's body of work can be especially intriguing for collectors but especially upsetting for consumers. In addition to the thousands of recordings and "versions," i.e. remixes, that he produced for hundreds of artists between roughly 1966 and 1979, there's also his own steady stream of solo releases which have continued unabated since 1963, not to mention the unknown amount of sides he produced without credit during his early 60s apprenticeship under Clement Dodd. Thus there is no such thing as a definitive Perry discography. As Jamaican music expert Charlie Morgan points out, "It's estimated there's a record for every fifth person in Jamaica -- that's the highest rate per capita in the world, according to the Guinness Book. In other words, more than 400,000 titles have been produced by Jamaicans." Of those 400,000 or so sides, Perry has produced more than 1,000, and though the past five years have seen a bunch of Perry's stuff crop up on Trojan, Heartbeat and other labels, there's a lot more where that came from. And of the estimated thousand or so songs he produced, the following accounts for only 90 or so of the albums issued under his name. We didn't even touch on 7" singles, which is where all of the great, as yet unreleased hot plates can be found. As for Perry himself, "me not a partial man. The whoooooole of them songs sound good to me. Like eggs around me. I'm proud of producing all of them (pauses and slaps hand on table), except that raas claat The Good, The Bad and The Upsetters album! I was never so disappointed. Still feel so ashamed -- you tell the people that."

## ORIGINAL UPSETTERS COLLECTIONS PRODUCED BY PERRY

**The Upsetter** (Trojan, 1969): Cinema-inspired organ-led instrumentals ("Thunderball"), early roots ("Soulful Eye"), corn (BeeGees version).

**Return of Django** (Upsetter UK, 1969) Similar, more aggro spaghetti western sides. **Clint Eastwood** (Pama, 1969) Reissued as **The Best of Lee Perry and the Upsetters Vol. 1** (Jet Star, 1980). Mario C's first and favorite, loads of organ-led odes to Clint and a few dollars more.

**Many Moods of the Upsetter** (Pama, 1970) Reissued as **The Best of Lee Perry and The Upsetters Vol. 2** (Pama, 1982). See p.75.

**Scratch, The Upsetter Again** (Trojan, 1970). Organ scorchers so dopely titled ("Bad Tooth," "Power Pack," "Dollar In My Teeth") they can't be wack -- and aren't (e.g. ill version of "Popcorn").

**Cloak and Dagger** (Black Star Liner, 1979). Classic instrumentals and dubs that include radios and car crashes ("Caveman Skank") and ping-pong ("Iron Side").

**Battle Axe** (Trojan, 1972) Almost as rare as **Rhythm Shower**, Dave Barker etc.

**Blackboard Jungle Dub** (Upsetter, 1973). First, most important dub document, originally generic sleeve, true stereo. Clocktower reprint with lion on cover not true stereo and missing several songs. Third issue (Coxsone's Music City) has black and red cover, erroneous track listing but extra cuts not available, even on original.

**Africa's Blood** (Trojan, 1973); **Rhythm Shower** (Upsetter, 1973); **Double Seven** (Trojan, 1974) See Boxed Sets.

**Dub Revolution** (Cactus, 1975). See p.75

**DIP Presents The Upsetter** (DIP, 1975) Little known LP from UK label DIP showcases excellent King Burnett (later of The Congos), Linval Spencer, thin-voiced Sam Carly and the exceptional Gladiators performance "Time."

**Upsetters Kung Fu Meets The Dragon** (DIP, 1975) Unknown dubs of Roy Shirley's "Hold Them," Linval Spencer's "Kung Fu" and more refitted with phasing, melodica, etc.

**Return of Wax** (DIP, 1975). Slow, sparse dubs in a drum and bass style. Hard to get -- though DIP reissues are in the works.

**King Tubby Meets The Upsetter At The Grass Roots of Dub** (Studio 16, 1975) Winston Edwards produced mixing battle between Scratch (side 1) and Tubby. Clean solid gimmick-free dubs.

**Super Ape** (Island, 1976). See p.75

**Return of Super Ape** (Upsetter, 1978). See p.75

## LEE PERRY PRODUCTIONS OF BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

**Soul Rebels** (Trojan, 1970). See p.75.

**Soul Revolution** (Trojan, 1971). Definitive takes of "Kaya," "Duppy Conqueror" and several others. Some of the most powerful music ever made.

**Soul Revolution II** (Maroon/Trojan, 1972) Exquisite instrumental version of **Soul Revolution** showcasing skin tight Barrett bros rhythms and Glen Adams organ work-outs. Reissued with vocal LP as **Soul Revolution I & II** (Trojan, 1988).

**African Herbsman** (Trojan, 1973) More Marley meets Scratch musts, plus Bob's self-productions ("Trench Town Rock," "Lively Up Yourself") that rival Perry's for all their heavy manners.

**Rasta Revolution** (Trojan, 1974) More classics, mostly found on **Soul Rebels**, but some available only here.

**The Upsetter Record Shop - Part 1: The Complete Soul Rebels** (Esoldun, 1992). Alternate takes, dubs from **Soul Rebels** session with countdowns and band yelling at each other to stop.

**The Upsetter Version - Part 2: Rarities** (Esoldun, 1992). Odd takes, rare as steak tartare unreleased tracks and "Concrete Jungle" (a must for those version on *Catch a Fire*).

**"Smile Jamaica Parts 1 & 2"** (Tuff Gong, 1976). Co-written by Scratch, who produced faster Part 2 with ska horns and female harmonies.

**"Jah Live" b/w "Concrete"** (Island 7", 1976). Affirmation of faith in wake of Selassie's death credited to Hugh Peart (possibly Hugh Perry), with obvious Perry prankery on the b-side dub.

**"Punky Reggae Party" b/w "Version"** (Tuff Gong 12", 1977) Amusing anthem about such solidarity in late 70s Britain. First use of do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do as lyrics, comic sleeve art, less manic 7" mix. Also on *Bob Marley Live*.

**"Keep On Moving"** (Upsetter 12" JA, 1977) Horn, percussion, delay and crazed toast from Wong Chu make for most twisted Marley tune extant.

**"Keep On Moving"** (Island 12", 1977) B-side of "So Much Trouble In The World" re-done by Perry and Aswad with new bridge about Bob's family.

**"Rainbow Country (Version)" b/w "Lama Lava"** (Pablo & The Upsetters, c. 1977) Posthumous release with unfinished feel, odd drum machine perhaps from Black Ark organ. Equally obscure b-side version of "Java" by Augustus Pablo.

**"Rastaman Live Up" b/w "Don't Give Up"** (Tuff Gong 7", 1978) Co-written, produced by Perry, Tuff Gong 7" b-side dub unavailable elsewhere.

**"Blackman Redemption"** (*Confrontation*, Island, 1983) From same time as "Rastaman Live Up."

**"Brand New Secondhand"** (*In The Beginning*, Trojan, 1983) Rare Perry/Tosh.

**"Natural Mystic" b/w "Natural Mystic Rhythm"** (Daddy Kool 12"). Also posthumous with odd drum machine; faster and different horns than Island cut.

**"Keep On Moving"** (*Natural Mystic*, Island 1995) Perry credited but wackly remixed. Don't bother.

## LEE PERRY SOLO ALBUMS

**Roast Fish, Collie Weed & Corn Bread** (Lion Of Judah/Upsetter, 1978). See p.75.

**The Return of Pipecock Jackxson** (Black Star Liner, 1980). Last gasps of past and sneak peaks of present day Perry, recorded partly at derelict Black Ark and Holland. Unfinished but potential masterwork recalls *The Last Tycoon*.

**The Majestics Mystic Miracle Star** (Heartbeat, 1982) Haile unlikely gringo group shine on "God Bless Pickney"; pic of Perry reading Captain America. Even Christgau gave it a B+ and admitted "Perry does a mean Dylan on harp."

**History, Mystery & Prophecy**

(Mango, 1984). Biblical "Daniel," incestuous "Bed Jamming" don't offset skin-ry tie production, Synchronicity sleeve art. No UK release prompted Perry's claim that Chris Blackwell was "a vampire." JA cover photo dope.

**Battle of Armageddon (Millionaire Liquidator)** (1986, Trojan) See p.75.

**Time Boom X De Devil Dead** (EMI Syncopate, 1987). Co-produced by Adrian Sherwood, preferred by punists over follow up *Secret Laboratory*.

**Satan Kicked The Bucket** (Wackie's, 1988). Aside from lucid version of vintage "Tight Spot" rhythm, regular synth reggae, ho hum Perry patter.

**Mystic Warrior** (Ariwa, 1989) Authoritative take of Bob's "Crazy Bald-heads," revealing autobio ("25 Years Ago"), recorded mid-80s by Mad Professor.

**Mad Professor Mystic Warrior Dub** (Ariwa, 1989). Dubs of the above.

**From The Secret Laboratory** (Mango, 1990). See p.75.

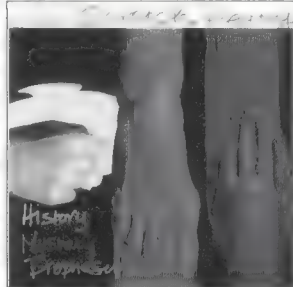
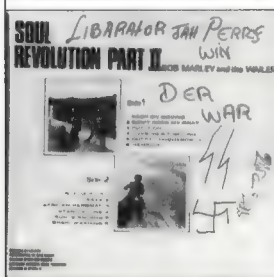
**Spiritual Healing** (Black Cat, 1990). Eurodisco dedicated to Swiss wife performed by German band occasionally clicks ("Babush"). Allegedly recorded at Black Ark but Haile unlikely.

**The Dub Messenger** (Tassa, 1990). Perry's dream about meeting other reggae legends in a cemetery ("ABC Dub") only highlight.

**Lord God Muzick** (Heartbeat, 1991). Modern reggaemuffin promises to repave JA ("Thunder and Lightning Flash") and fingers Bunny Lee for offing Tubbys ("Colt The Game").

**The Upsetter and The Beat** (Heartbeat, 1991) See reviews p.75.

**Smokin'** (VP, 1994) Harsh haikus over rootsy rhythms recorded by ex-Wailer Tyrone Downie and the late "Munchie" Jackson. "Cock Roach Motel" may refer to a vermin-ridden Perry apt in NYC that purportedly spooked Chris Blackwell.



**VERSION EXCURSION:** With Lee Perry at the controls, proven hits were totally rearranged to emphasize his own creative wizardry. Such searches for the perfect beat resulted in 12 versions of Marley's "Keep On Moving," 12 cuts of "Beat Down Babylon," 10 of "Curley Locks" and eight of "Fever" (all by Junior Byles), plus seven each of Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves" and Max Romeo's "War Ina Babylon." The following is a closer look at the 10 versions of "Words of My Mouth" by The Gatherers: 1) "Words of My Mouth: The Gatherers" (Trojan, 1973) Stirring "Sangie Davis" classic about matching words with deeds. 2) "Words of Mouth (Version)" Gatherers harmonies har-



## LEE PERRY PRODUCTIONS OF VARIOUS ARTISTS

**Dr. Alimintado** *Best Dressed Chicken In Town* (Greensleeves, 1978) Not entirely Perry produced but worth it alone for title cut's unorthodox FX.

**Dave Barker** *Prisoner of Love* (unknown)

**Junior Byles** *Beat Down Babylon* (Trojan, 1988). Aside from Marley, Byles was Perry's favorite singer, evidenced by these catchy but cryptic classics.

**Junior Byles** *When Will Better Come* (Trojan, 1988). More brilliant Byles, one side produced by Perry, the other by Niney in his own sparser style.

**Susan Cadogan** *Susan Cadogan* (Trojan, 1977) Lounge reggae rendition of "Fever" (#23) and "Hurts So Good" (#4) both big on British charts.

**The Congos** *Heart of the Congos* (Black Art, 1978). See p.75.

**George Faith** *To Be A Lover* (Island, 1977). Psychedelic lovers soul released in JA as Super Eight (Island brown bag art later bit by Zeppelin)

**The Full Experience** *Aura Meets Scratch* (Blue Moon, 1988) Remarkable female vocal trio recorded at Black Ark but unreleased til 80s. [See Aura's testimonial]

**The Heptones** *Party Time* (Island, 1977). Goldentitle track transformed into earthy epic, celestial take of Dylan's "I Shall Be Released." Career performances.

**Prince Jazzbo** *Ital Corner* (Clocktower, 1980). Double iredub toasts in croaking lizard flow. All time B-Boys fave (orig. Natty Passing Through).

**Jah Lion** *Columbia Colly* (Island, 1976). Cool deliveries from Pat Francis and Perry's Stone Agesamples separate Rasta from imposter. Reissued in U.K.

**Ras Michael & The Sons of Negus** *Love Thy Neighbor* (Jah Life International, 1981) Scratch pushes Nyabingi drums

to breaking point, one of last Black Ark sessions. Reissued (Live & Learn, 1983) with different mix.

**Seke Molenga & Kalo Kawangolo** *From The Heart of the Congo* (Sonodisc, 1978) Unlike the Jamaican group The Congos, Molenga and Kawangolo were actual Congolese marooned in JA who cut this seminal pre-Sunny Ade disc with a Scratch twist. Nominal French issue in '78, re-released in 90s on Dutch label, RUNNetherlands.

**Junior Murvin** *Police and Thieves* (Mango, 1977) See p.75.

**Rico & The Upsetters** *Musical Bones* (DIP, 1975). Trombone dubs of unknown rhythms. Mediocre.

**Max Romeo** *War Ina Babylon* (Island, 1976) See p.75.

**Bunny Scott** *To Love Somebody* (Klik, 1974) Neil Diamond, Bee Gees covers, some originals by young Scott.

**The Silvertones** *Silver Bullets* (Upsetter/Trojan, 1974) Soulful love songs, sappy covers, tough spirituals; JA pressing true stereo, UK alt. vocals/FX.

**The Terrorists** "Love Is Better Now"/"Guerilla Priest" 12" (Spliff Rockers Ltd., 1981). White reggae group featuring NY DJ DRO; b-side Perry toast to Western heroes.

**Martha Velez** *Escape From Babylon* (Sire, 1976) Scratch/Marley produced. Disco reggae from one of Bob's paramours. Blood-curdling yelp on "Concrete" is Bob imitating Velez.

GEORGE FAITH  
TO BE A LOVER



## BOXED SETS

**Lee "Scratch" Perry, The Upsetters & Friends** *The Upsetter Box Set* (Trojan, 1985). Orange box of three OP LPs, *Africa's Blood* (1973, instrumentals, proto dubs), *Rhythm Shower* (1973, rare versioning, DJing) and *Double Seven* (1974, mixed bag synth jams.) Pressed from vinyl, not masters, which makes already muddled waters that much deeper. **Note:** Picture of Pauline and Scratch on cover of *Africa's Blood*.

**Liner Note:** "It is the quirky Perry touch that makes the records on Upsetter stand predominate in a music that has all too often been written off as 'monotonous' or 'repetitive'."

**Lee "Scratch" Perry and Friends** *Open The Gate* (Trojan, 1989): Green box of 17 later rarities and remixes, including some of the last tracks recorded at Black Ark (Leroy Sibbles' elegaic "Garden of Life," Perry's brain baking nervous breakdown on vinyl, "City Too Hot"). Sides organized according to themes, artists, etc (e.g. entire side of unreleased Heptones). **Note:** Junior Murvin's "Bad Weed" is sequel to "Police and Thieves"; **Liner Note:** "Although it's fair to say that other producers were more successful with record buyers, Scratch pursued his singular course, cutting a series of records that still stand today as a high point in the history of Jamaican studio craft."

**The Upsetters With Lee Perry and Friends**

**Build The Ark** (Trojan, 1990): Blue box boasts 18 more Black Ark tracks like the irresistible "White Belly Rat," a startling swipe at Max Romeo. **Note:** Junior Dread's "Wah Dat" sounds like Biz. **Liner Note:** "And, behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die."



## CAVEAT EMPTOR: THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY OF BOGUS LEE PERRY LPs

A number of albums continue to be issued under the Upsetter name, though any connection to Lee Perry is dubious at best. Skim at your own risk.

**The Good, The Bad and The Upsetters** (Rhino/Creole/Esoldun). Instrumentals recorded in during '69 UK jaunt, penned by Glen Adams & Family Man with negligible input from Scratch.

**The Slickers Break Through** (Tad's) Possibly Perry produced.

**King Tubby Upset The Upsetter** (Live & Love/Celluloid). Strong but not Scratch dubs of Dennis Brown and others.

**Black Ark In Dub** (Black Ark

International/Esoldun) Half dope Black Ark dubs by Desmond Bryan and Perry's ex-wife, Pauline. Odd takes of "Mr. Money Man," "The Lion," but synth/FX lack Scratch touch.

**Black Ark Vol. 2** (Black Ark) Minor Black Ark tracks like Inman's "How Deep Is Your Love" flimsily remixed and renamed "Rejoice Jah Jah Children" here is "Give Praise" (Zeshona

**Black Ark In Dub Vol. 3** (Starlight) Altered abroad by Pauline.

**Lee Perry and The Upsetters Reminia**

**Dub** (Original Music) Familiar tracks (e.g. "War Ina Babylon") with vocals dubbed unremarkably. Side two strictly Revolutionaries without Perry.

**Lee Perry and King Tubby In Dub Confrontation** (Angella) Possibly authentic b-sides, but poor quality bootleg.

**Sensi Dub** (Original Music) Side one are Black Ark tracks dubbed by Jah Woosh, not Scratch.

**Sensi Dub Vol. 2** (Original Music). More of the same.

**Lee Scratch Perry Meets The Mad Professor In Dub Chapter 1 & 2** (Angen). Double shammy issued just prior to Mad Professor/Perry's Mystic Warrior continues to cause consumer confusion.

**Max Romeo & The Upsetters Transition** (Rohit) Bullwackie production, aborted after another falling out between Max and Scratch.

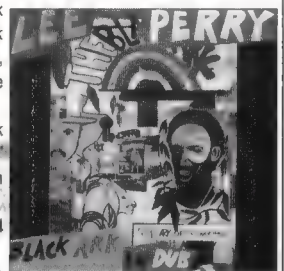
**Message from Yard** (Rohit). Uncompleted outtakes from *Transition*.

**Blood Vapour** (L.A.) Jah Lion, who reportedly has unreleased Black Ark masters, swears these Revolutionaries dubs were remixed by Perry. Worth eerie cover either way.

**Earl 16 Phoenix of Peace** (Seven Leaves) Late 70s Black Ark tracks voiced in 90s sans Perry.

**Guitar Boogie Dub** (Rhino) Annoying noodling, Muzak remakes of Black Ark tracks. Credited to Edward O'Sullivan Lee.

**Hugh Mundell Africa Must Be Free** (Message). Partly recorded at Black Ark by Pablo, not Perry. With dub companion (Rockers).



## RETROSPECTIVE COMPILATIONS PRODUCED BY LEE PERRY

**Scratch on the Wire** (Island, 1979). Greatest hits and important misses from Island era. Glimpse of shelved Scratch scorchers from Augustus Pablo, Errol Walker and two Congolese (not Seke and Kalo).

**Scratch and Company Chapter 1** (Clocktower, 1980). See p.75.

**Public Jesting** (Attack, 1980). See p.75.

**The Upsetter Collection** (Trojan, 1981) See p.75.

**Heart of the Ark** (Seven Leaves, 1982). Melodic Black Ark rarities re-mixed from master tapes.

**Megaton Dub** (Seven Leaves, 1982). Recommended dubs from *Heart of The Ark* series.

**Heart of the Ark Vol. 2** (Seven Leaves, 1983). Hard to find Black Ark backlog.

**Megaton Dub II** (Seven Leaves, 1983). Highly recommended volatile Black Ark dubs.

**Lee Perry Island Reggae Greats** (Island, 1985).

**Some Of The Best** (Heartbeat, 1986) Late 60s/early 70s e.g.s of Perry's innovative production techniques. Includes "People Funny Boy."

**Give Me Power** (Trojan, 1988) Max Perlich's fave comp. "My favorite track is "Dig My Grave." -MP

**Shocks of Mighty 1969-1974** (Attack, 1988) See p.75.

**Turn and Fire** (Anachron, 1989) Excellent disco dubs from Black Ark heyday circa '76.

**Magnetic Mirror Master Mix** (Anarchon, 1989) See p.75.

**Version Like Rain** (Trojan, 1989) E-Z intro to understanding Version Excursion sidebar below.

**Excalburman** (Seven Leaves, 1989). Early 70s grab bag has three missing dubs from Clocktower *Blackboard Jungle*.

**Out of Many, The Upsetter** (Trojan, 1991) Ample sampler spans from Bob's best to Lee's recent stuff ("Introducing Myself") and hip curios (Bunny Clarke's cut of "Be Thankful For What You Got").

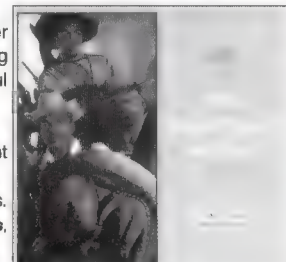
**Soundz From The Hot Line** (Heartbeat, 1992). See p.75.

**Upsetting The Nation 1969-70** (Trojan 1993) Peppy, tight instrumentals with Perry hollering humorous intros.

**The Quest** (Abraham, 1995) Reissue of early Black Ark b-sides.

Other comps with good Perry tracks are **Joe Gibbs and Friends**.

**Adults Only Vol. 2** (Trojan) and **Explosive Rock Steady** (Heartbeat).



nessed in support of Upsetter scat. 3) "Kuchy Skank" (Upsetter Box Set) A young Pablo's melodica weaves in and out of cool dub. 4) "Hot Tip" Prince Django (Give Me Power) Burning toast from Django (Jazzbo) after argumentative intro settled by vicious drum fill. 5) "Rubba Rubba Words" The Upsetters (Blackboard Jungle) Heart-stopping haul and pull dub retains argument intro, adds heavy echo. 6) "Wisdom" Jah Lion (Columbia Colly) Chilling toast to Jah with spring reverberation thunderclaps. 7) "Words" Anthony "Sangie" Davis (Open The Gate) Incredible remix has new vocal, percussion. 8) "Lion A De Winner" B-side of above, incomparable Perry toast to conquering lion. 9) "Lion" Black Ark Players (Black Ark In Dub) Freaky dub by Perry's ex-wife Pauline. 10) "Little Flute Chant" Brad Osborne & The Towerchanters (Scratch and Co. Chapter 1) Ethereal rethink via atmospheric flute, chants of "Rastafari."



# TOMMY MCCOOK

## Skatalites Founder Sets The Record Straight

Tenor saxophonist Tommy McCook's contribution to Jamaican music is inestimable, dating back to the 1940s, when he cut his teeth in the best Jamaican big bands and backed numerous American stars like Fats Domino when they toured the island. When speaking with us, Mr. McCook was eager to rectify misconceptions regarding his role in the Skatalites and consequently willing to share details about working with Lee Perry.

### When did you and Lee Perry work together?

I've never recorded him personally, but we did a couple instrumentals for him and things like that.

### With the Skatalites, right?

Not the Skatalites, The Studio One Group! People have this mixed up. Tommy McCook formed the Skatalites in June of nineteen-sixty-and-four. So put that down in your record. I just read where Mr. Dodd was telling somebody that the Skatalites did this in 1960. In 1960, Tommy McCook was not in Jamaica! When I went to Studio One in 1963, Lee Perry was already there.

### What was he doing at the time?

He was moving around with the Studio One Group, helping with the sound system, transporting and setting up boxes. He wasn't involved in studio work, coming in as a regular artist would. As far as I know, there was only one song he did at that time. Dodd had given him one, and he sang. It was his first recording with Studio One.

### Did you see him grow the roles of producer and arranger?

Not during the ska era. When the music changed he left Studio One, in about '66. He had a record shop on Charles Street. This is after Wailers also left Studio One. They were located at the same studio with Lee Perry and, what's the name of the group?

### Carlton and Aston Barrett?

Yes, the Hippy Boys. Carlton, and Family Man,

Reggie the guitarist, and Glen the organist—they were working with Lee Perry at the time. He started to produce the Wailers from this location. I used to stop there almost every day on my way to Treasure Isle, which is on the corner of Charles and Bond Streets. I didn't have to pass that way, but I stopped mainly because of Bob, we were close, and we used to reason and get a little smoke together.

### Did you ever play on any of those sessions?

No. At that time it was a record shop, it wasn't a studio. I just passed because Bob and the guys were hanging out there. I think they did "Small Axe" and "Mr. Brown" there, but I don't think they used any horns. It was strictly rhythms.

### Recorded there at the record shop?

No, there was no recording equipment, it was just a record shop. They wrote songs and rehearsed there, but if I had something nice I'd stop and give them a taste, because they were down at that time.

### They weren't getting any money for that stuff?

Well I don't know what Perry was giving them, but I know he was looking good and you can see that they were struggling. Suffering, so to speak.

### And Perry wasn't suffering.

Well Perry was doing all the selling, you know what? He had the record shop, he was distributing the records, he was collecting the money. I don't know what arrangements they had, but...

### That's as far as your relationship with Perry went?

No, I recorded with Perry after that. Our first running-in was he had this "Joe Frazier" rhythm from Studio One. When he heard some instrumentals I did for other people, he brought the records, two 45's, to my home, I was living in Duck Road at that time, and said, "Tommy, write the instrumental for these rhythms for me." So I came up with this song Midnight something-or-the-other. [scats instantly familiar melody] I wrote that song! Okay?

And I did "Skylarking." Do you know "Skylarking"? Sure.

I did both songs for him. He went away with the songs, came back to Jamaica and said there was a company interested in the "Joe Frazier" rhythm song [scats it again]. He asked what I think he should do and I said, "Well, everybody wants money these days, and if they buy the song we can write many more songs, you know?" I don't have any problems writing a nice song. I guess that's one of my gifts from the Almighty, I can put melodies together. So I said, "If they paying good, sell it. Let's get some bread." Because I wasn't paid, you know, I just did this song as a brother, 'cause Lee was struggling at that stage too.

### What year was this?

Around '74, late '74-'75. He said, "Okay, I'll agree to sell this." So obviously he sold the song because I haven't seen him since then. He stayed far, and that's only a sign that man has money.

### He never paid you for that?

I didn't get a cent. He avoided me, I didn't see him again. I heard that he opened a studio and was giving away money, so I figured, well, he sold the song, only I didn't get anything from it. Well that's the story of my life, you know. I was never given credit for those songs, and I have living proof, because the musicians who recorded the songs are still alive. So I'm not telling lies on anybody, I don't need to anyhow. But you know how Jamaican producers are. He came from Studio One, so you didn't expect anything better anyhow, because that studio was always avoiding paying people royalties. I don't know if you know the history of Studio One, but the Wailers had to sue for royalties, so Scratch being from Studio One, I guess it rubs off on him too.

*As a saxophonist, McCook mix of exuberance and control typifies the best horn players of the era. To sample his talent, check out The Best Of The Skatalites (on Studio One with a red & silver cover), The Skatalites Ska-Boo-Da-Ba (WIRL), or McCook's headlining date Hot Lava.*

## STUDIO COXSONE



### Downbeat the Ruler Reflects Upon His Prize Pupil

Clement "Sir Coxson" Dodd is arguably the most important producer in the history of Jamaican music due to the label, studio and sound system that thrived under his Studio One banner. This legacy continues today at Coxson's record shop in Brooklyn, New York.

### What year did Perry come to you?

Well I think Lee came to me about '60.

### He was from the country?

Yes, he was from the country, stone country. I think is Hanover. He was a tractor driver.

### Did he ever tell you details about his family life?

No, not really, but I think he was also by the sugar cane, you know?

### What was your first impression of Lee Perry?

Well, I met him after he was by Duke for about two weeks but he wasn't satisfied. Neither did Duke think much of him. He was kind of folkie and full of ideas, but his songs needed construction, you know? But I realized he had ideas, and I usually work along with me artists, exchanging ideas. He

had a good vibes. He was really shy and quiet then. A lot of people used to figure more or less he was a country boy, but he really had good ideas. He got a job as a handyman.

### Doing what kind of chores?

Like he'd go along with our driver down to Federal and pick up records at the factory after records be pressed. Through the first five, six years he was with me steady. At the time, being the top songman around, whoever seen around with me the people gradually accept that we are friends.

### He also had his own songs?

Yes, some folk song, stuff like that. Going way back, he always had idea. So we would add words and use a portion of the melody, extend it.

### Did he play instruments?

Just a percussionist. He didn't play an instrument.

### Can you single out something he was best at?

Well he had a good ear. After being around me for a while and see how I operate. We spent a lot of time in the studio, playing back tapes, figuring

what could be added to enhance the songs. He spent a good time getting ideas from me and seeing what the recording business was like.

### Tell us about the most recent album you two did together, *The Upsetter Meets The Beat*.

Yes, we did a lot of stuff, about five to six months of recording. The greater portion has yet to come.

### Do you own the rights to some of his music?

Yeah, he gave me the rights to deal with them and you know, pay a royalty or whatever it is. Over the years we have been through some rough times. You have to forgive, you know? I think what really went wrong was when he started recording the Wailers and other good artists and had such a great success. Things boomed.

### He got full of himself?

Yes, then came the bad times. And he just couldn't handle it, you know? He had some bills and whatever it is, so he decided to play crazy but [laughs] I don't know if Lee's all that crazy, you know? Whenever we get together, we talk about the good old times. He's always remembering things that I'd forgotten. I don't think a crazy man could do that.

### What were those good old times like?

With Perry in those days was really fun. I had like five sound systems playing at different locations, and we would go from place to place, sometime



even in the country parts. Everything was fine until he went on his own.

**How did those early records of his come about?**  
Most of the songs both of us write. When he came to me he realized the importance of rhyming lines, punchline, and how to construct songs. He was really creative, you understand. He'd come up with a punchline and then we exchange idea and put songs together. In the time of Prince Buster he made a couple of songs that fit the occasion of these bad-minded people, stuff like that.

**He seemed to have a lot of lyrics about bad-minded people.**

Yeah, that's right I think, you know?

**Is that because of his size and being from the country?**

Well that could have been it really. But the thing is, country people ain't stupid, you know? [laughs] It's just that they are from the country and they're not hip like the folks from the city. But they still had a thing going for themselves. Because they would have regular get-togethers, singing and whatever.

**Was he also a spiritual person?**

All this came about after he started dealing with the Wailers and these Rastafarians.

**He later came to denounce the dreadlocks?**

Yes, after a while, you know?

**After he got burned.**

[laughs] Yeah, he was disappointed.

**You've always been skeptical of dreadlocks.**

Well yes, because I was there from the beginning, right? The thing did make sense, I went along with it, but you know, I wasn't too fully with certain things. But I needed everybody, so I had to treat everybody right. When we start-



ed, it was no Rastafarian nothing. As time go by, so as to give a change of sound, when we had a dance, we'd play music up until twelve, and then midnight til two o'clock we'd invite them and it would be their drums and horns and things playing, so it was just a differ-

ence, you know? The early Rastafarian was really straight people that usually create their own work. Making slippers, broom, or whatever they would be able to sell.

**What else would you guys do to pass the time?**

Well at nights, like when we had session, we'd go from bar to bar, meeting people, talking to them, and, you know, having a nice time, buying them drinks. At that time, Perry, meself, and this chap who sing "Cry Mary," Jackie Walpare, we go different places and they'd be singin' like hell mon! The bar would be full, you know?

We pick up a lot of ideas out there too.

**Was he good at picking up ideas?**

Yeah, like somebody would make a statement then, you know, he would say to me, "Hey Beat! Dig dat!"

[laughs] Lee Perry the improviser and that, you know?

**He seems like he'd be fun to be with.**

Well at one time we wasn't so tight, you know? But after a while, you have to forgive and wave at it. We get along pretty okay now, and as a matter of fact he is depending on me for guidance.

**Okay Mr. Dodd, appreciate your time.**

And nice talking to you.

**Thank you sir. Good luck.**

I need it! [laughs]

## GLEN ADAMS

The vital organist of The Wailers and The Upsetters interviewed by Mark Ramos Nishita

*I was nervous about interviewing Glen Adams and he was nervous about speaking with me. But we sent him some sample questions, then talked for a bit to break the ice and eventually got on well. With any luck it'll prove to be the start of a working relationship.*

**When did you start playing?**

I started late, but I was penetrating music back in the 50's. Back then I was getting my break, practicing. But there wasn't any instrument. We couldn't afford a piano. So if you see somebody's instrument, you take a play, like in school. And if they caught you playing you'd get suspension, just because you want to express yourself musically.

**You play the organ?**

I play with it.

**Hammond organ?**

All different kinds.

**You would play only organ, no synthesizers?**

Yeah, I do play synthesizers, all the synthesizers.

**And piano.**

Yes. You know the mini Korg?

**The little tiny one? With the switches on the front? Up and down, portamental.**

Right. The 6100, DX-7.

**You still have the set-up now? The D-6 Clavinet?**

Well, that Clavinet came into the picture later on with the Wailers. That's when the sound came.

**Were you influenced by any American organists?**

I love to hear Jimmy Smith play. I wish I could play like Jimmy Smith. Jimmy's a great man. And Booker T, you know. But my favorite group was the Meters.

**Me too.**

They were my biggest influence. The sound. When

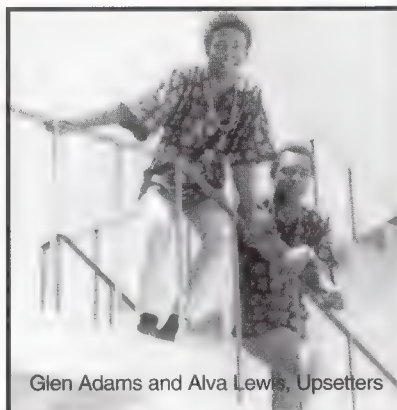
I came to New York back in early 1969 I experienced the Meters. The Meters and Richie Havens. I was deep into those people. Ikie Bennett was one of my inspirations, too.

**What do you think of dancehall? Do you think the musicians are becoming extinct?**

What's happening is one man doing a lot of sampling, but he ain't no musician. It's business and it's degrading. It looks profitable, but it's not. You can't recycle that garbage. It's more garbage than reggae.

**You can't replace the human touch.**

No, no, there's no way you can do that.



Glen Adams and Alva Lewis, Upsetters

**I like collaborating.**

Ya'man, if you don't have collaboration, it doesn't make any sense. You don't have no magic in it. You don't have a depth, you just have one person's mind, you know. Who's to tell him if that person's mind is going in the right direction?

**You met the Barrett brothers and started recording?**

Yes, ever since the first day we met we start recording. We call ourselves the Hippy Boys at that time, but Bunny Lee put out this stuff called "Lee's All

Star." You performed for all those producers. If we play for Duke Reid, it would be Treasure Isle All Star. If we play for RJ, it would be RJ's All Star. We didn't do a lot of live gigs. If it was live gig, we would be working for free. Promoting the ghetto sound.

**What was it like coming to England with the Upsetters in '69?**

It started out cheerful, but it ended up rough.

**With the personalities?**

No, mostly the business end. The company. Their arrangement. We had bad times on the road because we didn't have any experience travelling out there.

**Which keyboard did you use?**

A Farfisa. It carried the closest tone to the Hammond.

**What were the Marley sessions like?**

Oh boy. Heavy vibes, you know, spiritually. You can't form music without a spiritual vibe. It don't work. The spiritual vibe was always there. Bob brought a oneness you know. It was a lot of fun working with people you felt comfortable with. We all worked together and played our own creative roles, but we always let Family Men carry the weight of counting. Lee Perry always played a big role as a singer and writer.

**Lee Perry co-wrote some of the songs?**

A lot of the songs. Sometimes Marley would give Lee ideas. And one would take it from there. A lot of songs they would sit down and pen, man to man, you know, "Small Axe," "African Herbman." **You wrote "Mr. Brown" though, right?**

Yes I did.

**What is that sound at the beginning?**

That's an organ, a little cheap Wuritzer.

**And you played organ on those other cuts?**

Ya' man, all of them, two albums.

**I want to ask about "Live Injection."**

I play piano on that. I did rhythm on that.



**So who's playing organ?**

That was the late Winston Wright.

**Were there favorite engineers Perry would use?**

The technical engineer was Bill Garnett. Audio engineers were Errol Thompson and Linford Anderson.

**Was there a lot of smoking?**

Not necessarily. Even if you have that, that wasn't the purpose. The thing was, just chanting the music.

**What was the chemistry between Lee Perry and Bob Marley like?**

They get along very well. It was excellent, you know. That's what makes the songs so real, because there weren't any haul-and-pulling or tug-of-war with vibes. Whenever time we're working, we got good vibes. That's before the bad vibes started.

**When did the bad vibes start?**

When the good vibes stopped.

**I understand, no middle ground.**

Right.

**Are the stories you hear about Perry overstated?**

Well, I wouldn't say it's true, you know. But I would think, you understand, 'cos you can't judge on what a person says. You have to judge by what you see.

**But he's funky, right? He's a funky dresser?**

He's a creative dresser. He is the first man I've seen to buy a t-shirt and cut it up in pieces, you know, and wear it. People would laugh at that and I see it become the style in the '90s. Am I right?

**You're right. He's ahead of his time.**

Right. But that's Scratch.

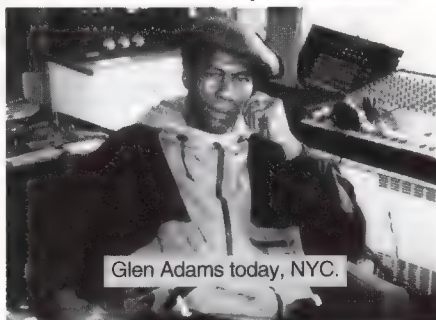
**When was the last time you and Lee Perry spoke?**

1988 or '89. I spoke to him on the phone. I was at

my studio and he was at Coxson's. At that time I had a session running, so I couldn't leave the studio. He was doing a session over by Studio 1. The last time before that was around 1981, in person.

**I heard there is going to be an Upsetters reunion.**

Well, I send the message out there. Everybody seems to like it and now it's on the way. A reunion album.



Glen Adams today, NYC.

**With the original guys?**

Right. Except Carlton, who is deceased. So it would be like a tribute to Carlton. And Peter and Bob.

**Would Lee Perry be involved?**

Well it wouldn't be complete. It will happen. I'm almost sure he will be. To throw out that vibe, you know.

**What vibe is that, his craziness?**

Yeah, you know, action and body language. It's one of the greatest languages.

**What's an example?**

Well, you bump your toe or you trip over something, he can make a dance from that. Everything he say, every move he makes. And everything would be included in the album. We start working

week. His studio was in the back garden. The story was that he sacked out under a tree in the garden, heard this music, and decided it came from the tree, so that's where he built the studio. The

recording room was box-shaped and about eight meters on a side. And everywhere was covered in posters of black people in chains. It was a split level and the control room was eight feet up. There was this slot like a foot by three inches cut so he could see down into the room. All you've got to communicate with are his eyes through this little slot. Now as I began working, all these people came down to vibe me out. First I got the religious zealots. I don't know if you've hung around Rastafarians much. The real deal people are very sweet, but there's this kind of right-wing side to them. They're aggressive and negative. So these guys come around wearing robes and they've got magic wands and shit. I'm doing vocals and one stands in front of the mic and starts doing this weird dance. Well, I thought it was fucking ridiculous, but I couldn't laugh because it would have been an insult, right? And I can see Lee Perry's eyes staring down through this little slot up there. Anyway, that didn't work, so they brought in another guy who stood with his back to me and pushed me with his shoulder blades into the microphone while this other guy did the magic wand shit. I was thinking, *Look, I'm trying to work here. Take your carnival elsewhere.* It was very

where we left off, you know, just like yesterday. There are also some tracks that he didn't overdub on yet and he still have them twenty years after.

**How many unfinished tracks exist?**

In my possession, probably a dozen.

**Well we'd love to hear whatever you do. I play organ. I'm making my own records, too.**

Yeah, alright. You know if you want to, you could come down, feel from the vibes and play too.

**When will all that happen?**

Well, it's almost now. It's in the makings. Family Man have to come off the road. You play with Beastie Boys, right?

**Yeah, I play keyboards.**

I have a question. Why you guys behave like that?

**Why what?**

Going crazy?

**No, no, we're on the mellow.**

Oh, the mellow. Because once they told us that we were a group that live up to our name, the Upsetters. The album upset them. Well, man have to stand up for what he believes in. So the aggressor's always going to say you upset us.

**Well, I'm still looking for the truth, so I'm not going to stop either.**

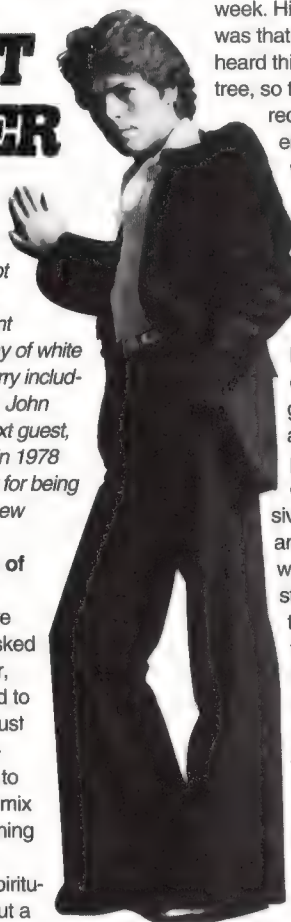
No man, you cannot stop.

**We want to bring this back to the kids. A lot of our fans don't know what went on before.**

A lot of truth, nothing made up.

*A compilation of unreleased Upsetters remixed by Adams available soon on Heartbeat. He also appears on Reggae Rock Volume 2 (Jah Life at 718-629-0841).*

## ROBERT PALMER



*By the late 70s Lee Perry's reggae productions had become remarkably popular not only with Britain's West Indian populations but with a significant number of whites. A telling array of white rock stars tried to work with Perry including Paul and Linda McCartney, John Martyn, The Clash, and our next guest, who travelled to the Black Ark in 1978 before he became better known for being addicted to love. Look for the new Power Station LP in late '95.*

**What are your recollections of Lee Perry?**

He always seemed very aware and gentlemanly. I've been asked who was my favorite producer, and it's definitely him. He used to do amazing things that were just hard to accept unless you witnessed what he did. He used to record on a Teac 4-track and mix as he went, occasionally cleaning the head with his t-shirt. He seemed to be some kind of spiritual leader. I went there for about a

strange. And Lee didn't do a thing to stop it. He was very amused by my reaction. When that didn't work, they brought all these friends who dressed like military. They gave me the white boy routine: *What're you doing here?* And Lee's looking at me, grinning, going *What do you think of this?* I had this great empathy with him. He was like, *I can't do anything about these hangers-on. I'm sorry, I think it's ridiculous too.*

**That must have been a problem.**

The problem was that because of the way he cut, he dubbed as he went. He was on a 4-track, so he'd have the bass and drums, stereo, on one track, then keyboards on two other tracks, and dump the lot, mono, to the fourth track. Of course, there's an incredible degradation. So while he's doing all this and throwing all these effects in, he can never go backwards. Then he'd bring in backing vocals and horns on one and two, and you'd be left with track three for the vocals. But boy oh boy, when he got going, he'd work ten hours a day, just constantly doing all these things. Then he'd get to this certain point and say, "music." And he was right, you know. He'd just get to a point where he'd take it that bit further, and all of a sudden his expression was, "it's gone clear. It's music." He just had this thing, a magic touch. But it was kind of hit and miss, and the problem with the stuff I was working on was that his style worked best with a very simple two or four bar cycle. Because then he would dub parts out, but your ear became so used to the cycle that it didn't matter. Whereas the pieces I was working on had actual movements, so when he started pulling out information, they sounded really peculiar. I enjoyed them but couldn't use



them because they were just too abstract.

**Those tracks have never been released?**

No.\* When I say abstract, I mean incomplete. He was applying this way of working to songs that couldn't stand it. I did four tracks with him and another eight songs in New York for an album called *Dougie Fun*. And when I put his tracks up against the stuff I cut in New York, they sounded not quirky or fascinating, but unfinished. They weren't going to communicate. But I never had any problems with him, because I always saw his eccentricity as kind of putting you on, to see how far you'd take him seriously. Once he knew you were a serious worker, he cut the crap. His routine was the same for anybody that came in the room. He'd sort of wink at you and go, "here we go again." Most people were bewildered by him and didn't understand what he was doing anyway. They regarded him as over the line and not really human.

**What year was this?**

1978. The only reason you knew he was together was because he always had the best players on hand. The guitarist, Ernest Ranklin, was an old-school gentleman, probably in his fifties. He would be the mediator when I first met Sly and Robbie. I got on with them great now, they've cooled their act a bit. They used to be very, I guess provincial is the word. As far as Scratch was concerned, all that mattered was what came out of the speakers, and he had these incredible speakers, like, one eighteen inch woofer in a big metal box hung from the ceiling by chains. That was it. Cranked as loud

as it would go. Everything was bassed. And those joke spliffs you see that are like nine inches long? They'd make them out of brown paper and just constantly smoke. He used to spray this vile-smelling rose-scented air freshener through his air conditioner. So you had this really heady mixture of ganja and cheap deodorizer. And these speakers, their main frequency was around 50, so it was quite an experience being in there, like 10 hours a day. You'd come out really spaced, you know?

**You would stay in Kingston and go back to the studio in the morning?**

Yeah, I was in the Kingston Sheraton. After the religious and political zealots weren't able to throw me off my stride, they started posting guys outside my hotel room and doing weird voodoo shit.

**What a bad trip, man!**

Sounds like it was, but it wasn't, actually. The thing was: just don't laugh. You had to take him seriously, but it was so hokey, so bananas. I've been on the road since I was 15, so with these guys' routines, I was like, give me a break! Of course, as soon as you act like that, they were all "ahhh, fucking white man" and all this bullshit. They pulled all kinds of tricks on me. Like, this massive spliff goes 'round, you get dry mouth, so the next thing they offer you--do you know what a cream cracker is?

**A cream cracker?**

A saltine. So you're singing and your mouth's like sawdust. Of course I go out in the yard to bring everybody water, and they all think this is hilari-

ous. It's like kids' games.

**Was he himself a practical joker?**

No. He was just this magnet for a scene that was the real musical cutting edge. His studio seemed like the spiritual and political center of the island. It was heavy, and it was all about getting this magic on the tracks. My favorite is called "Iron Gate." It's a masterpiece. Opens up with somebody flushing a toilet.

**What was the food like?**

Salt fish and ackee. Ackee is a fruit, and when they prepare it, it tastes like scrambled eggs. They mix that with salted fish. It's a breakfast dish. Also, fried plantain and breadfruit, which is a potato-like thing that tastes like chesnuts. It's very nice. A lot of cook out, barbecue style, you know, when everybody's got the munchies.

**Sounds cool.**

It was a closed shop. I got in through Chris Blackwell.

**Was he still on good terms with Lee at that point?**

Yeah. I remember Lee going over to Chris Blackwell's house and decorating it with hot rocks and spraypainting the whole TV room while everybody was asleep at night. It was a disaster. And when you asked Lee about it, he'd be real evasive and say it was something to catch a certain spirit that was missing. A great house guest!

\*Actually one track, "Love Can Run Faster," appeared as a b-side to Island's 1979 "Bad Case Of Loving You (Doctor Doctor)" 7" and as an unlisted seventh track on the CD version of Seke Molenga and Kalo Kawangolo's *Heart Of The Congo*. Hardly incomplete or abstract, it's rather the best Robert Palmer performance you'll never hear.

## DAVE KATZ, GHOST WRITER



When Lee Perry asked me to be the "ghost writer" of his autobiography, it was an offer I was reluctant to accept, such was the Herculean nature of the task. I had only been in London a few days in January of 1987 when I arranged to interview him for *Wiring Department*, a new music magazine based in my home town of San Francisco. When I arrived at Dingwalls night club, however, Scratch was already too tipsy to speak and spent the rest of the evening blowing copious amounts of ganja smoke through a whistle whilst gripping nearby illuminated light bulbs with his bare hands. The interview never took place, but I did manage to give him a copy of a review I'd done of his then-recent comeback album, *Battle of Armageddon: Millionaire Liquidator*.

Imagine my surprise when I was summoned to a small music studio some days later, and Scratch told me that my review indicated a rare insight into his character. As initiation he requested that I procure for him 13 stones. When I delivered the goods, he put them into the back of the video camera he was using to film all sessions.

For the next two years we met on an almost daily basis. I observed and photographed him at

home, on the town, at work in various recording and rehearsal studios and on stage performing in London, Manchester, and Paris.

During those years before Scratch left Britain for Switzerland, I found Mr. Perry reluctant to answer any questions directly, particularly about his past, and especially about his dealings with the Wailers. He would answer in riddles and puns, or just ignore the question altogether. Thus my success as a ghost writer was negligible, although we did build up a spoken rapport, as I also love indulging in word play.

One day, we were in a dimly lit Caribbean youth club above a welding shop in search of ganja (Scratch smokes an inordinate amount of high quality herb on a daily basis) when Scratch turned to me with a scow and asked, "What about this book you're writing?" It had been several months, and I still had very little information. When I replied that there was too much I didn't know, Scratch said "Anything you want to know, just ask me." So I asked about his parents, to which he replied, "If you want to know about my parents, you must ask my mother, because mother knows best." When I insisted that he might tell something about his childhood, he cursed me with a vexatious "Blood clot, David, me already dead. Me is a ghost, you nuh see it?"

As a result of hanging around this 5 foot 4 inch mega-man I also met an impressive array of artists who helped fill in the blanks about Perry's past. Occasionally Scratch would speak about his life and work, but the best I could do was listen and observe. Scratch was often barefoot in winter, leaving his windows wide open while it was snowing. In summer he wore moon boots with broken glass glued on the outsides and carried a portable heater everywhere. He used to place wine bottles containing his own urine at various points around the studio and breathe ganja smoke directly onto master tapes while he was recording. He also was fond of placing

heavy objects on his head, like the electric fire crowning him on the back of *Millionaire Liquidator*.

One summer day at London's Southern Studios, Scratch got the heater going full blast before adding half a bottle of baby oil to it. While the rest of us fled the room, Scratch stood before the smoking heater, inhaling the choking gas. Then we drove across town to Brixton and entered a kebab shop at 3 a.m. where Scratch asked the terrified man behind the counter, "Is that rat and cat?"

Another time, Scratch ran up to some policemen patrolling the notorious All Saint's Road in Notting Hill, a tiny road associated with politicized elements of the black community. "Help me, help me, I've been robbed!" Scratch proclaimed wildly. Several hundred t-shirts that he'd ordered from an All Saint's address all turned out to be extra small. The baffled bobbies suggested small claims court.

Another memorable event took place during our departure from Paris after his 1988 French concerts. Scratch was wearing army boots, a huge mirror with a sticker of Ethiopia on it around his neck, carrying a brand new electric guitar and had several priceless reel-to-reel master tapes with him (there were boxes and boxes of master tapes at his London home, positioned strategically in his garden). After setting off every conceivable bell in the airport's metal detectors, the staff just let him by.

Scratch was asked by the immigration officer how long he intended to stay in the UK. With a perfectly straight face, the Upsetter said, "I don't know. It could be a day, could be a thousand years."





# ROASTING AND TOASTING THE UPSETTER

While researching this piece we tried to talk to lots of people. Among those who didn't get back to us were: Linda McCartney, Toots Hibbert, Clint Eastwood, Rita Marley, Adrian Sherwood and of course Chris Blackwell (see p.70). Some, like Family Man Barrett and Perry's ex-wife Pauline, we weren't able to track down but luckily were able to obtain something thanks to Dave Katz, generous Scratchophile extraordinaire. Other, like Paul Simonon of the Clash, were not contacted because Mike was too busy or embarrassed. And finally there were those like the legendary DJ U-Roy, who actually came to us and smoked our pot but were unwilling or unable to reminisce with any relevance. On one hand, this was our fault for being underprepared. For example, when we talked to U-Roy we didn't know about his 1969 experiment with Perry called "OK Corral." Maybe next time. Or maybe not, because Jamaican musicians, like all popular musicians, are full of shit and interested only in self-promotion. Chris Wilson of Heartbeat Records and Marley historian Roger Steffens are both eminently more qualified than us to approach these musicians -- and both have run into the same stonewall. As Wilson notes, "I talked to Coxsone, and he doesn't tell you anything, either, and he's completely normal! It's mainly because these guys, they DID it. They weren't interested in why or how because they just did."

## PRINCE BUSTER

"Some people had messed up with him one time and I had to get involved, you know. Lee Perry is a man with



some good ideas, let's face it. Well, Perry, they wants to hurt him, you know? Automatically it was the same, it was the viciousness that entered into the music, now people messing with people. Whatever cause it I don't think Perry had interested anybody to warrant such a drastic thing. I think it was more long feelings and music and sound system and so I don't know what cause it, I didn't ask, I just went to Perry's help. Some dance it was, I don't know, but he was playing there."

--as told to Stewart Longin

## ASTON "FAMILY MAN" BARRETT

Family Man



was called 'Shoo Be Doo'. I remember we fly over just to do the TV show. It was one take. And we did it like we were professionals. We were all in different colours, it's beautiful, they show it on Top Of The Pops."

## CLIVE CHIN

"We didn't have a program to study. It's just the feel. We'd never watch meters or balances, it was just a matter of what he would hear. We'd go into the toilet and take a microphone, put it down inside the bowl and flush it to get a sound. We'd run water instead of finding soundtrack tapes. Making. Throw bottles and make it crash, all the fun stuff. Usually we just stay in there the whole week without actually coming out. Food and herb would just come in. I can remember one time I came out of the studio I felt like an albino, couldn't recognize the daylight. The smell of the studio just embalmed in

me, all that strong herbs and food and music."

--as told to Stewart Longin

## AUGUSTUS PABLO

"I was there as a session musician at the same time when Heptones was there, Congoes was voicing every day. I was also doing an album with Lee Perry for Island but it didn't work out, something went down. I think

Pauline his ex-wife still has the tape. [S.L.: And she's shopping it around, right?] I don't know about that. She will go to jail, of course, because any company that takes it will be in trouble. I would have to give permission to release. I can't remember none of the songs, just "Jah Wah." One came out on 45, "Vibrate On." The best producer

alive. He still is. He's always up, he brings the best out of you. I don't have nothing against Lee Perry, I know the music part of him is sweet and I love him. I used to do everything with Scratch. When Chris Blackwell sent him out to buy wine I would go buy wine. Otherwise just working every day. Him hardly eat, more smoke and drink. Sometimes he bring in the food but when you're doing the music it's hard to eat the food. Sometime he want to dub on something and tell me to just stay behind the board. When Scratch is done doing something in the studio and he wants to play with the band, he bring in an engineer like Errol Thompson or Phillip Smart."

--as told to Stewart Longin

## VIVIENNE GOLDMAN

"I hung out with him and Bob Marley in London. They were very good together, although Bob was always upset because he never got any money for those incredible Wailers recordings they did together. Bob was keen to let everybody know, and Trojan insisted that they paid the producer, who was Lee Perry. But that was all in the past. They were very close and just enjoyed being together, bigging each other up. They had an apartment upstairs from the old studio in Basing Street. Scratch was definitely out there on Planet Perry as it were, but he very canny. Doesn't suffer fools gladly, and Bob was of the same ilk."

--as told to Bob Mack

## AURA LEWIS

"I asked Jimmy Cliff if he would help me pay for the masters and pay Lee like a producer. Then he and I would make an agreement for what we would do with the music after that. I don't think Lee Perry appreciated that. With all the vibes that had started to go on with the thing, with Pauline saying all the time that it was going to be a flop, I felt like maybe I would just take the master and do a deal with Jimmy. In the end, I got screwed by Jimmy! Jimmy gave me five songs on the worst master quarter inch that Lee had given him. What could I say to Lee? All he would say was, 'yeah, you took it away from a Rastaman and then you gave it to a baldhead and got fucked.' I think when Lee gave the tape to Jimmy, he gave Jimmy this bad master tape where the

voices were too far back -- because he knew Jimmy would have a hard time dealing with it -- and charged him all this money. Then the whole thing went down the drain. Because of greed, and because of trying to be slick, we all lost in the end. But I can understand Lee, because he is a Pisces. I know I'm going to meet him again, but I'm not planning anything. I'd love to run into him the same way we ran into each other the first time, at Island Records."

--as told to Dave Katz

## ROGER STEFFENS

"The story I heard of how the Black Ark burned down was that some German guy showed up one morning who was a big Scratch fan. He started hangin' out but wouldn't leave, and as day wore into night, the German is still there. Scratch finally turns

in desperation to his son, gives him a few bucks and says, "go get me some gasoline down the street." They sell gasoline in liter bottles on the side of the road, and Scratch threw one up on the roof of the Black Ark. Gasoline poured everywhere. Then Scratch lit something, threw it on the roof and the thing just "BROOOF!" burst into flames. The German goes tear-assing down the driveway, never to be seen again and Scratch collapses in laughter. Then he says, "Gimme da hose, boy!" His son hands him the hose and Scratch tries to spray out the fire but they've turned the water off for the night in Kingston! So Scratch yells, "Son! Quick! Go down the road and buy me a bottle of rum!" He says, "Why Daddy?" And Scratch says "Becau'! If da Black Ark a go burn, we haffa keep a party!"

--as told to Bob Mack

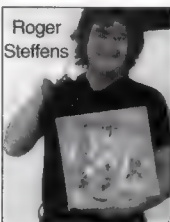
## FAMILY MAN

"I don't know about the hospital, but I know he was going through a trip. Pressure came on, but he's done a lot of good things for singers and players of instruments. He live close to me, because I live in Washington Gardens, too, on the main street. He's on the left side and I'm on the right. Once in a blue moon I would tune in on him and have a rap and a smoke and talk about coming back to Europe. After the Legend tour, we were supposed to hook up with Scratch, but him have to phase in and get himself tight. At that time, '84, I and my brother were supposed to meet back with Scratch to do something. 'Cause I help him to finish up an album at Harry J studios, and we start a whole album together at Tuff Gong studio. Rhythm tracks are there, unfinished, waiting on Scratch."

--as told to Dave Katz

## DRO

"I played drums in an all-white reggae band, The Terrorists, in the early 1980s. Perry produced a few tracks for us. He was renting an apartment in downtown Manhattan where he lived for about four months. The walls, the





ceiling, the bathroom tiles, the telephone, were covered with little questions and sayings like 'Beware of the women of the world.' I know he was angry because his wife just left him. One morning I found him holding his ring-clad fingers over the stove's burner. I asked, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'Warming up my rings for the day.' Another time Perry had just received a \$2,900 check from Island, and I went with him to major department store to buy an antique silver serving set. When we got back, I took photos of him posing with his new set."

--as told to Larry Jaffee

## ROB PARTRIDGE

"This record came out that said Chris Blackwell was a vampire, and at roughly the same time Lee did an interview with the New Musical Express where he claimed he saw Chris Blackwell drinking chicken's blood. The day it came out, a Wednesday, I went down to the Island Records reception area, and who should I see sitting there but Lee Perry, wearing this little tourist bowler hat with 'I Love London' on the front. He's there trying to beg some money out of Island Records, which he got. I think Chris is a vampire, actually. I don't think you can refute that one. That's on the record."

--as told to Bob Mack

## CHRIS WILSON

"On *Lord God Muzik* there was that song 'Who Colt The Game?' And it was like 'Bunny Lee colt the game!' Lee Perry was saying that Bunny Lee killed King Tubby! And I said to myself, 'Do I even want to release this fucking song?' Niney had done the music and was like, 'I don't even want my name on the fuckin' thing.' It was like, this record is gonna create a lot of arguments. Oh man, it was some harsh reasoning. Very harsh reasoning. Lee Perry was angry about that *News Flash* record. He was really pissed off that Bunny Lee had put out his music and this song came out of that. If you listen to 'Who Colt The Game?', it's not a mad song, it's not crazy. That song was done basically in one take. I was afraid he



could never do the song again, so I didn't want any work done after it was over. 'Cos he just spewed the whole damn thing out. At the time, in 1990, he was drinking very heavily and smoking—chain smoking—

marijuana. Drinking like a case of Stout a session! Especially towards the end, when doing the voicing. Then he'd have these lists—I should have kept some, they were just priceless. There would be like a sentence on one page and on some pages just a huge letter. Lyrics? It was just these stacks of paper. Random shit. You could drop the whole thing, shuffle it and pick it up again. I remember looking at one sheet that had like an 'A' on it, just one letter, and another page had two letters. But when he did 'Who Colt the Game?' he didn't need any pieces of paper. He fuckin' nailed the song."

--as told to Bob Mack

## ROBERT "JAH ROBBIE" KUIJPERS

"The other evening I was eating an incredibly good pizza and my mind got back to early 1991, when I went to Lee Perry's house in Zurich and introduced the Upsetter to a friend of mine who wanted to do an interview. When we arrived we found only Marcia, Scratch's daughter from his former wife Pauline. She was busy making mysterious designs on her body with a blue marker and

explained that Lee would be back in two hours. We were quite hungry and decided to have pizza at a restaurant downhill from Lee's house. After eating we came back and Lee's wife Mireille said that Lee was upstairs in the Secret Laboratory and would be with us any minute. When he came downstairs, he introduced himself as the Moonman from the sex planet Pluto, while his wife was from a star in another galaxy. Bottles of champagne were opened, spills rolled and lit, luxury foods served and the interview commenced. Soon though, my friend's pizza decided to leave his stomach and he just made it to the toilet to throw up. When he returned, The Upsetter said, 'You must be a wise man, coming from afar to deliver a very special message in my toilet! This means big things will happen in Russia, America, and England.' (And yes, Russia became a capitalist country, the USA got into the Gulf War and we got rid of Margaret Thatcher.) 'I'm the Pizzaman from Switzerland,' Lee concluded, not knowing that we had eaten pizza that very evening!"

## JOHN CORBETT

I'm darting through Zurich in Mireille Campbell's minivan, en route to the department store to pick up a floor lamp and lawn furniture. Lee rides shotgun while rolling a huge spliff and looks back to detail the components of his handmade crown for my video camera. The car stereo blares "Sexy Boss," Perry's dedication to Mireille, who cracks a lipsticked grin at his lyrics about the millions of francs Perry has stashed away for his lover-gal. "OK, where are they?" she demands, "I want them now." Perry ignores the question and turns to me. "You know the reason you are here is to help me conquer the CIA and the TWA. I set my dragnet. All my victims walk into my net. With my super-atomic ray gun and my time on my head." At this, he points at a Swatch affixed to his crown. When I look, he has put a miniature globe in his mouth. Then he says, "The world is very small, it goes in my mouth. And this is Africa, it goes on my tongue." He holds up a tarot card with a mirror on it and says earnestly. "Everything is about money: only I alone have asset money, music asset."

"Like cassette," I rhyme, lamely.

"Like more than cassette," he corrects. "I own all the earth's gold, all the earth's silver. Everything under the earth is mine, and everything above the sky is mine. 'Cause I'm the President of all the toilets, the President of all the bathrooms. I'm the President of Filth, the President of Mess. All the persons who do mess, they're in trouble. No one can hide from their mess. Anywhere you go, your mess follows you around. And sooner or later, your mess catch up wit' you!" He laughs manically as we pull into the parking lot. Lee steps out of the car. "I am from the Planet of Mess," he declares, as if to hex the plastic chairs, microwaves, and perfumed drapes inside, "I am from the Planet of Mess."

[John Corbett is the author of the book *Extended Play: Sounding Off from John Cage to Dr. Funkenstein*]

## DESMOND YOUNG

I have been back to site of the Black Ark Studio, 5 Cardiff Crescent Road, and spoke with Perry family members: Lee's 25 year old son Omar (AKA Mark, the baby who sings on "Thanks We Get"), his daughter Marcia (the crying baby on "People Funny Boy") and Lee's brother Milton, or "P-Son." They recalled Lee fondly and emphasized that when they were kids growing up at the Black



Ark Studio, many cars used to line up outside the home, musicians were in and out of the house, a family affair. They cooked and made general use of the facilities. Mr. Perry was a generous man who would go to lengths to accommodate someone in need. They spoke of how he would tell the musicians what he wanted them to play and sometimes spend weeks to get it right. In the later days dad was mostly in the studio, sometimes for a week, dealing strictly with music. No time to play with the kids but they understood. Values passed on by their father were: (1) In life you have to make your own decisions. (2) You have to stand up for what you know is right. (3) You have to suffer for what you want. (4) And everybody has to start from "scratch."

--as told to Stewart Longin

## ANONYMOUS

"He does a lot of stuff just to shock you, like put the sign of the cross on the ground and piss on it. Weird Cabolistic symbolism. He's sort of the Roky Erickson of reggae. But he treats his children really badly. I know that he's been profoundly hurt in life, and his own soul has been wounded but he treats his own children really badly. That generation is lost. He said to his son, 'Tell me about the black man,' and the kid

recited something he must have learned from his dad, like 'The black man is here to fuck and cheat and rob us.' These kids in Jamaica live in rags, they're bone poor. When the hurricane blew the roof off the house they didn't even have a roof on the house they lived in."

## PAULINE "ISHA" MORRISON

"I really get into the music when I meet Scratch. When I met Scratch, he was working at Coxsone. If Scratch never met me, he would still be working at Coxsone! Even when him name King Scratch, him still wanted to be gopher for Coxsone. Building the Black Ark was my idea, not Scratch's idea alone. I sing on a lot of records for Scratch. I trained the artists, like Susan Cadogan. A whole heap of backing vocals me do for Scratch. Blackboard Jungle Dub was the very first dub album. I remember I pressed 300 in Jamaica, and I brought 100 with me to England. It's not Scratch alone that mixed down dubs like that. Most of Scratch's songs that he did on his own, it's I is the engineer. I also got a deal for him to produce some Nigerians in Ghana, but he didn't want to go. There's a lot of things me do with Scratch me don't get no credit for! 'Jesus went up on the mountain, his disciples were there,' I wrote that. I gave it to the Silvertones to sing."

--as told to David Katz

## DOCTOR ALIMANTADO



"I think the world should assist him in what he's trying to portray. They would find that the music business would have a lift, because he is not an imitator, he is an originator. And you cannot keep telling an originator that he's mad. It's stupid, because most great people in this world who people always recall act just the same way Upsetter does! Because in a great mind, there is always so much thing happen in it to make it creative. They shouldn't wait until he is dead before they let him know they recognise him. They should recognize him now, while he's still alive, so he can enjoy some of that high."

--as told David Katz



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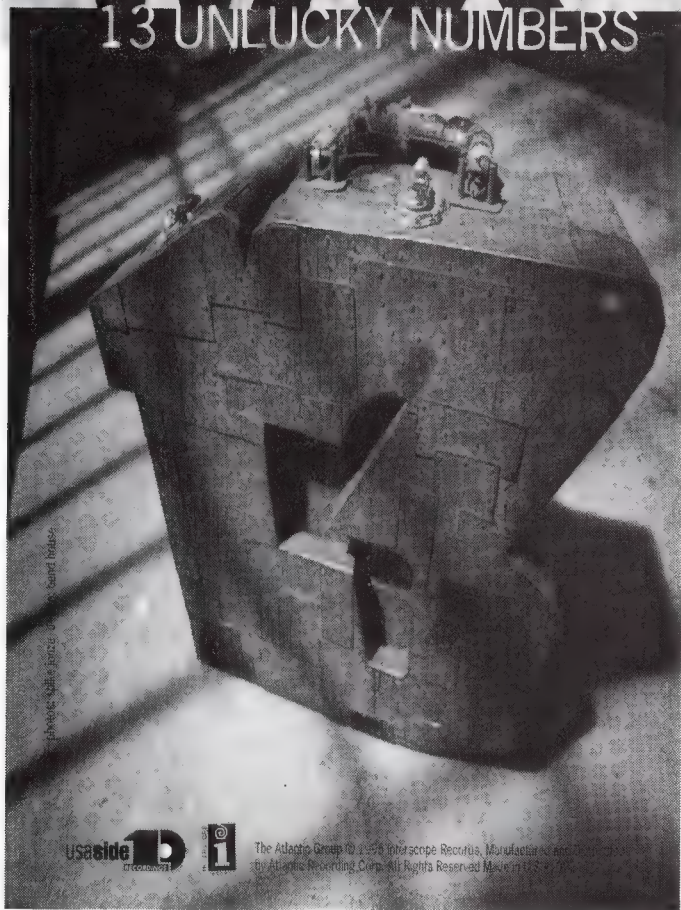




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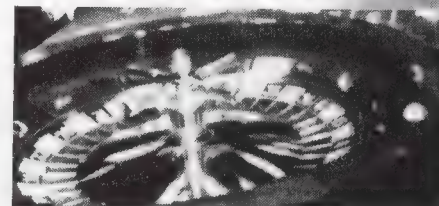
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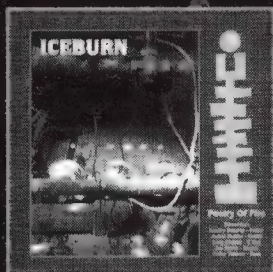
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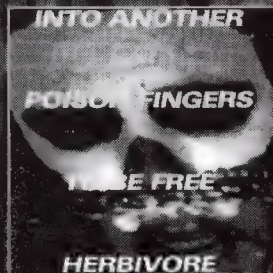
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DR. TIMOTHY LEARY PH.D.



CIA

# Tinker, Tailor, Stoner, Spy

Was Timothy Leary a CIA Agent? Was JFK the "Manchurian Candidate"? Was the '60s Revolution a Government Plot?

BY MARK RIEBLING

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SUNSET

Jack Kennedy stands on the balcony overlooking the Rose Garden fountain, a soothing sight before him: prisms of lighted water, the white spike of the Washington Monument, auto headlights flickering along Executive Avenue. He begins to feel a deep-seated goodness within. From the bedroom behind him, through white chiffon curtains, float the chords of Sinatra's "All I Need Is the Girl," and JFK can make out every note...

Behind the curtains moves the shadow of a tall woman who is not his wife. She is deeply connected to the CIA, and has just given the President a dose of LSD. She is "brainwashing" him under the direction of a Harvard psychologist, Dr. Timothy Leary, whose colleagues are all taking CIA money, and who has himself designed a personality test used by the CIA...

This, or something like it, actually happened. To understand how and why requires digging through government documents and reading between the lines of Leary's autobiography, *Flashbacks*. It's a trip through the secret psychedelic underground, a mystery that must be solved by the reader's own detective work. What follows are the clues, i.e., undisputed facts.



**September 1942:** The **Office of Strategic Services (OSS)**, wartime precursor to the **CIA**, begins search for a drug that will force subjects of interrogation to reveal secrets. Project director **Dr. Stanley Lovell** will recall that such a “truth drug” is “considered fantastic by the realists, unethical by the moralists, and downright **ludicrous** by the physicians.” But Lovell goes ahead and tests “mescaline, barbiturates, scopolamine, benzedrine, cannabis indica, etc.” The best results are obtained with **indica**: “A few minutes after administration, subject becomes relaxed, and thoughts flow with considerable freedom. Whatever the individual is trying to withhold will be forced to the top of his subconscious.” To “administer” pot without the subject’s knowledge, the OSS dissolves **marijuana** into a clear, odorless liquid which can be “injected into any type of food, such as **mashed potatoes** or **candy**.”

**May 25, 1943:** The **truth drug** is tested on Lower East Side mafiosi **August “Little Augie” Del Gaizo**. Little Augie is an ideal subject because he has secrets he is “most anxious to conceal, and because he prides himself on having never informed.” But after smoking two cigarettes laced with **.14 gram THC**, Little Augie becomes “obviously ‘high’ and extremely garulous” in the apartment of OSS officer **George White**. Little Augie, “with no further encouragement,” divulges identities of city officials on the take and details criminal empire run by **Meyer Lansky** and **Bugsy Siegel** plus “other information subject would not give under ordinary circumstances. There is no question that the drug was responsible for loosening subject’s tongue.” Henceforth, the OSS refers to THC liquid as “**TD**,” a cryptonym for “Truth Drug.”

**1944:** The **OSS** uses “**TD**” in secret operations. **Lovell** reports “certain disclosures of the greatest value are in possession of military intelligence as a result of this treatment. Properly employed... it may be a national asset of incalculable importance.” But OSS officials, fearing political backlash if use of drug is revealed, shut program down.

**April - May 1945:** **Jack Kennedy**, before entering politics, is working as a reporter for the **Hearst** newspaper chain. While covering the charter conference of the **United Nations** in **San Francisco**, he frequently sees his old flame from **Choate**, **Mary Pinchot Meyer**, and her husband, **Cord Meyer Jr.**, assistant to the American delegation. A young **Yale** graduate and award-winning literary talent, Cord Meyer was badly wounded in World War II and has a glass eye.

**September 1946:** **Timothy Leary** begins doctoral studies in **psychology** at **Berkeley**.

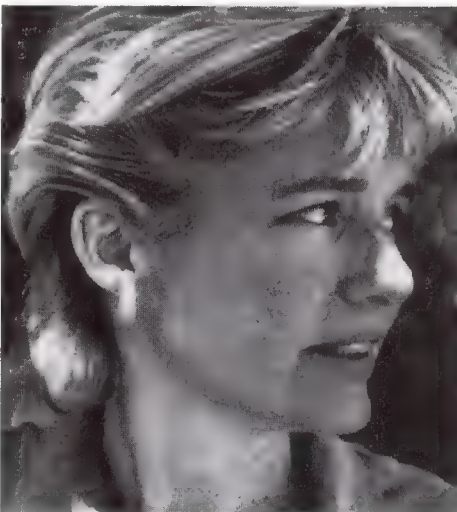
**1947:** **Dr. Werner Stoll**, researcher at **Sandoz Laboratories**, **Basel, Switzerland**, publishes first scientific articles on **LSD-25**, an extract of rye mold, noting that it accelerates thinking and blunts suspicion in schizophrenics.

**1947-48:** As a grad student in psychology, **Leary** attends first two conventions of the **American Veterans Committee (AVC)**, a **left-wing** veterans group. At the second **AVC** convention, Leary meets **Cord Meyer**, then spearheading an **anti-communist purge** of the organization. Meyer lectures **Leary**

about communism and the importance of liberal resistance to it. Leary later credits Meyer with “helping me understand my political-cultural role more clearly.”

**Late 1950:** **Cord Meyer** joins the **CIA** and is soon put in charge of its **International Relations Division**. The purpose of this division is to **covertly** encourage, finance and infiltrate noncommunist liberal institutions like labor unions, creative-academic societies, and student groups.

**April 13, 1953:** The **CIA** launches **Operation MK/ULTRA**, a major drug and **mind-control** program. Concerned about reports of **POWs** being brainwashed in Korea, the **CIA** focuses on stronger hallucinogenic **drugs**. “The development of a comprehensive capabili-



Mary Pinchot Meyer with her husband, Cord Meyer, and above. She turned JFK on to LSD, and her murder has never been solved.

ty in this field... gives a thorough knowledge of the enemy’s theoretical potential, thus enabling us to defend ourselves against a foe who might not be as restrained in the use of these techniques as we are.” **CIA** employees, perhaps including **Meyer**, volunteer for experiments. Through a front organization called **The Society For Human Ecology**, the **CIA** spends **\$25 million** researching effects of **LSD**, psilocybin and mescaline at **Harvard University** and several sites in the **Bay Area**, including **Stanford** and **Berkeley**.

**1954-59:** **Leary** is director of clinical research and psychology at **Kaiser Foundation Hospital** in **Oakland**. He devises a personality test, “**The Leary**,” later used by the **CIA** to test prospective employees. He also befriends **Frank Barron**, a grad

school classmate who has been working for the **CIA** since at least 1953. Barron works at the **Berkeley Institute for Personality Assessment and Research**, which Leary later acknowledges is “funded and staffed by **OSS-CIA** psychologists.”

**1960-61:** Barron founds **Harvard Psychodelic Drug Research Center**. Leary follows Barron to Harvard and becomes a lecturer in psychology. After Barron administers **CIA-supplied** psilocybin and **LSD** to him, Leary begins tripping regularly. He also studies the effects of psychedelics on others in controlled experiments. He later admits to knowing that “some **powerful** people in Washington sponsored all this drug research.” Leary’s associates during this period include former **OSS** chief psychologist **Harry Murray** and **Martin Orme**, a researcher receiving funds from the **CIA**. Leary also consults British philosopher **Aldous Huxley**, author of *The Doors of Perception* (which **Jim Morrison** would later name his band after). Huxley urges Leary to form secret order of **LSD-Illuminati** to brainwash influential people. “That’s how everything of culture and beauty and philosophic freedom has been passed on,” Huxley says. “Initiate artists, writers, poets, jazz musicians, elegant courtesans. And they’ll educate the intelligent rich.”

**Spring 1962:** **Mary Meyer**, recently divorced from her husband, visits **Leary** at **Harvard**. She claims she knows “a very important man who wants to try **LSD** for himself.” Leary does not know Mary is having an affair with **President Kennedy** (later confirmed by **Presidential Secretary Kenneth O’Donnell**). Mary tells Leary that the government is studying ways to “use drugs for warfare, espionage, brainwashing.” She asks him to “teach us how to run [LSD] sessions, to do good.” Leary provides her with drug samples and advises her how to be a “**brainwasher**.” She swears him to secrecy.

**Late July, 1962:** **Mary Meyer** records her visit to the **White House** in her diary, and later describes it to friend **James Truitt** of the **Washington Post**. She and **Kennedy** smoke two joints, reportedly prompting the **President** to say, “This isn’t at all like **cocaine**. I’ll get you some of that.” Once Kennedy is “loosened up” — as Leary has advised — Mary gives him a dose of **LSD**. As it “kicks in,” he goes out on the balcony overlooking the Rose Garden fountain, a soothing sight before him...

**Fall 1962:** **Leary** meets **Mary Meyer** at Boston’s **Ritz Hotel**. She alludes to her “**hush-hush love affair**,” and tells him “**top people in Washington are turning on**.” According to Leary, she also says, “Do you remember the **American Veterans Committee**? The **CIA** started that.” She further explains that the “**CIA** creates the radical journals and student organizations and runs them with deep-cover agents.” When Leary asks how she knows this, she explains, “I knocked you with those **facts** to get your attention. It’s a standard intelligence trick.” She confides that the **CIA** has been running left-wing groups and sponsoring more psychedelic research than he will ever know. “You are doing exploratory work the **CIA** tried to do in the 1950s,” she says. “They’re more than happy to have you do their research for them. Since **drug research** is of vital importance to the **intelligence agencies**, you’ll be allowed to go on with your experiments as long as you keep it quiet.”



**Spring 1963:** Leary again meets **Mary Meyer** at the **Ritz**. She says her love affair has been exposed. "I don't trust the phones or the mail," she warns. He is to make no contact with her until further notice.

**May - June 1963:** **Mary** warns **Leary**, who is conducting **psychedelic summer camp** in **Mexico**, that their "sessions" are "in jeopardy" because he is attracting "too much publicity."

**September 1963:** **Mary** meets **Leary** in **Millbrook, New York**, where he is now conducting experiments. She gives him "the **best LSD** in the world," from the **National Institute of Mental Health** and confides: "We had eight intelligent women turning on the most powerful men in **Washington**. And then we got found out. I made a mistake in recruitment. A wife snitched on us. I've gotten mixed up in some **dangerous** matters."

**December 1, 1963:** **Mary** calls **Leary**, who has been "expecting her phone call ever since the **Kennedy assassination**." According to Leary, she says, "They couldn't control him anymore. He was changing too fast. They've covered everything up. I'm afraid. Be careful."

**October 12, 1964:** **Mary Meyer** is **shot to death**, execution-style, at 12:45 p.m., on a park towpath along the **Georgetown Canal** in **Washington, D.C.** Her body is identified by **Ben Bradlee**, **Cord Meyer's brother-in-law**, editor of the **Washington Post**. CIA Counterintelligence Chief **James Angleton** confiscates and later burns the diary in which **Mary** has recorded her liaisons with **JFK**. A **black laborer** with a wife and five children, 26-year-old **Raymond Crump Jr.**, is arrested on suspicion of murdering **Mary** in a robbery attempt, although she had not been carrying a purse and there is no credible eyewitness testimony placing **Crump** at the site. On **July 20, 1965**, a jury deliberates only 11 hours before acquitting him. The murder weapon is never found; the crime is **never solved**.



HARD LUCK: G. Gordon Liddy (center) busts Leary's brother Jack (right) at Millbrook

**1965-66:** **FBI** agents openly surveil **Leary's** compound at **Millbrook**. Eventually the Bureau turns case over to former **FBI** agent **G. Gordon Liddy**, now a county prosecutor, who later says, "At **Leary's** **lair** the panties were dropping as fast as the acid." Liddy leads raid in **March 1966**. **Leary** is charged with possession of illegal drugs, but the case is dropped after the Supreme Court's **Miranda** decision in June. These events leave **Leary** deeply distrustful of the **FBI** and "**cops**" in general.

**January - August 1967:** The **radical** magazine **Ramparts** exposes **CIA** sponsorship of **National**

**Student Association**, a **Cord Meyer** project. **Meyer's** best friend, **James Angleton**, assigns CIA officer **Richard Ober** to begin an investigation of the leaked story. **Ober's** probe is soon expanded into a spy program on **countercultural** and **student** movements, code-named **CHAOS**.



Former CIA Chief James Jesus Angleton

**September 1967:** When **CHAOS** is launched, **Leary** leaves **New York**, where he was contemplating the **Tibetan Book of the Dead**, and becomes a media-hounding fixture of the California countercultural scene, telling people to "**tune in, turn on, drop out**."

**1968:** While **New Left** leaders preach violent overthrow of the Government, **Leary** urges nonviolent, drug-oriented "**hippie capitalism**." **Leary's** position endorses private property and profit motive, so the Marxist organization **Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)** denounces him for "limiting the revolution." The **Progressive Labor Party (PLP)** claims **Leary** is a **CIA** agent. But then again, the **PLP** accuses everyone it disagrees with of being **CIA**.

**1969:** **Leary** critics eventually point to his close connections during this time to international **LSD-smuggling** cartel, the **Brotherhood of Eternal Love**, rumored to be a **CIA** front. The **Brotherhood** is controlled by **Ronald Stark**, who the Italian High Court later concludes has been **CIA** since 1960, and **Brotherhood's** funds are channelled through **Castle Bank** in the **Bahamas**, a known **CIA** "**proprietary**." For two years **Leary** lives at **Brotherhood** headquarters in **Laguna Beach**, during which time **Brotherhood** corners the U.S. market on **LSD** and distributes only one variety of the drug, "**Orange Sunshine**." **Stark** report-

edly knows a high-placed **Tibetan** close to the **Dalai Lama** and wants to provide enough **LSD** to dose all Chinese troops in **Tibet**. In the U.S., meanwhile, **Stark** provides enough **Orange Sunshine** to dose the hippie culture many times over. This is the "bad acid" that **Charles Manson's followers** took before murdering **Sharon Tate** and that the **Hell's Angels** took before stabbing **Tate** to death a black man during a **Rolling Stones** concert at **Altamont**. Because of this, **William S. Burroughs**, **White Panther** leader **John Sinclair** and **Ken Kesey** eventually entertain the theory that **Stark**, **Leary**, and **Orange Sunshine** are all part of a **CIA** plot to discredit the radical left.

**Fall 1969:** According to declassified government documents, the **CIA** now has a **CHAOS** agent with "particularly good entree into highest levels of the domestic radical community" who is providing "extremely personal data." It is decided to send this agent to infiltrate the overseas headquarters of the **Black Panthers**. In the meantime, the **CIA** will debrief him for domestic information about his associates, in part because he does not "wish to deal with the **FBI**."

**February 1970:** **Leary** is convicted of **marijuana** possession and jailed at **Lompoc**, California. **Lompoc** is a minimum-security prison, so **Leary** is still able to get acid and provide valuable intelligence. On **September 12**, he is "**liberated**" from **Lompoc** by members of the **Weather Underground**. The **Weathermen** have launched **Marxist** guerrilla struggle in the United States, and **Leary** pledges solidarity in his "POW Statement" that says, "Listen Americans! Your government is an instrument of totally lethal evil. Resist actively, **sabotage**, jam the computer... hijack planes, total war is upon us.... WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous!" This hyperbolic communique re-establishes **Leary's** bona fides in the radical underground and further turns American opinion against the **New Left**.

**October 1970:** According to **Angleton's** deputy, **Scott Miller**, the **CIA** is at this time trying to find out what **Black Panther** party leader **Eldridge Cleaver** is doing in **Algeria**. **Leary** flies to **Algiers** and joins up with **Cleaver**. **Leary's** travels and the operation to spring him from jail are financed by **Stark** and the **Brotherhood**.

**October 21, 1970:** A **CIA** memo records that its prized **CHAOS** source is now overseas.

**November 1970 - May 1971:** **Cleaver** eventually searches **Leary's** apartment "for documents proving **Leary** and his wife were **CIA** operatives" and imprisons them in the **Panthers'** Algerian compound as "white slaves." A **CIA** document dated **February 12, 1971**, reports that "**Eldridge Cleaver** has apparently become enchanted with antics of **Tim Leary**.... Electing to call their action protective custody, **Cleaver** put **Tim** and **Rosemary** under house arrest." This report can only have come from penetration of **Cleaver's** entourage. Unless the **CIA** has recruited black militants, the information most probably came from electronic surveillance of the **Panther** compound or from **Leary** or his wife.

**May 1971:** **Leary** and his wife **escape** to **Switzerland** with the assistance of an "**Algerian**



bureaucrat named **All**," who "made no bones about his connection to **CIA**." "Are you sure you can trust him?" Leary's wife asks him. "He's **liberal CIA**," Leary says, "and that's the **best mafia** you can deal with in the 20th century." The escape is financed by the **Brotherhood of Eternal Love** through checks drawn on CIA's **Castle Bank**.

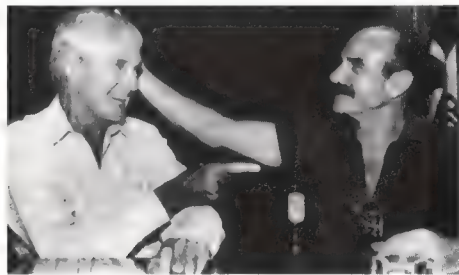
**June 18-19, 1972:** **G. Gordon Liddy**, now working for Republicans' Campaign to Re-Elect the President (**CREEP**), oversees break-in of the Democratic National Committee HQ at the **Watergate Hotel**. The burglars are caught and Liddy arrested. The next day, **CIA** officials meet to discuss the burglary, for which Liddy used ex-agents working for ex-CIA officer **Howard Hunt** at White House. CIA director **Richard Helms** orders deputies to carry out "damage control" to deflect suspicion away from the Agency and toward the President's Men. This is accomplished by *Washington Post* reporter **Bob Woodward**'s key "intelligence community" source, "**Deep Throat**," who begins providing tips to Woodward a few hours after the CIA's damage-control meeting. This suggests Throat is someone at the CIA meeting who has connections to the *Post*. **Cord Meyer** is at the meeting, and is still close with his in-law, *Post* editor **Ben Bradlee**. Meyer also fits the many clues Woodward drops as to **Throat's identity**, including chain smoking, a knowledge of literature and a battle-scarred face.

**1973-78:** After "jet-setting" in Switzerland, **Leary**, by his own account, returns to the U.S. through the machinations of the **CIA**; Leary says they have "kidnapped" him. He is **convicted** on **drug** charges and does hard time at **Folsom Prison**. After a few months Leary comes into open as government **informant**. Under code-name **CHARLIE THRUSH**, he turns State's Evidence against the **Weather Underground**. Freed from prison, Leary is taken into custody for fear that radical revolutionaries have marked him for execution. Former colleagues in the movement form a group called **People Investigating Leary's Lies (PILL)**. **Abbie Hoffman** declares "Timothy Leary is a name worse than **Benedict Arnold**." **Allen Ginsburg** says Leary is "like **Zabbath Zvi**, False Messiah accepted by millions of Jews centuries ago."



Zabbath Zvi with Ginsburg

**1978-93:** After last official contacts with security agencies in 1978, **Leary** distances himself from both government and the "movement" that no

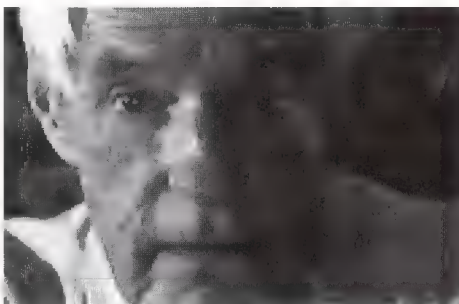


No hard feelings: Leary (left) and Liddy

longer really exists. Out in the cold, he "debates" **G. Gordon Liddy** on a nationwide tour. Former radicals describe the event as "**bogus**" and proof that Leary

is "in with the **fuzz**." At the very least, Leary is perceived as a lightweight by the left. He defends himself by saying, "If **Aristotle** were alive today, he'd have a **talk show**." He also publishes *Flashbacks: An Autobiography*, touching only in passing on the CIA's funding of **LSD** research. In 1992 appears, as himself, in *Roadside Prophets*, a film starring **Adam Horovitz**. In 1993, he appears in an ad for **The Gap**.

**April 14, 1994:** **Leary**, age 73, visits Gainesville, Florida, where I live, to present his multimedia lecture "**How To Operate Your Brain**." He wears white Adidas, black polyester pants and a psychedelic vest with a '93 **Lollapalooza** guest pass. In his warm-up remarks, he describes looking out the plane and noticing that "the clouds in Gainesville have been constructed by **George Lucas**." He complains that it's hard to buy marijuana nowadays and that pot causes short-term memory loss but "long-term memory gain." He says he will try to "**brainwash**" the audience.



From the home video *How to Operate Your Brain*

The lights go down, house music comes on, colors and words flicker and flash across the screen and Leary quotes **Socrates** and **Ralph Waldo Emerson**. People should think for themselves and question authority. Also, "Divinity resides within."

After the lights come on, Leary takes questions but warns us that "you're not supposed to believe anything I say." People queue up at two microphones, and I'm about fifth in line at one of them.

Most of the "questions" before mine are pretty uncool. A crazy-eyed man says, "The state of Florida is shaped like a gun, and Gainesville is the trigger! I'm a schizophrenic and I think I'm **Jesus Christ**." To which Leary replies, "Just don't get yourself crucified."

Finally it's my turn to step up to the mic.

Leary looks at me. Looks at his watch. "Sorry, no more time for questions." A fist-faced security guard gets between me and the mic. "You heard the man." Leary disappears behind the curtain.

Afterward, there's a reception for Leary and I scam my way in. People nibble nervously on peanut butter cookies until Leary enters. He sits down at the far side of the room. I sit down next to him. He inscribes to me a copy of *Flashbacks*. I notice his hands are an old person's hands with purple spots. He seems tired and distracted, so I try the standard espionage trick: knock him with some facts to get his attention.

"You know, my stepmother used to work for **Cord Meyer**." Which is true; she was for some years a secretary at the CIA.

Leary jerks, as if jolted by an alternating current. His eyes are bright with memory. "Cord Meyer was a pretty intense guy," he says, smiling.

Then I put it to him. "You say in your book that a



Leary agape at author Riebling's query.

lot of **LSD** experiments at Harvard and Berkeley were paid for by the **CIA**, so I was wondering what your connections were with the Agency?"

"They never gave me a dime," he says, slightly defensive.

I look into his eyes, the way you do when you try to tell if someone is lying. I don't see deception, exactly; only **pain**. He doesn't say anything to me, so I awkwardly say goodbye and leave.

Driving home, in the dark, I feel some journalist's guilt for having bothered this good-hearted sage, whose views on life are mostly right. Maybe he has actually told me the **truth**.

On the other hand, if he did collaborate with the CIA, he'd hardly be at liberty to say. And if the Agency never gave him any money, how did they get the rights to use the personality test that bears his name?

I come to a red light. Flashing in my mind is a subliminal message from Leary's "brainwashing" session: "*Think for yourself. Question authority.*" Then I remember his warning: "You're not supposed to believe anything I say."

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

This article is based in part on research **Mark Riebling** did for his book **WEDGE: The Secret War Between the FBI and CIA**, published by Alfred A. Knopf. The book shows how rivalry between America's two leading spy bureaucracies led to a lot of fuck-ups, including Pearl Harbor, the assassination of President **Kennedy**, surveillance of '60s radicals, **Watergate**, Iran-Contra, Iraq-Gate, the World Trade Center bombing, and the recent case of Aldrich Ames. *The New York Times* hails **WEDGE** as an "important piece of the Cold War mosaic," while *The Wall Street Journal* says, "The cumulative effect of Riebling's tales is staggering." Universal Pictures has already purchased the film rights to **WEDGE** and Riebling is currently working on a book about the **Defense Intelligence Agency**, the lesser-known cousin of the CIA run by the Pentagon that absorbs 85 percent of the country's spy budget.

The author is pictured here with his good friend **Geddy Lee of Rush** at the Blue Jays spring training camp in Florida. Mark and Geddy play **Bill James Fantasy Baseball**, a highly suspect organization itself, no doubt funded by the **CIA**.







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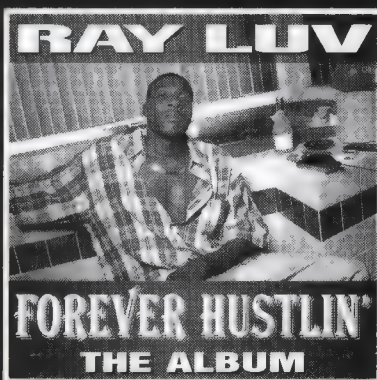
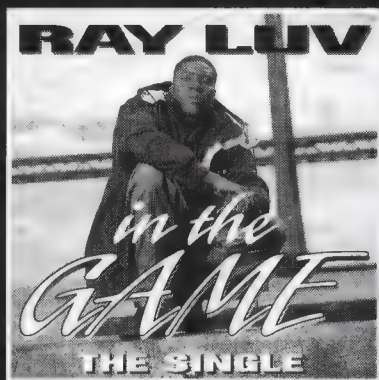
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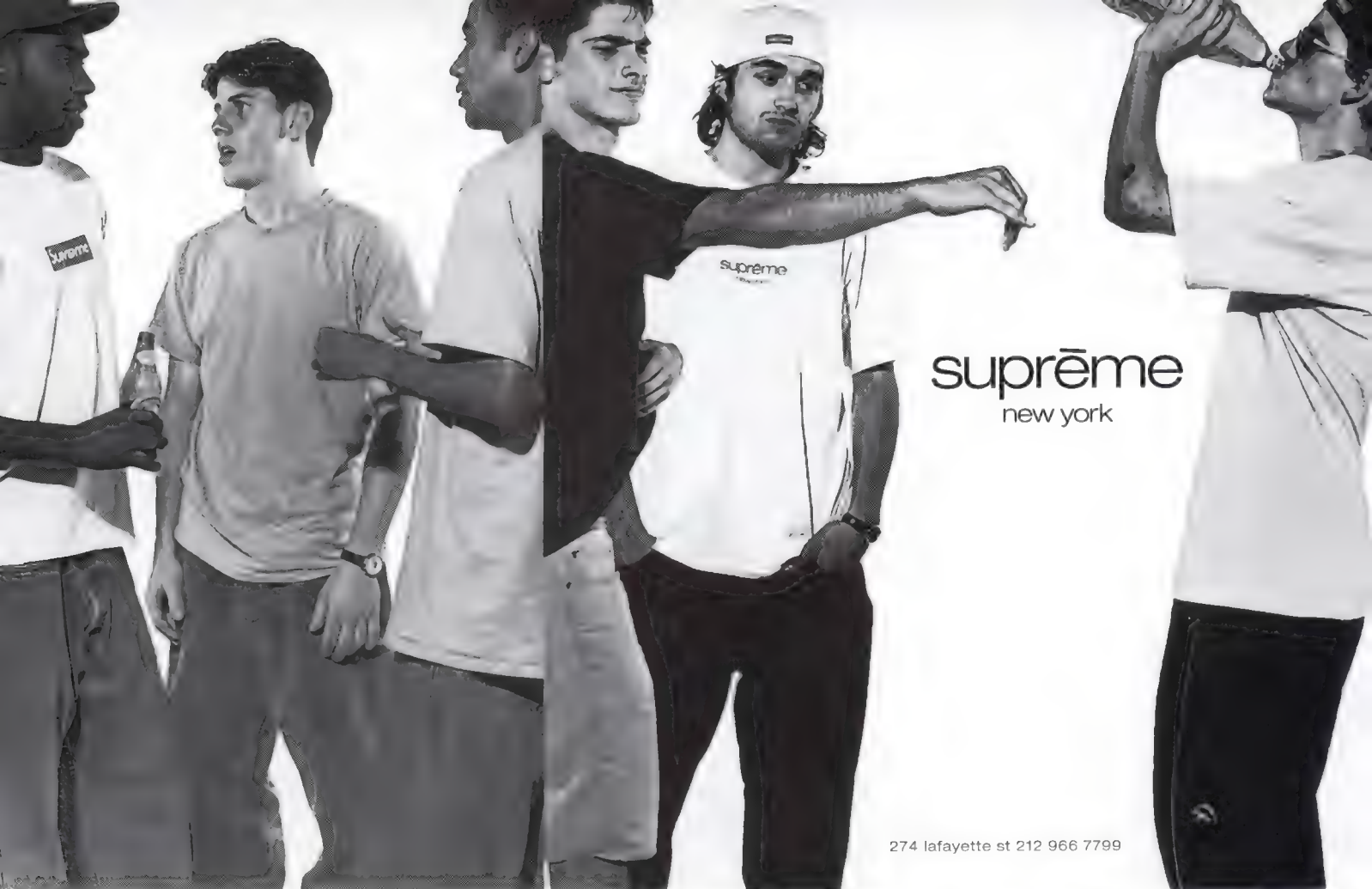
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# Charles Wright Expresses Himself by RJ Smith

You could see the 8 x 11 flyers when you got off the freeway north of downtown, or drove down Melrose, or about 100 other locations. Block letters on pink construction paper asked one question:

## Whatever happened to Charles Wright and The Watts 103rd Street Band?

No plug — not even for Express Yourself: The Best of Charles Wright and the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band, which Warners put out late last year. They were weird, practically “Most Wanted” posters, posted by someone who wasn’t exactly sure what he wanted. Charles Wright is the man who wrote and sang “Express Yourself” as well as a batch of other jump-ups which bridged the shark suit doo wop of the ‘60s and the psychedelic soul-funk of the ‘70s. Wright started out in the late ‘50s in the L.A. vocal group, the Shields. Eventually, he learned guitar, and by the mid ‘60s was a capable singer, multi-instrumentalist and songwriter. He was a new kind of band leader, one who kept his ego in check and summoned up a loose-hipped ensemble that prefigured P-Funk’s free-for-all approach. The Watts 103rd was among the best, most flexible funk units around. Like the Isleys, they were a wicked show band that could rock a crowd a dozen different ways. They could get as cat-scratchy as the JB’s, but weren’t interested in their rigor. They had a Sly-type commercial side, too, and even covered Jose Feliciano’s version of “Light My Fire” (though only the hardcore need check their version of Motown’s “25 Miles,” which they traverse in record time). If Wright had limited success as a chart buster, his seamless mingling of pop and funk still stands tall today and suggests why chicken and waffles work so well together. In other words, Wright set the table for the ‘70s funk explosion — or maybe he just feasted and ran out on the check. Because, like the flyers suggest, the man just up and disappeared. Today the long-forgotten funk forefather is chilling in his Cerritos home, watching royalty checks trickle in from Australia, talking to people who want him to play China, wondering why folks in his adopted hometown of L.A. don’t even know his name. Without a Charles Wright, Domino would sound like Frankie Beverly and all those towel-crackers in the movie Car Wash would have been listening to Rick Dees. This is why we tracked Mr. Wright down at a Hollywood Hamburger Hamlet, where he was splashing two helpings of honey mustard dressing on his fried chicken salad and ‘fessing up that, yes, he himself had paid a kid to put up those flyers! He called the waitress sweet names and wore a fine cologne. He’s a man of great manners, with an easy way about him.

### So whatever did happen to Charles Wright and the 103rd Street Band?

I’m still here. Always have been, doing the same thing. Writing songs, making music, producing records. I posed that question because

of the way the world has perceived the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band. They really wanted to brush it aside, pretend it never existed. So we decided to let them know we *are* existing, especially since the Warner Brothers CD came out.

**George Clinton did Lollapalooza and the Ohio Players have reformed. Ever think of getting your group back together?**

Oh yeah. We’re probably gonna do it when the time is right.

**What’s gonna make the time right?**

Well, things are getting right now. Things beyond my control are happening. And it’s just happening.

**A Nike commercial with George Gervin uses “Express Yourself.”**

Everybody’s heard that but me! I don’t know who’s in it, I haven’t even seen it yet. I’m not really into watching the games. I’d rather play basketball than watch it, personally. Matter of fact, I’m not that much into television right now, to be honest with you. TV just takes your mind away from what you’re doing, and I don’t have time for that right now.

**What’s the funkier thing you ever saw?**

The funkier thing I ever saw was a long time ago. I used to live in the country in Mississippi, on a guy’s farm. His name was Larry. His son owned a fishmarket. Maybe a hundred feet from our house, Larry’s son had a pigpen. And two or three days a week, he would dump the heads of the fish in with the pigs. Man, did that smell!

**That was in Clarksdale, Mississippi?**

I was born in the country outside Clarksdale, born in a shack way out in the middle of a cotton field.

**What do you miss about that way of life?**

A lot of things, if you can believe it. Things you don’t see here in the city. How often do you see the Milky Way? Or walk down by the river and see a turtle jump off a log?

**When you moved to L.A., you were so into Jesse Belvin (super-suave ‘50s balladeer) that you called him up and asked for advice. What did he tell you?**

He cussed me from here to hell! Told me to

find my own fuckin’ sound. “I wanna sound like you, you sound so good,” I told him. And then he says, “A lot of people say I sound like Johnny Ace.” “Oh, no, I like Johnny Ace, but you got your own style.” “Well then, find your own fuckin’ sound! Don’t be fuckin’ with my style!” Since then, I’ve tried to be an individual, and I thank him for that.

It was the early ‘60s — before the Watts riots — when people first started saying “burn baby burn,” and you can thank the Magnificent Montague for that. Montague was L.A.’s best r&b DJ, and he used to rap over records that caught his fancy. A few years after he coined “burn baby burn,” he called on some hot local musicians by the name of Charles Wright and the Wright Sounds. They’d just recorded a hit with Bill Cosby, back when the Cos was convinced he could sing. So Montague got the band to record an instrumental called “Spreadin’ Honey,” which the DJ used as his radio show theme. By then it was 1967 and Martin Luther King had come to Watts to cool things down. “All over America, the Negroes must join hands,” he told the inner city crowd. “Burn baby burn” came the jeering response. Things were also heating up for Charles Wright, who was packing the Hollywood and inner city clubs, playing hits like “Till You Get Enough” and “Do Your Thing.” From ‘67 to ‘73, he had nine singles on Billboard’s Hot 100 list. As John Morthland points out in his fine notes to the Warners compilation, Wright and his band helped permanently alter the star-and-back-up formulation; along with Sly and the Family Stone, they introduced the self-contained funk unit. About the time the Wright Sounds were changing their name, the city of Los Angeles tried to tear down Watts Towers. But while Watts Towers are still standing, the 103rd Street Rhythm Band began to fall when egos veered in opposite directions. And then, in 1972, a guy who had a day job installing toilets in airplanes up and stole Wright’s rhythm section for his own debut album. Blame the egos, but blame Bill Withers too for what happened to the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band. After that, Wright recorded some solo records with mixed success and slowly faded from the scene.





**You played on Cosby's *Silver Throat* and *Hooray for the Salvation Army*. What was he like in the studio?**

He came up with the name, Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band, he and our manager at the time. Everybody has their off days, but most of the time he has the ability better than anybody I know to turn it on and keep it on.

**Who is the funniest comic you ever saw?** I have about five favorite comics. Clay Tyson, you probably don't know who he is, Redd Foxx, Pigmeat Markham, Bill Cosby. And Rudy Ray Moore — he's a friend of mine. **How come you originally didn't want the greatest hits comp to include "90 Day Cycle People" (an amazing intergalactic peace anthem about a people who live only 90 days to avoid fussing and fighting)?**

Well, "90 Day Cycle People," in the first place, was *not* a project of the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band. It was on a solo album, after the band had split up. So for that reason, I didn't want to put it on the record.

**OK, but there was a time when seemingly everybody was recording extraterrestrial funk — War's "Galaxy," Billy Preston's "Outta Space," Slave's "Stellar Funk," Marvin Gaye's "Funky Space Reincarnation." Were you doing something that other people picked up on?**

I don't know about that. But I *do* know some guy picked up on my record, and wrote a book called *Thirty Day People*. He wrote it about my song. I don't remember his name though. I don't think the world was ready for it.

**Did you ever meet Marvin Gaye?**

Yeah. Once, I wrote myself a little song called "Throwing in the Towel." In it a guy was just giving up. His wife was taking away the kids, everybody was causing havoc in his life. "Gotta run, gotta hide, throwin' in the towel/Gonna be tried, gonna have to give this situation up..." I don't think anybody'd written a song like that before. One night, a guy who'd collaborated with Marvin on *What's Goin' On* invited me to the studio. Marvin heard the song and said, "Charles, that's too personal." Well, two months later, Marvin had produced a whole album called *Hear My Dear* about *everything* I said in the song. Then, he got paranoid right before he died, scared to death of me. Run into the other room to get away from me.

**Does that happen to you often?**

Well, we wrote a beautiful song, my friend and I, called "I Love L.A." in 1981. We were in the studio recording it. Before we knew it, there was a version out, and a video called "I Love L.A." Not as good a song as ours; we could have sued this guy, but we didn't.

**Randy Newman was there in the studio?**

Yeah. But our song was much, much better. But when you got the record deal and a lot of money, and the other guy doesn't...

**OK, I've got one for you. I'm holding your first solo album, *Doing What Comes Naturally*, from 1973. Inside, the gatefold has a wide angle street scene with the band spread across it. And here's a copy of the Beastie Boys' *Paul's Boutique*, from 1989, with the same gatefold street scene and band hanging out.**

I'll be damned [laughs]. I'll be damned. Let me tell you what I *did* start, that nobody even knows. You ever see those t-shirts, so-and-so on tour? I started that stuff.

**Concert tour shirts were your idea? When did you start that?**

In the '60s. I'm the first guy that tried to merchandise that stuff...I tried to sell through the stores. I went to The Broadway, May Company, all those people. But they wouldn't let me in. I ended up giving most of these t-shirts away.

**Do you ever see Bill Withers anymore?**

Well, Bill's kind of a recluse, you know?

**When you do see him, do you ever say, "Yo man, why'd you steal my band?"**

No. Believe it or not, the last time I saw him, I was trying to help him make a record. It's a crazy business. It's so hard to make it, people do all kinds of things. They'll step all over each other, some of them step over their own brother or mother, so I understand.

**What do you think of N.W.A.'s version of "Express Yourself"?**

Hate it! That song is so redundant. It's a very suggestive album in its own way, a very shocking album. But I couldn't listen to it but once, the music is so redundant.

**Is it the lyrics or the music?**

I don't dislike rap, I write rap and I rap sometimes. I have problems with some gangster rap, and I have problems with lyrical content designed to bring us down. But rap's a great form of expression. I am not too happy about

some of the music rap is attached to. Right now, music is dead.

**Do you really think that?**

Music is *dead*. What can a machine do for a human being? People don't know, they're out there doing calisthenics, they're not really dancing, not having fun. Even on *Soul Train*, the kids showing off aren't really dancing. Right now, people are cut off right here [points at his knees]. We've had this for too many years, so we wanna go out and kill somebody. We go to a party now, we dance to machines. We don't know what it is that's screwing us up. That's basically what it is.

**The sampler.**

Yeah. Music synchronizes your heart. So when music is natural, it has a healthy, healing factor. But if music is mechanically driven, it can overdrive the heart. If you listen to it too many times, it will probably kill you. That might sound a little strange to you. I've had experience with that, though.

**Tell me about your experience.**

In the early '80s, you weren't gonna get arrested, let alone played on the radio, if you didn't have a drum machine. I said, "Oh no," but then I said OK. For five years, I listened to a drum machine for 15 hours every day. Eventually, I began to feel chest pains. My doctor did a thorough check, he said, "You have a strong heart, but look here." He showed me a chart of my heart and there, almost half the size of my fist, was *another muscle* on the side of my heart. From the drum machine! When you hear a drum, the drum synchronizes with your heart. But the drum machine is cold, rigid. And each time I heard this pounding in my ear, it was making a muscle build up alongside my heart. The doctor said, whatever you're doing, you're fixing to die if you keep it up.

**Are you healthier nowadays?**

Oh yeah, I run most days.

**What do you listen to when you run?**

Charles Wright and the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band live — that's when I run. In my car, I listen to B.B. King, George Benson, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Morganna King.

**And how's life in Cerritos?**

I got a wife now, and a child. And I work hard to keep myself sane. That's my side of it.

*It's a good thing he listened to the doctor, and focused his attention on reforming the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band. He says he's working on a new single, which will feature "some of the bigger rap names around." And he's writing his autobiography, The Uphill Climb of Water, as well as a study of racism in the news media. When we got back together for a photo shoot a few months later, we met at Hy's Deli, which was the backdrop for the Doing What Comes Naturally cover. Fortuitously, they were tearing Hy's down the next day. The current owners looked over the old album cover and the new Charles Wright with something like awe. He still looks young and carries that I-know-something-you-don't-know smile. And what do you know? Maybe he does.*

Veteran journalist RJ Smith, a former editor at The Village Voice and L.A. Weekly, is now a full-time freelancer who was nice enough to write this piece in exchange for a few CDs and t-shirts.





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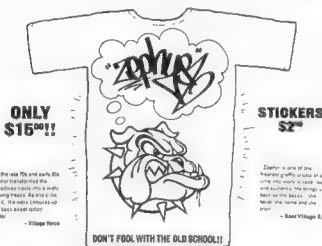
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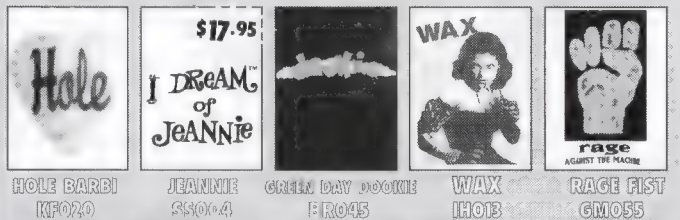
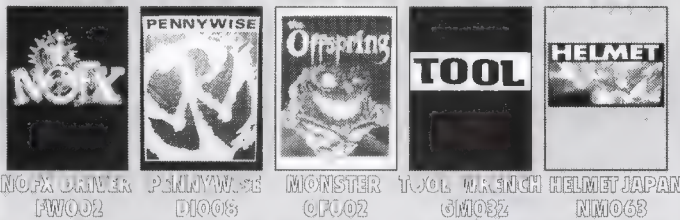
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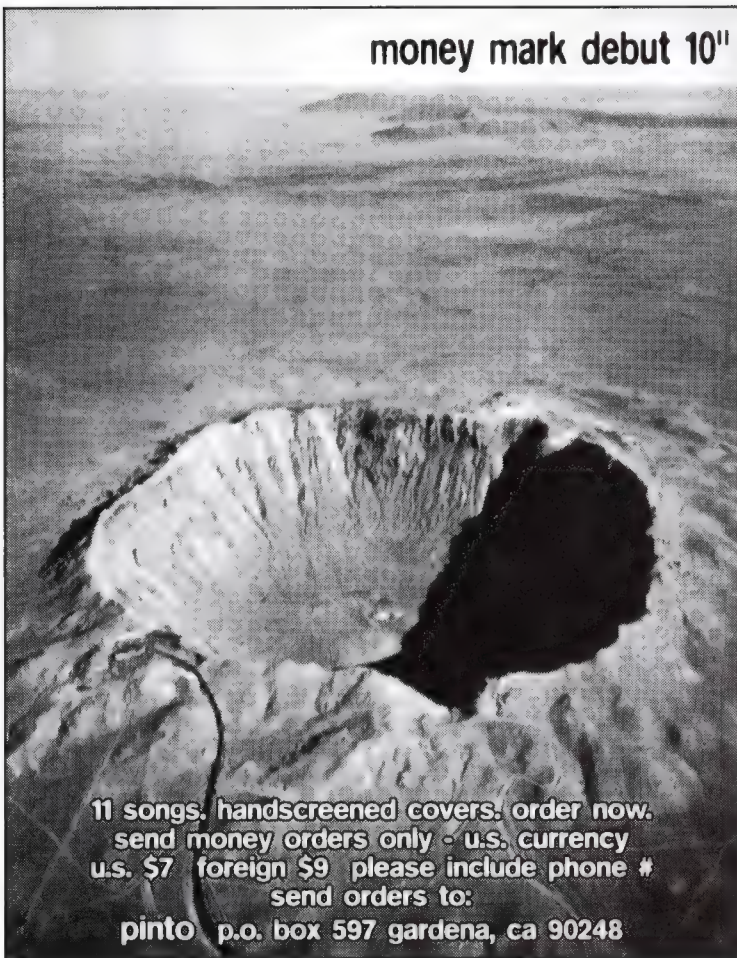
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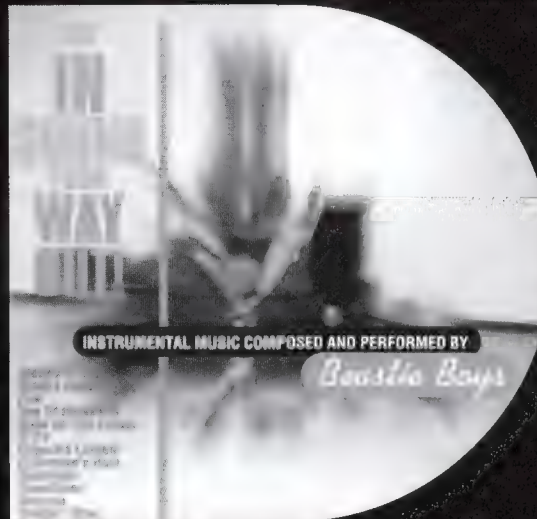
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# HURRICANE vs. DOLEMITE



Dolemite is the stage name of Rudy Ray Moore, one of the first and probably the best of the foul-mouthed black comedians. He is also one of the foremost Godfathers of Rap as his nightclub act was made up entirely of ribald rhymes backed by tribal drums and gyrating belly dancers. If you're not familiar with

Dolemite (pronounced dough-la-might), then you should rent one of his many low-budget but high-octane black action flicks: *Dolemite* (1975), *The Human Tornado* (1976), *The Avenging Disco Godfather* (also '76), *Monkey Hustle*, etc. Unlike *Superfly*, *The Mack* and almost all the other "blaxploitation" films except maybe *Shaft*, the Dolemite movies are actually pretty good, despite their porno-quality look and sound. For one thing, Dolemite distinguished himself from other black private dicks of the big screen by incorporating karate into his schtick. Not only that but he did it in a self-deprecating but still convincing way which anticipated the slapstick kung fu later perfected by Jackie Chan. Even the apparently obvious sexism of these films is counteracted — even nullified — by the heroic parts played by Dolemite's all-girl phalanx of kung fu bitches who go around castrating and killing unfortunate male foes. So not to worry on the PC tip there, Chumley. We got in touch with the one and only Rudy Ray Moore after his people asked the Beastie Boys to say a few words about Dolemite for the recently released video documentary on Mr. Moore's life. We asked if it would be possible to interview Dolemite, and when his publicist Makeda and manager Foster said OK, we knew there was only one man phat enough for the job. Who was that masked man? You figure it out...



that. And I'm eight and a half minutes on Luke Campbell's new album, *Back for the 9-4*.

**I gotta git that.**

I'm just all around. In fact the youngsters now dig me more than when I first come out. It's just a new resurgence for me now and I'm very proud of that. I can go in concert and fans I had years ago are sitting there right in the middle with the young set. So I draw people of all ages. My older set, nightclub managers are very pleased with them, because they sit there and buy whiskey like pouring water. So when I leave there, the nightclub managers have had a great great week. I am doing far greater today than I did in my great years then which were great. But now I have sellouts. I was in Washington DC and 3800 people in there and the place had a thousand people outside, and the presenter of the show went outside to find out — there were several comedians on the show — find out who they come to see and nine out of ten say, "We're here to see Dolemite," so it was indeed a pleasure to have that audience there like that, and they bought my records, bought everything I carried then. I always set up a souvenir stand, didn't have enough stuff, bought everything I had with me. So in other words, nights are great for me now and I'm feeling extremely good although we'll get around to the denial that I've had and the crudeness that I've had from the system. I'll let you ask these questions and then I'll be able to answer them cos I know you want to know about some of the things that have happened to me, the breaks that haven't come to me.

**Is it more difficult making a movie nowadays than it was back then?**

No. I had an extremely hard time making my movies. I made my movies myself. I took the money that I made off my first party record, put it together and got a writer by the name of Jerry Johns. He made me a screenplay and filmed this screenplay with a few thousand dollars. In fact I was made fun of. They said, "They're spending that little money for that motion picture, it'll never get shown in the theater." Today, Hurricane, I'm here to tell you that that same motion picture that people thumbed down is a heavy renter in the video stores 20 years later.

**I hope you're getting your piece of the shit.**

I own the picture. I own it. Although owning the film doesn't make you get your rightful dues from it. Let me explain what has happened to me. The movie's been through three different bankrupts. I've been beat and cheated out of my income. As I was saying when me and [my manager] Foster was up in the Hollywood Hills, I said I should have been up on this hill long ago with a mansion. But because the system has beat and cheated me, I'm still struggling down in the ghetto. And if it wasn't for me being such a great standup comedian — when I say "great" standup comedian, I am the world's greatest X-rated comedian on earth today. I am the originator of raw soul humor and the world's first X-rated comedian to go on stage and have party records that was put on *Billboard's* charts.

**So it's safe to assume that people like Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor studied your movies.**

Right. Study the structure of my material. I don't take from Richard Pryor. Eddie Murphy gives me a

little bit of credit. But Richard Pryor...I don't take from Pryor his ability as a great comedian, because the young man is truly a great comic. But I do have to say — not that he stole this from me — but I do believe truly that what I did before him influenced him because I am the world's first to do X-rated four-letter-word comedy. When I say four-letter-word comedy, the word "motherfucker" and "eat my pussy" and all that I done on stage when it was unheard of doing. Redd Foxx done humor that was considerably blue, you could think one way and it'd go the other way. Like he had a thing called "The Racetrack"; he said, "My dick is up on pussy willow. The horse is named My Dick. Pussy Willow is leading by a slight edge. Oh Pussy Willow does have a slight edge on it." That was a Redd Foxx style, which was betwixt and between, but I come out with exact natural four-letter words which I did not call "dirty words." I called it "ghetto expressions." These expressions we used in the ghetto. The beer joint and liquor store wise men sit in front of the liquor store and shoot the breeze all day.

**Yeah, I read that you actually got your influence from a wino, right?**

Yes, telling these tales. So that's why I don't like people saying, "You're doing dirty this and dirty that." I call 'em "ghetto expression" and when I did 'em they were a form of art like rapping and rhyming. Like "way down in the jungle deep, the lion stepped on the signifying monkey's feet." The young rappers today *has* to be influenced by my styling, because I've been sampled 51 times.

**And probably more, you just don't know.**

That's the truth! [laughter] I tried to go out and collect. We got one on King Tee and some others, what's that other...

**Got plenty of names that haven't given you your just do yet?**

Right. 2 Live Crew has sampled me many times...[discussion going on in background] I'm gonna let y'all finish cos I can't think when ya talking. Thank you. Uh...where was I at?



**We're rolling here... My man Dolemite, first thing I want to ask is, What's up with the new movies?** Hurricane, look here. I'm trying to get together a new movie now called *The Comedy Club*. Rudy Ray Moore is Dolemite in *The Comedy Club*. After that we're going to do *The Sons of Dolemite* and try to follow with *The Daughters of Dolemite*. We've got a lot of things going on. I've got a new album in the making, simply called *Filthy Mack Nasty*. In the process now is *The Legend of Dolemite*, which is my new video that'll hit the market sometime in June or July.

**Okay, that's cool. We're looking forward to the new shit.**

Don't you just know it. I'm on everybody's record now. I just finished a video with Snoop Doggy Dogg. I'm one of the old players of a period gone by. And I'm on a video with...what's these little boys' names? Illegal. I'm on their video, I'm Uncle Rudy in



## We was at 2 Live Crew.

2 Live Crew has sampled me many times. Easy-E and NWA has sampled me over and over. Dr. Dre sampled me eight times on *The Chronic*. I worked live with Big Daddy Kane. I've worked live, eight and a half minutes, with 2 Live Crew. So, as I say, I do believe that my rap style has influenced many a rapper, *thus*, I have given myself the title as The Undisputed Godfather of Rap.

## How did you feel about movies that came out after you like *Superfly* and *The Mack*? Which movies beside your own did you really enjoy?

I enjoyed *Which Way Is Up*, which was my closest competitor, the only one that was able to put these kind of records on the charts after me. Four years after I put my first album on the *Billboard* charts, Richard Pryor come out and he charted something, and I think it is so crude today for the system like Soul Train Music Awards to come out and say, "Richard Pryor's the one who is the influence of all comedians today." *Untrue*. I am the first one to do this. As I say, I don't take from the abilities and credits of Pryor, because he is a great comic, but lo and behold, I am the world's first. And when they had the Soul Train Musical Awards, it was said that the leaders of this particular organization had never heard of me. Now I think it so crude for someone to come out being an authority on comedy, and hasn't heard of anyone as great as I am. [laughter and applause] I'm great! I'm not conceited, I'm convinced!

## We need to get you over some raw beats and let you take all the rappers out, cos I'm sure you got books of rhymes at home.

Yes, I do have many of them. And my friend Lady Reed, who has worked with me through the years, she has written some of the things that I have done. Forrester Carter, my manager, and my publicity, Ms. Nikita Smith, have gotten many things rolling for me, like different articles in different magazines, the Arsenio Hall Show, and numerous concerts.

## Did you do Arsenio?

Yes I did.

## Aw, man, I missed that.

So when we say "My Day Arrive" — which my very dear friend Lady Retha wrote — the words were, "I'm here, to make something perfectly clear, something for all back-biting, low-lighted, insecure pepper-gutten motherfuckers to hear!"

## I wanted to ask you about *The Disco Godfather*. That was actually the first movie you did about smoking dust, right?

Angel dust.

## Yeah. What made you do that movie? Was angel dust a popular drug back then?

It was. It wasn't my idea. It destroyed my career.

## Really?

Yeah. It destroyed my career. Not because of the material content, but the general public was looking for something

harder from me. Y'know, more so in the Dolemite human carnator. So that picture destroyed my film career. I had backers behind me but when that one didn't work for me I lost my...

## They didn't really want to back you up on that one, huh?

Right. They didn't back me up on anything else after that picture.

## They were scared of it.

It just wasn't the right type of material for me.

Now...well I got cut off. I was just gonna tell him an idea of my day.

## Well, you can definitely bust a rhyme for me.

I'm feeling that today is my day. "And for those that step on me, I'm in big living colors for all to see. And don't sit and say 'Oh no, not me,' I should drowned you in some of this day-old pee." [laughter] When I was out there scuffin' it's a goddamn shame / You all acted like you didn't even know my name / So I'm gonna remember all that stood by me / When you were near, we gonna eat peas / Beans and we're gonna laugh a spell / And tell all the jive motherfuckers to go to hell / And on and on and on in "My Day of Arrive." Now you may hit some of your other questions.

## Aw, man, that was it there. We're gonna have to get you in the studio. Matter fact, you an' Big Daddy Kane

was goin' at it, I think we need to hear some more about that.

Me and Big Daddy Kane threw that together in 45 minutes you know. He got me in the studio and we do it just impromptu.

## Yeah, you got on Kane

kinda bad. Is [Superfly star] Ron O'Neal a personal friend?

No, I never met him before the other day when we did that [Snoop] video.

## I always felt you should have been in *The Mack*.

*The Mack* was Max's film, and I was not taking roles that I did not star in at that time. Max Julien was the star. Richard

Pryor was the third listed star on it, but nowadays when they present the picture out they put Richard Pryor's name over the top. But if you look at the film you can tell it was Max Julien's film.

## Exactly. So what can we look forward to in *The Sons of Dolemite*?

*The Sons of Dolemite* will be...When I travelled across the country as a youngster, I used to mess with a lot of different women of all nationalities.

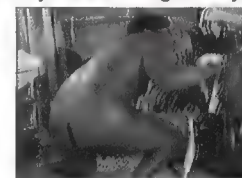
## Basically you got a lot of pussy.

Yes. We come up with a bunch of boys that I had by different women. One was a Mexican, one was a black girl, one was a white girl, and they all had sons. When their mothers got tired of them and said, "I'm gonna send you to your old man," all of these boys come meeting me talking about they my sons. So we get into a consultation, a terrible consultation in *The Sons of Dolemite*. There's a brief

synopsis of what it's all gonna be like.

## Did you start filming it yet?

No. I'll tell you why. We have tried — as great as I am, I'm still great, yes, and will be until I'm gone and even after I'm gone they will still recognize my greatness. I have not



been able to get investors that would invest in me. Even all I have done. Let me tell you, I made a motion picture, *Dolemite*, with \$90,000 that went to

Chicago in 1975, when *Mandingo* was playing, *Cornbread* and other pictures that cost \$5 million. It

stood up beside 'em and outgrossed 'em. Even with all of that expertise that I have, I still cannot get people interested in giving me a bit of a helping hand. So I on the drawing board with *The Sons of Dolemite*, *The Comedy Club*, *The Daughter of Dolemite*. All the things I

want to do I may never do, but I will die trying.

## Hopefully you do get to do that before you try and leave us.

Don't you just know it. I ain't going nowhere yet. I take care of myself.

## You're only what? 56?

No. Seven.

## You're still young! Still pimpin'? Still gettin' pussy every day?

Heh-heh-heh.

## You ain't give up on me, did ya?

Young man, let me tell you, let me tell you. It used to watch me comb my hair, now that son of a gun watch me shine my shoes. [laughter] So you can tell what I'm gettin'. [laughter]

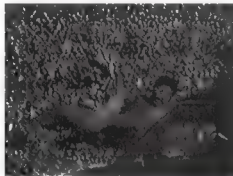
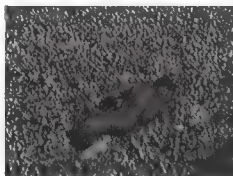
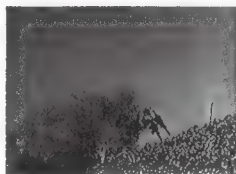
## All right, I got one last question, man. I just want you to bust a rhyme on my tape.

I'm gonna do Hurricane Annie. You should latch up with Hurricane Annie. What's your last name?

## My last name's Fite.

Hurricane Fite and Hurricane Annie, match together, y'all would be terrible. I can remember the day Hurricane Annie was *born* / It was the day of that great Miami Florida storm / It was the day that no-tourist-pimpin' Sam told that first-class whore Sally / "Bitch! I'ma give you a fuckin' like any common trick in the alley." Said "It's raining outside it's so *god-damn* cold / Come on in here bitch I feel like I wanna fuck up a piss-hole." [laughter] And on and on, it's been so long since I've done it I'da damn near forgotten that one. But I do rock, yes I'm rockin'. "I got a great big dick it's mighty mighty long / Get in a bitch's ass, I make it sing a song / I sent my bitch to the store for butter and she run back with lard / I'm in a good mood to fuck, she tell me my dick won't get hard / I fucked everything hot and hollow / From a stove pipe to a mule's collar / I fucked the ape in the cape and the goat in the coat / And the cat in the hat and the pig in a wig / I even fucked Siamese twins — them bitches was joined at the spine / I stuck it in one of 'em's pussy, it came out the other one's behind." [laughter and cackling]

Aw, man, that there is just the ultimate shit. It has been a pleasure.





# 7 YEAR BITCH



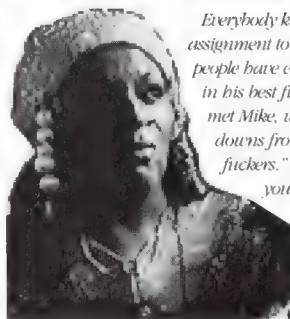
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So we are trying. I got a lot of 'em. I got one that's on my concert, it's called "The ABCs." I tell the ABCs in a complete form from the A down to the Z. And I have crowd participation to join me in it like I say, "This is a rap I used to tell called 'Sittin' On My Daddy's Lap.' 'A' is for your ass on which we sit, with an ill-smelling channel and a passage for shit. And 'B' is for balls, each man have a pair in a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair. And 'E' is for energy, what we all need/For ridin' some pussy after smokin' some

good weed." [laughter] I have a lot of raps that I'm preparing for my new album, *Filthy Mack Nasty*, if my manager can find me a record deal, which he's searching for now. It's already been announced on the 2 Live Crew's new album! You all think I'm sorta testy, but you have never heard nothing until you hear me on my new album. I haven't gotten a record deal on it. Luke offered, but my manager felt that the money they offered me was not substantial enough, so we're not doing it over there at the moment.

## ATTACK OF THE QUEEN BEE by Tamra Davis



Everybody knows that Rudy Ray Moore is Dolemite, the Disco Godfather. When Hurricane was given an assignment to interview Mr. Moore, I immediately said, "Why not interview Queen Bee, too?" After all, most people have either forgotten or didn't know in the first place that Queen Bee was Dolemite's trusty co-star in his best films. She's the one who bails him out of jail in the beginning of the first movie. When I first met Mike, we bonded by watching the Dolemite movies and Mike would continually quote classic put-downs from the movie like "you no-business, born-in-a-junkyard, rat-soup-eating, insecure mother-fuckers." So you can imagine what a thrill it was to meet both Dolemite and Queen Bee in person. If you didn't know already, Mr. Moore is working again now and has been sampled several times by all the biggest rap stars, like Snoop and Luke, but read Hurricane's article, where Mr. Moore goes off like Muhammad Ali, if you want more on that. Queen Bee is older and so is Dolemite, but basically they're still the same. She gets respect and he is the greatest and no one would dare to argue. Since Hurricane hadn't arrived yet, I started with Queen Bee, a.k.a. Lady Reed, in the office of Mr. Moore's young manager.

**How long have you been doing standup? And can a woman be just as nasty as a man?**

Oh, my stuff was never nasty, my material was real. I was serious. There was humor in the truth of what I said, but I wasn't nasty. I did original material. You have to listen to my records. *Get Serious Black Woman*, that's a good one. I also did a thing called

*Close Encounters of the Sexual Kind*. It describes how a woman should learn how to please her man, or she's gonna lose him. Just because you make love to a man good, doesn't make you less of a lady. Good loving will put a man to sleep.

**What about the men learning how to make love to the ladies?**

**Dolemite:** That was *my* record!

**How did you start working together?**

Rudy was on stage, he was doing the chitlin circuit, and me and a couple other girls would follow him around. We were his supporters. I guess you would call us groupies today, but we supported him at every show. One time he dragged me on stage, and said, "You're going on tonight!" "Oh no, no!" I said, but he did it and I thought I was going to faint. It was all because of him. [He nods his head.]

**When I saw you in the Dolemite movie, I thought you were so cool because you got respect and yet you didn't have to use your sexuality. How did you earn respect?**

Oh, I get respect! See he was my friend. We had some business, we were pimping in the movie. He was my protection baby.

**Later films like *Foxy Brown* and *Cleopatra Jones* came out and I believe started the trend of women looking sexy yet being hardcore. Did you ever feel in competition with Pam Grier?**

No. They did their thing and I did mine. I had the girls working for me.

**I have a hard time telling the difference**

**between the girls in a Salt 'N' Pepa video or a Janet Jackson video and the Rump Shaker girls. How do you feel about the current trend of sisters who dress overly sexy yet still want respect? Do you think that confuses men?**

If that's their thing, let them go for it. We didn't have to do that. Now Queen Latifah, I respect her. She's

an artist. Dolemite always wore a tux and I wore a gown. See, I was the Queen.

**You were the original Queen.**

I know, from A to Z. After being with Rudy. Rudy was a man. He wanted me to dress respectably. He didn't want one tit to shine. Gowns.

**What is your advice for young women who want respect from men?**

Respect themselves first!

**Did you know that what you were doing back then would continue to inspire entertainers today, over two decades later?**

No, we were just doing what we were doing. Rudy made it sell. He had a hand in everything: starring, producing, editing. He was the first. He did it.

**Did he ever put any of his rap to beats?**

**Dolemite:** All our prose and poetry was put to music. **Queen Bee, do you have any children?**

Oh I've got lots of children, a son with two babies, a daughter with two sons...

**How do you see their future?**

They're gonna make it. I ain't gonna chew no tobacco. I'll tell my children's children what it's all about, hoping they'll have sense to figure it out. [She shakes her fist at Tamra.] Wisdom!





# ART PAGE

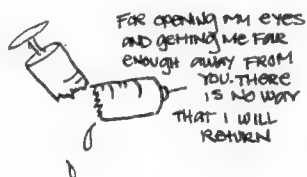
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BASICALLY, I COULD BLAME  
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IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU  
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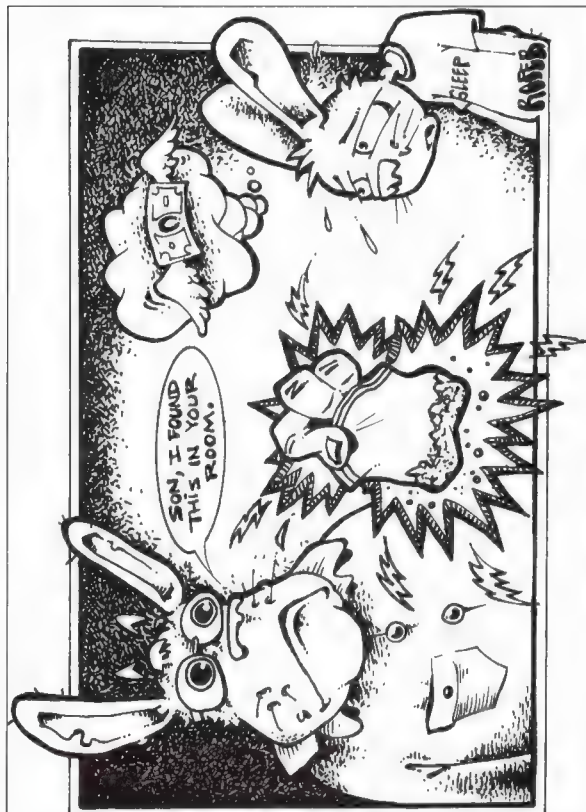


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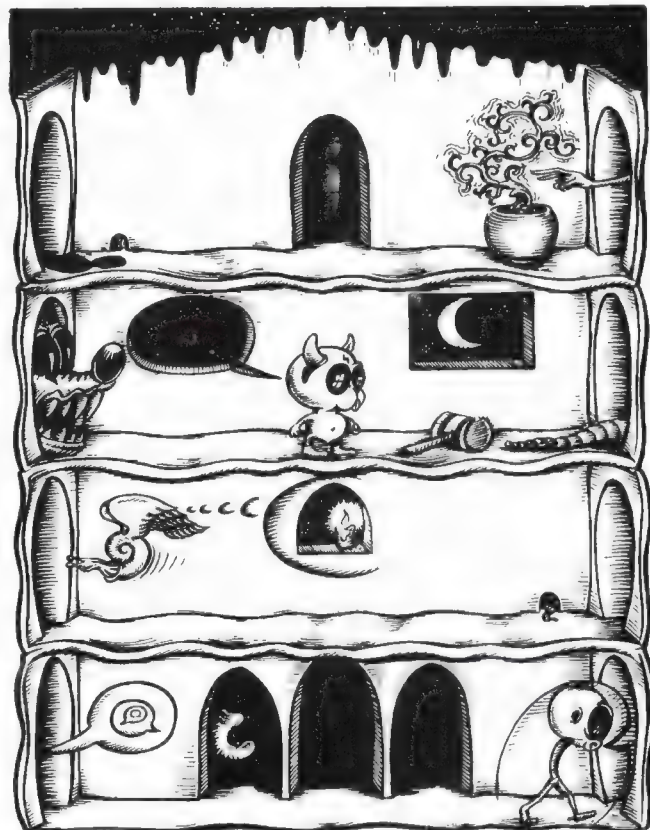


FOR OPENING MY EYES  
AND GETTING ME FAR  
ENOUGH AWAY FROM  
YOU. THERE  
IS NO WAY  
THAT I WILL  
RETURN

Jessika Wood



Anne Görraswetter



24



# SUPER MARIO!

## Beastie Boys Producer and Zamboni Driver Tells Some, Not All!

Long before he earned a reputation for driving like a maniac and belching like a billy goat, Mario Caldato Jr. was born on February 24, 1961, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, to Mario Caldato Sr. and his wife, Guiomar. Mario's mom is Brazilian and his father was born in Italy, where he raced cars and motorcycles, worked as a handyman with a reputation for being able to fix anything and fought in World War II, during which time he was hardened by having to do such things as eat cats and dogs. Later, as a father, he liked to see his children clean their plates, to put it mildly. Not surprisingly, this serious sense of economy was passed along to his only son, though at first Mario Jr. didn't exactly take to the nuns at Hawthorne Christian School, who paddled you in front of the class if you peed your pants, or the piano teacher, Ms. Mary McCormick, who made you memorize Mozart at six in the morning. But young Mario bit his lip and persevered through all these perverse travails, letting off steam in a variety of ways with childhood cronies like the legendary Steve Miyasaki, whose father owned a liquor store that had enough lighter fluid and girly mags to rekindle any imagination that Ms. Mary McCormick or the nuns might try to stifle. See, Steve was a pyromaniac, so he and Mario indulged in way pre-Beavis-and-Butthead type stuff like writing their name in lighter fluid, lighting it and laughing. Or squirting a line of fluid up to Steve's dog's house, lighting it and then laughing for a while before hosing down the poor flaming pooch. Luckily Ms. Mary McCormick had sunk into Mario's psyche, or maybe he had fond memories of the Sears Silvertone organ his parents had bought him when he was four or five and which he'd learned to play by numbers at free lessons that came with each purchase, or maybe it was the influence of his new buddies in Gardena who were into playing live music and ripping off electric company trucks for parts to build homemade lighting rigs with. Either way, at some point, Mario stopped hanging out with Steve (when Steve torched an entire vacant lot), and began focusing on music. He joined his first band, The Soul Sticks, while still in elementary school and later became a member of Wake during junior high. By the time he went on a field trip with the local GX13 gang members to Cal Jam II in 1977, Caldato was playing organ for Phaze, a band that aimed to be the next Deep Purple. The world wasn't ready for that, so Caldato quit school in 1978, moved out on his own and started working as a machinist and grinder. Eventually he got back into recording through his old friend from Phaze, Mark Nishita, who owned a four-track and wrote lots of songs. Mario built a studio in the back of the house he shared with two hippies and started recording demos with Mark and friends. Next they formed the Jungle Bugs, a ska/punk ensemble whose 1984 single "I Don't Dream About You" b/w "Night Today" was produced by Mario and a friend of Mark's from Harbor Community College, Brian Foxworthy. When ska got faded, Mario and Mark turned to hanging out with Mark's brother Mike, who liked going to Hollywood hot spots like Seven Seas, Scream and Power Tools, which is where we pick up our regularly scheduled program already in progress, hosted by the ever-charming Bob Mack.



Phaze, circa 1978, clockwise from top: Terry Leary (vocals), Bill Kay (drums), Pete Alvarado (bass), Mark Nishita (keyboards), Mario Caldato (synth), Steve Watson (guitar)

### How'd you hook up with the Boys?

I was going to this club called Power Tools, and it was the only place in L.A. that had anything original happening.

### What year?

'85-'87, at the Park Plaza.

### Who was running it?

Matt Dike was the DJ, John Sidell and Sean Macpherson were also partners. I was going down there and one night everyone was saying, "Oh the Beastie Boys are gonna be playing." This is before their first album came out, but they had a couple singles and the vibe was happening.

### Were they squirrely?

Very New York, y'know? Mackin' in their own way. They were gonna try to do a song. They had a real small system, like a disco system, and it was barely loud enough to cover the room. Bob Forest of Thelonus Monster was doing sound. So they tried to check the mics and they were just barely working. They started to play the record but as soon as the first big "boom" came on, the whole shit cut off. It just wasn't gonna work. The guys could tell and were like, "Fuck this!" So they just threw their mics. People in the audience were really bugging. Then Bob Forest goes up to the mics and says, "These mics work, the problem is with your rap!" Anyways, they were just talking shit, being ill, like they were known to be back in the day. The funniest shit was I took acid that night.



But after that night I was like, "Damn man, these guys need a fuckin' sound system!" I had been working in clubs for quite a few years so I was like, "Fuck it, I'm going to talk to the guy who owns this club," and I went and talked to John.

### What did you say to him?

"You need a sound man to hook up

your shit." He was like "Yeah, tell me about it. Come down next week and we'll talk." So I showed up, brought some amps and stuff and rewired their setup. I started working and became a regular for another year. I set up the sound, hooked 'em up with some bass bins. It's kind of a bummer to have a puny little sound system, but shit

worked out good. I got to work with Matt, hang out in the DJ booth and eventually play records.

### He realized you knew records, or did he turn you on?

I was inspired by his record playing, totally, cos he was playing everything. He played a lot of stuff that I was into but which most people wouldn't play at parties or clubs.

### Such as?

Latin records, Mango Santamaria, funky jazz, Brazilian, Sergio Mendes. Stevie Wonder, not the hits but other cuts. Obscure stuff and rap which I didn't know much of at the time.

### Where does Delicious Vinyl fit in?

It's coming up. Matt'd been a DJ for a long time and he was really cool about records. He oversaw what was being played, but he would let you play a record if you picked a good record. Max Perlich was a skater who hung around and got to play records sometimes. Mike Messex was also around and would actually DJ when Matt wasn't there.

### So you knew Max from back then?

Yeah, that's where I met Max, he was an ill skateboarding punk, but really into music. So anyways, this went on for another year at Power Tools, and then they closed. Matt wanted to get into producing records. He made a four-track, recording with his friend Kevin Dolin, and was like, "Yo this is the shit, I want to play this." So we



started playing demos at his club and people wouldn't even know.

**So how did you hook up for *Paul's Boutique*?**

It's was Matt's idea. He loved those guys and wanted to work with them. He found out they weren't working with Rick, and was like, "Fuck it, send 'em a tape." So he sent 'em a tape with a couple of Dust Brothers demos and they heard it, liked it, and came over to Matt's one night.

**What were they like?**

They were pretty chill. They are real mellow guys at heart. It was Mike D and MCA. Adrock wasn't there. They were really into the tracks and were like, "Fuck it," they wanted to work on their new album. So next thing you know, two weeks later, they're in the studio.

**What studio?**

We did the demos at Matt's house, and then went to the Record Plant, which is one of the most expensive studios, and hired the most expensive engineer to do these two songs. They wanted it to be perfect and it came out alright, but they weren't quite happy with it.

**Which songs? "Car Thief" and "Shake Your Rump"?**

Yeah. It was amazing. They were psyched enough to start an album.

**You had done the demos at Matt's?**

Yeah. So they were like, "Fine," and we ended up starting *Paul's Boutique* there on the 16-track, and we ended up with a bunch of stuff that we eventually used.

**What are some of your favorite songs from those sessions?**

"Shadrach," "Eggman," "Shake Your Rump" and "Car Thief" were really great songs.

**Who came up with the Eagles beat on "High Plains Drifter"?**

Matt hooked up that idea, maybe with Mike D.

**What about some other ones?**

It's so detailed. [Looks at album to jog memory] They don't even print the songs on their records! All right, "All The Girls" was based on the Idris Muhammad record. Matt played that record and it sounded amazing, so we were all like that was dope and just recorded it.

**You can hear him pick the needle up and bring it back to the beginning.**

That was Matt. Yauch put some dedication over it, then I echoed it out and mixed it. The Dust Brothers put together "Shake Your Rump," "Car

Thief," "A Year and a Day," "What Goes Around," and "Johnny Ryall," "Shadrach," "Hey Ladies" mainly.

**They were throwing a lot of eggs at that time?**

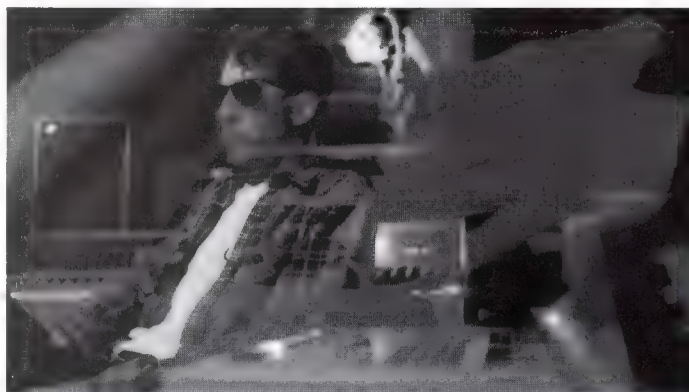
Yeah, they were into that kind of shit.

**Were you hanging out with them at the G-Spot?**

Yes indeed. The G-Spot was in effect.

**Can you share some of that with our readers?**

When we first started working on *Paul's Boutique*, they were staying at hotels like the Mondrian, renting expensive cars and all that. Then they decided to rent a house, so they had their management find them one up in the Hollywood Hills, facing Universal, some director's house. So they moved into this great house with a gate, and then you'd drive down into the driveway, pull into this garage and you're in the house. Really cool layout: The little



extra house had a window that looked into the pool that they ended up using a photo of on the inner sleeve of *Paul's Boutique*. The G-Spot was amazing. We'd have barbecues and stuff.

**So you guys were eating meat and drinking beers?**

Oh yeah, totally partying, going crazy. Mad herb, everybody had the best shit, they were doing the Cypress thing before Cypress Hill. It was great. We'd work hard and play hard. Played a lot of ping-pong, had wonderful dinners. Yauch was known to make some wonderful meals, marinate some shrimps and barbecue 'em. They were living a lifestyle different than they were used to and were having a good time. Me and the Dust Brothers were really into this too, because we had been working our ass off on Tone-Loc and Young MC in Matt's tiny living room, eating cheap Chinese food and Hungry burgers. Now we were workin' in a nice studio and ordering prime ribs from Lawry's, just ridiculous shit. Those guys rented pool tables. We'd

have a good time and just got stoned.

**Must've blown a lot of dough.**

Yeah, they spent a lot of money making *Paul's Boutique*.

**Is the studio footage in the "Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun" video from the Record Plant?**

No, that was actually at Ocean Way, we did some recording there too.

**That's Adam on guitar on that song?**

Yeah, Yauch played fuzz bass and Adrock played guitar. Those are live tracks, except for the drum loop.

**Did they play their instruments during this period?**

Not at all. This whole album was done from records and samples with the exception of "Looking Down the Barrel" and "Three Minute Rule," which has live bass, stereo bass for the record, and live ping-pong. Also I think in the "Bouliabase" there might be a

had for that day to see what fit. They would swap rhymes around or whatever, and work on it for a few days and come up with something. A lot of those songs were made up spontaneously. Even to this day, when we make music, it's pretty spontaneous. Whoever has a musical idea, a loop or whatever, we put it in the mix, and it can add to the song or even change it. Any direction is open, generally. Anyway, at this same time my friend Mark, a carpenter-guy, I brought him around, and he built cabinets for them.

**He fixed the G-Spot gate?**

Yeah, he fixed the gate one day.

**Why was Mike crashing into the gate all the time?**

I have no idea, you'll have to ask Mike about that.

**Why didn't they tour after the album came out?**

Their management company wanted them to have a hit before they toured or something like that, and they were all in the process of not knowing what they wanted to do with themselves either, cos they were from New York but living out here and things were changing all the time. They were getting girlfriends and settling in. When the record came out, it didn't just explode right away, and it was like, "We don't know what to do, so let's just take a break" [laughs]. I'm not really sure. I was really disappointed cos it could have made a big difference for that record. But at the time they weren't able to get it together. They said, "Well fuck, we'll make another record and tour next time." So we started working on another record.

**How did *Check Your Head* come together?**

It all came in pieces. Rap was blowing up. Everybody was rhyming and sampling after we did *Paul's* and *De La Soul*, *Tribe Called Quest*, and *Jungle Brothers* all came out. The thing was really going wild, but they were into fucking around and jamming and shit. The Kid had a little apartment on Hollywood Boulevard.

**Had he picked his guitar back up?**

They always had their instruments. You'd go to their house and Yauch had a bass, Mike had drums, they all owned shit. So the Kid had a little set-up, a little guitar and shit, and he borrowed a drum kit and they'd be fuckin' around. We'd have parties and they'd be jammin'. At the end of *Paul's Boutique* they were always playing in Adam's room.





Hey Ladies!! (l to r) Mike D, Matt Dike (sipping beer), Dust Bros, John "Giz" King and Mike Simpson, Adrock, MCA, Mario.

### The same house on the *Love American Style* EP?

Yes.

### Was the kitchen painted that way?

He had it painted. Anyway, Mark started hangin' around, bring a keyboard over and get in on the jams. Adam had a four-track and they were recording, but this neighbor downstairs started complaining, so they were like, "Fuck it!" They decided to rent a room at Cole Rehearsal where all these fuckin' Danzig metal bands rehearse. They were like, "Let's go rehearse, get some ideas and go for it." And they did. We had our own room for two months and we'd go in every night.

### Did any songs or riffs on *Check Your Head* originate there?

There were quite a few things that came from Cole Rehearsal.

### Like what, tough guy?

"Something's Got To Give." We used to record everything, hours and hours. We'd be rolling tape of them jamming, just a couple mics in the room. Then we'd go through and listen to the DATs every once in a while to see what sounded cool. It was a challenge to go through and pick shit out, but we tried to make songs out of little ideas. A lot of ideas came from jamming. Sometimes we wouldn't notice it right away. Months later we would pop in a DAT looking for something else and go, "Oh shit! What is this? We're blowing it! This is amazing!" I think that happened with "Something's Got To Give." Adam Horowitz would go through the DATs a lot of times by himself, cos he had the patience to find shit. He was really good at it, and he found that groove, that keyboard, drums and percussion. It was very miscellaneous, y'know, we weren't even sure who

was playing what really. You could kinda tell, but y'know. And we tried to sample it and make a song out of it. The whole idea of *Check Your Head* was to start making music ourselves and sampling ourselves. And that was the beginning of it. First creating the jam sessions to get the ideas, then picking out pieces and putting shit together, just like you do with rap songs. Then they were kind of getting burnt on the place cos other bands were always playing really loud, so they decided we gotta start on this new record.

### Was Capitol bummed out?

Sure they were, but they were going through their own problems. They had new management. They fucked up, they didn't do shit for *Paul's*, so they were afraid. We were like, "Well we're gonna do something different here, instead of going to the thousand-dollar-a-day studios, let's just make our own studio." So we went looking but couldn't find a place, and I think Mike finally found this place in Atwater that was an old ballroom. It had the best layout, so we went for it. It had one big room with a stage and the wood floor and the high ceiling, and two little rooms that were just offices. The control room was two little rooms. There was a wall in there and we tore it down, me and Mark and D.

### D was in there?

D was doing some of the demolishing, but Mark did all the framing and cutting. Anyways, we did all this stuff, and started going there every night for months and jammin'. The ideas weren't quite as happening as they were in Cole. It was kinda slow at first, the creative process. But ideas were coming and we would just record, record, record and listen.

### They weren't using any samples?

There weren't any rap songs at this point, it was all live, and we did several songs.

### Which ones?

"Funky Boss" was one of the early songs. "Live at PJ's" came from around that time; it had various names — "D Verse" I believe it was called. "POW" was an early song; a lot of instrumentals were from the earlier sessions. The first rap songs that came out were "Jimmy James" and "Stand Together."

### That was from Yauch at home?

Yauch had the Jimi Hendrix idea, then me and him would come in on the weekends and work on "Jimmy James" and "Stand Together."

### Had you found the Back Door track?

That was on a tape that I gave to Yauch. He actually picked it out. Me and him were collaborating on those tracks, putting all our efforts into it.

### So that's his guitar on "Stand Together"?

Yeah.

### What about the reggae jams that Mad Professor remixed?

Yeah, that was a session we had, but it didn't quite come together right. We wanted him to mix this song and he did like eight mixes but it was impossible to decide which one was best.

Anyways, *Check Your Head* was a long time in the making cos Adam was making a movie, Yauch went to India and Mike was rebuilding his house. It took a while for them to rhyme. Nobody wanted to write rhymes. "Jimmy James" was an instrumental, and Yauch really wanted to keep it that way. Then Yauch did "Stand Together" lyrics himself cos nobody else had any. They just weren't in the mood for writing and no one had any direction.

### Why do you think that is?

A lot of shit was going on. They just weren't feeling it at the time. They'd just done two full rap records.

### How did it finally happen?

We had a bunch of music, and now we needed to get some lyrics happenin', so we took a fuckin' retreat. Went up the coast somewhere, rented a house for a week, and were just gonna write lyrics. That way no one would have any distractions. That was the excuse. Some lyrics came together for "The Maestro," which is a playing song, and I think some lyrics for "Something's Got To Give." We were basically just gettin' stoned and listening to tapes and fuckin' around, it was

loose, real loose. We were there for a while and then decided to go to another place where there was no phone. We were like, "Fuck it, we're not getting anything done." So we go to this other place, this log cabin up some crazy mountain, and we get to this house, where there's no fucking telephone, no nothing, and I looked around like, "This is kinda cool, y'know?" And the Kid was like, "I ain't with it. There's no phone." So we said, "Fuck it, let's just go to 'Frisco." So we go to 'Frisco, check into some hotel, and now we're in the city again, and it was like, "We're probably not going to get a lot done." But we would still say, "Let's get together in so-and-so's room" with the four-track. We were playing shit back, just trying to listen to it, and started getting complaints. The hotel manager was like, "You guys have to turn it down," so we didn't really get much done. So we went out record shopping and saw Les McCann do a show, and then that night or the following night, we got a phone call. Their boy Dave Scilken had died, and that just changed the whole mood. We had to come back home, and those guys went to New York, and everyone was freaked out. Dave was somebody really close to them. After that, when they came back from New York, they knew they had something to do and the work got real focused. Shit was heavy. We had a purpose and meaning and started knocking shit out. Ideas were coming in. Songs like "Gratitude" and "Light'n Up" were very inspired.

### So is "Something's Got To Give."

"Something's Got To Give" is a very heavy track and has the most vibe on it. Production was very experimental. It was taken from a live session at Cole, then we just added onto it. The Kid came up with the arrangement, we sampled all the pieces, laid it down, and added some voices. Mark had a four-track of all this, and worked on it till he had this idea about "We Shall All Be One," and the "Mm-na-mmm-na" vocal. He actually inspired most of the lyrics.

### At one point you said, "Just sing it like this."

Well, I had been listening to a lot of Lee Perry stuff and was mimicking him doing the high voices. I just grabbed the mic, turned it on and went like, "WAAAAH WAAHHH," y'know? I did it on the tape a few times, we played it back and the Kid was like, "Aww that



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shit's bad, let's use that." So we just sampled it right off the four-track and threw my voice and Mark's voice right onto the multi-track.

**So what you hear on the album is...**

Mark doing the "na-na-na" and I'm doing the high voice.

**Who sings the actual cut?**

It's a combination of Mark, Yauch, Adam and Mike all together, with Mark being the dominant voice.

**Then you ran it through the Leslie?**

Which was Mark's idea, so I hooked it up. Then the Kid had an idea to scratch. In the middle of the song where it sounds like a helicopter, it's just a scratch with mad echo on it. When we mixed that song we were pretty amazed, like, "Damn, this is some crazy shit." That song was the most unique on the album and it inspired ideas for other songs.

**OK, why do they call you Bundy?**

Well, my dad looks like Al Bundy.

**Now one time you burped and your dad hit you?**

Well, I had a patented belch, I still do.

**Sounds like the Yusef Lateef sample in "B-Boys Makin' with the Freak-Freak."**

I've been known to be heard across valleys. I was always in the garage looking over his shoulder, and he'd go, "Give me the screwdriver, give me the pliers," and I'd give him the shit. But one time he was working and I belched and it must have gone under the hood and echoed really loud: "BAAAA!" So he backhanded me and I went flying across the fuckin' garage. [laughs]

**Why else do they call you Bundy?**

I have a patented style that's known as The Bundy Maneuver.

**For this latest album, you went to New York.**

The idea was to record at a new place with fresh ideas, and Yauch and Adam were like, "Yeah, let's try something different." So we booked a studio in New York, packed our gear, went out there and started rockin' immediately.

**It was helpful for you to see the band in the studio, unlike at G-Son.**

Well it was a different recording situation. It was a small room and they could see each other. We had these headphones which allowed us to monitor individual mixes and stuff.

**What was the name of the studio?**

Tin Pan Alley. It had a cool little vibe, we made it home. The ideas were flowin'. It was kind of like *Check Your Head* was at first, with all this live music

happening. There was no rap stuff going on. Had a tape rolling all the time. Then did the same thing — go through and listen to the tapes.

**Did "Ricky's Theme" emerge whole from those sessions?**

Yes it did. "Shambala" was also like a ten-minute jam with just percussion overdubs, but the music was live. The other one was "Punani Business" which is now called "Sabrosa." That came from those sessions, as did a lot of basslines.

**Hadn't "Futerman's Rule" been a soundcheck number?**

"Futerman's Rule" was recorded for *Check Your Head* and didn't get finished in time. That came together in one month, we took all these tapes and came home. "Chris Rock," which is what we used to call "Sabotage," came from that session. That was an instrumental, whole, no overdubs. "Son of Neckbone," which is on a Japanese release, was also a live jam. Did 'Cane have turntables set up? We actually did have turntables but we didn't record anything. We just sampled a couple beats. The main purpose was the live thing. Came home, listened to the tapes, picked the best songs and worked on 'em. Some of 'em stayed instrumentals. "Shambala" was an instrumental and Yauch had a tape of some monks, so we played the tape along while the song was going and mixed it in. "That shit sounds kinda dope," we said, and that was it. Bam! Done! Some of the other songs we tried adding stuff. We tried adding lyrics to "Sabotage."

**I said, "You guys should put lyrics on that" and they were like, "Eh."**

We did it several times. The Kid picked up the song and decided he wanted to do the lyrics for it. Sometimes one guy will take a liking to a track and say that. Yauch and D didn't have any ideas, so the Kid was gonna fuck with it. We did ten versions with different vocals. We didn't get it to really sound right till the end. That was the very last song we did to finish the album.

**In that sense it reminds me of "So What'cha Want."**

"So What'cha Want" — the album was done and they decided they needed one more song just to put the icing on the cake. The Kid had the idea of biting the chord change from this record, so we listened to the record, recreated some of it and put it together.

**Back to "Sabotage." How'd you get**

**the vocal out of Adam?**

It was a matter of getting the right lyrics, and him being in the right mood. Once the lyrics were right, and he was comfortable with the style he was gonna do it in, it came together quick. But after we tried it several times, it still wasn't quite right.

**I think he's still like, "Eh," but that's just perfectionism.**

Sure.

**You also co-wrote a couple tracks?**

Yeah. I actually put "The Scoop" together at home on a demo for Hurricane's album. He liked it but couldn't come up with any lyrics for it, so I played it for the Boys and they put lyrics right on it. That was the first rap song we did on the new album, cos no one had a rap song together and I already had the music together.

**The sequencing of the album is a whole thing in itself.**

A tedious operation, yeah. With *Check Your Head* we did seven sequences, and with this album we did five or six. You have 20 songs to deal with, which is hard, and a lot of different styles within those songs. You have to see what works and flows. It's really hard to tell, but you just have to go for it.

**You did the music for "Do It"?**

No, the Kid came up with the main groove, which was the Bob Dylan loop. We just helped out, Mark played a little 'boards.

**Did The Biz rap live over that particular groove?**

No, he was overdubbed. He just came in and freestyled over the music, and we took the best parts and made it work.

**You did the music for "Flute Loop"?**

Yeah, I hooked that one up a long time ago, at home as a demo. Anyways, this new record came together real fast, which was good cos shit stayed fresh. With *Check Your Head* we did stuff and after a while weren't so sure if it still sounded fly, but it came out good because it sounded so different. This time we knocked shit out.

**What about mixing the live show?**

I enjoy doing the live sound, cos to me that's half the music — seeing people react, get into it and lose their mind. It's just great to be there in a magnified form, twenty thousand times louder than you usually hear it at home, surrounded with sound and people getting excited. I think it's great. They have an interesting bunch of fans now, all types of kids, from Deadhead kids

to fuckin' hip-hop kids to fuckin' rock kids to fuckin' punk kids, and of course they always have the best girls.

**In "Something's Got To Give," you make the big echo.**

I try to recreate some of the studio elements. It's all spontaneous, nothing's perfectly planned. We go for it, they go for it, and I kinda go for it in the mix and try to bring some of the magic as Lee Perry would say, without knowing what's going on.

**Do you control the mics?**

I control all the levels, which is basically what people hear in the house.

**What about echo on the mics?**

That's me, Bob. I have control of the echo chambah!

**Have they ever told you to knock it off?**

No. It doesn't get in their way, they encourage me to go off. It adds to them because nobody else dubs out their vocals during the show, except for the Butthole Surfers and Jane's Addiction. The Boys have incorporated that too, they like effects.

**Who else did you work with?**

Mother Tongue, I really like them. They're from Texas and have been playing around. They have an original sound and I like their vibe.

**Can you describe their sound?**

From the heart, it has soul in it. They play with a lot of feeling. The music is very dynamic. It's very delicate and yet very aggressive. It was inspiring to work on. I think people will check them out and hear some different shit. I have to be inspired to work on music. It's hard for me to do something that I'm not into.

**All right, tough guy, what's the final word? Are you gonna work with these fuckers again?**

Sure. I'm not sick of them yet! They're always up to something new. Just to wrap it all up, it's been a great experience working with the Boys.

**All right, Mario, thank you very much.**


All right, Bob. Where's my rent?

**Will you give me a ride to work, you motherfucker?**

No!







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# ERIC BOBO!

## THE GRAND ROYAL INTERVIEW WITH SON OF NECKBONE

### When were you born?

August 27th, 1968, in Hollis, Queens, New York.

### Brothers and sisters?

Just my older brother Gill, who is now 40. He's 14 years older than I am. So it's like two different generations, but we're very, very close, my brother and I.

### How long did you live there for?

I was a little over a year old when we made the trek out this way. My parents had been out west before. They lived out in San Francisco for five years or so when my father was working heavily with Cal Tjader. After that they moved back to New York, and that's when I came around. But things were happening for my father out this way, plus my father really didn't like the cold, so we moved out here for good.

### What was the first instrument you played and how old were you?

My first instrument was the congas. I was five years old. I sat in with my father. My first gig ever was at this club called Dante's in North Hollywood on Lankershim. I had to stand on a little stool to reach the top of the timbales cos I was so small. When I started screwing around I was probably only three or two. I had an infatuation with records and record players. They put me in the highchair right in front of the turntable. I used to love to see the turntable spin. And I ruined a lot of records, cos I would take the records out the jacket, put 'em on the floor and spin 'em, like they were on a turntable.

### They must have loved that one.

My mom wanted to kill me but my father said, "Go ahead." He knew that something was brewing. So I fucked up a lot of classic records.

### How did your first gig at Dante's come off and what kind of music were you playing?

I was playing Latin jazz when I first

started. I'm sure it came off well but I was just scared to death. I had a problem dealing with people the minute I got off the stage, cos they just surrounded me. I was a shy little boy, so I'd be practically in tears and I just needed to be up there on stage. That was my security blanket.

### Were you taking lessons at that time too?

No.

### You're just all natch?

Yeah. I did the Merv Griffin Show.

### When you were how old?

When I was about six. I did the Hollywood Palladium, the John Anson Ford Theater which is right over here in Hollywood. It was called Kruegner's Theater. I started doing little spots, under controlled circumstances of course. I would do my one song and *boom*. The first time I did more than one song was at the Hollywood Palladium when I was about seven. That was the first time I played a ballad. It was pretty scary because I was used to the fast shit. But I just kept playing as I got older.

### This is all timbales or were you gradually working into other stuff?

All timbales.

### As far as regular school went, how was that?

I was a normal kid. I was very active in sports, Little League baseball, basketball, football. I got in trouble cos I was such a hard-head, talking back to teachers and stuff like that, always fighting, but I never got in trouble because of my music.

### Were you involved in school-related music activities?

There were never any programs in any of the schools that I went to, so all the music I was doing was on the job, outside.

### Did music ever come into conflict with school?

I stayed in school. I definitely think that that was important. It kept my head on straight. I turned down a lot of opportunities so I could stay in school. Also, my godfather, Bill Cosby, was taking care of my school and I couldn't leave. He wasn't havin' it and my parents weren't havin' it, so...

### You went to what high school?

I went to Cathedral High School which is an all-boys Catholic high school, and that was cool. Graduated in '85. I was involved in the music there for like a semester, but they were playing stupid shit like "Puff The Magic Dragon" that I couldn't really swing with. So I quit. My father passed away when I was

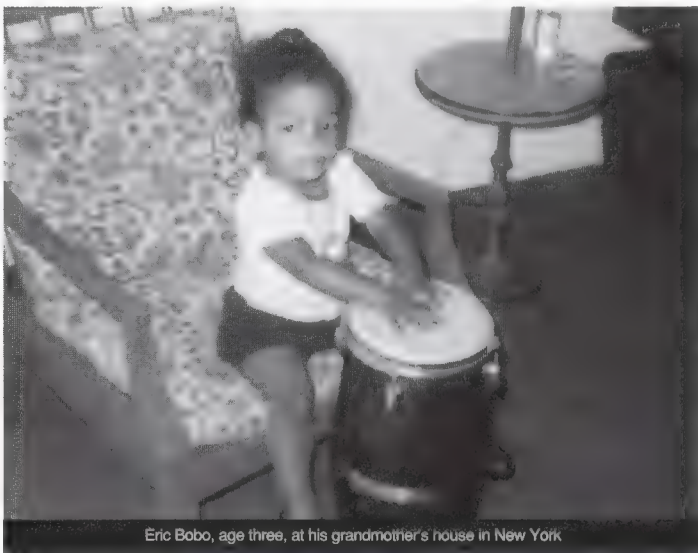
went on a scholarship, played in the jazz ensemble as well as the wind ensemble, and I did that for three years. Playing in the classical band frustrated me because I was used to being able to improvise, and classical people are just stuck in one realm. I said, "Should I quit or should I just stick it out," so I decided to stick it out.

### You eventually graduated from there?

No, then I transferred to USC. At USC I joined the jazz band, I was in the combo, I was a t.a. in the Afro percussion class.

### Were you in the marching band?

No, I wanted to be in the marching band, but I was talked out of it by



Eric Bobo, age three, at his grandmother's house in New York

15, and then I took over my father's group. I was dealing with all these dudes, old jazz cats that knew the ropes, and I was just there fronting a group who already knew the stuff and didn't need me to run shit, especially when I didn't really know how.

### What happens next?

My first venture outside Latin jazz was this play I did called "In The Voodoo Parlor of Marie Leveau." That's when I really started to concentrate on conga drums.

### You play the kit too?

Yes.

### Did it come naturally?

The feel came naturally. When I was eight I went to drum school to learn to read and write music for five years. My father never read music and he wanted me to learn how.

### Did that involve classical?

Once I got to college I started to delve into that. I was in the jazz ensemble, the symphonic band, and the wind ensemble. Cal State LA was the first college I went to. I

my advisors.

### Why?

They said serious musicians don't join marching bands.

### But you'd have been perfect for those guys!

Yeah, it would have been great. The closest fun I had to that was the Cal State LA pep band. Our basketball team sucked, but that pep band tour, that was *wiild*, people were just getting trashed. SC left a lot to be desired, and I'm still bitter with them. I was in college for six years. The hardest decision for me was to stop and to leave.

### What year did you finally stop?

I would say '91.

### Not long after that you hooked up with the B-Boys.

It was probably a year and a half. I was the biggest Beastie Boy fan with *Licensed to Ill*. That was my shit.

### How old were you when that came out?

They came out in '86, I was like 17. I was just entering Cal State LA. My first year in college was Beastie



Boys. I even had a little crew that we modeled after them called the Bud 'N' Brew Crew [laughter]. My homeboy Eddie, called him Easy, his name was Easy-Freeze. I was EL-Rock. And the other homeboy was named Vinny Mac.

#### **Oh, come on!**

We would say our own ill shit over the B-Boys' music.

#### **Had your involvement with jazz given you a snooty attitude towards pop music?**

Oh no no no, I was always into pop music. I was playing jazz at night but I was listening to Parliament, Funkadelic, Bar-Kays, Con-Funk-Shun, all the hip shit. Earth, Wind, and Fire, that kind of stuff was through Gill, the more modern stuff was through school and my friends. They were listening to "Rapper's Delight," and when I would perform with my father I'd do the whole rap to "Rapper's Delight." His band would kick a beat and I would do it.

#### **Naw, you're kidding!**

I have stuff on tape like that, with him when we played the Roxy.

#### **How did you come to play at Adam's wedding?**

Matt Robinson told me about the *Check Your Head* sessions, but I was playing with another group called Papa's Culture, so we never hooked up. Then a few months later he calls me up and says "Yo, Adam wants you to play at his wedding." I said, "Don't bullshit me, man!" He said, "I'm not jiving, call up his boy Max Perlich." I talked to Max before I talked to Adrock.

#### **You poor guy!**

And he said "Okay, I'll call up Adam and tell him what's going on" and then all of a sudden a few minutes later I get a call from Adam. Now I'm there alone, and like "this is one of my favorite MCs," so I was bug-gin' out. We met at an eat spot in Hollywood, his sister and Max and Ricky Powell were there. Didn't know what Ricky was about. He was just chillin' like [mimicking Rickster's voice] "Chell-oe," you know like Ricky is. I had no desire to play a wedding. He was talking about playing the Wedding March. I said, "The actual *dum-duh-da-da*?" That's stuff that you can't fuck up! So I did the wedding, and I guess I made a good impression. So that was it, and I said, "Man, I would really like to see you guys perform" and Adam hooked me up with some tickets to the Irvine show. I get a call from Mike D a few months later. He said, "Yeah, this is Mike Diamond from the Beastie Boys, I want to know if you're interested in doing the last

leg of our tour." I got the message and I'm listening, saying "Whoaaa shit!"

#### **Who was playing at Irvine when you saw them?**

Juanito I think. And I'm in the audience with my friend saying, "I could do this shit." Not to dis or anything, I was just saying, "He's not filling the shit right." I was being really critical. So then Mike calls me up, "Yo cool, come on down to the studio." I'm nervous as hell. Adrock is the one who suggested giving me a try. He said, "He played drums good," but they didn't know whether I played percussion, and I guess they'd already had it up to here with percussionists. So I did my homework and listened to every Beastie Boys record that was out. I knew everything, to the break, the beat, everything. So I go to the studio. I brought the conga drums into the control room and they put on the CD and just said, "Play."

#### **So you've got them in the palm**



#### **of your hand at that point.**

I was prepared to a T. Mario said, "He knows his shit, he knows it." So Mike D kept going through all the songs—boom boom boom, and I was faultless. So they're trippin' out, okay? Then they said, "Cool, here's the itinerary," and it went from there.

**The Ricky Powell Experience, how long did it take you to —** *Whoa*. It didn't take long. After a few days I knew what was going on. And I must say, after Ricky Powell, Mario was a very very close second. I remember one incident when we were on the bus and Ricky brought this girl on. Now there's this spot in the middle of the bus that had the bunks, and I'm laying up in the bunk, and there's this chick, and she's topless. He's filming her with this camera, the infamous camera that's gotten *many things*, and he said, "Yo Bobo! You want to get a feel?" And I said, "Don't shoot my face" and I was feeling this girl while he was filming, and it was like, "Whoa, it's going to be that kind of

party with Ricky," y'know? But Ricky's my boy, he's definitely in the house.

#### **So you hit it off with Cypress?**

Yeah. Cypress came on the second part of that tour. Again I was a really big fan of theirs, but I didn't know them at all. Our first gig together on that tour was in Orlando. We had a day off. We all went to see an Orlando Magic game, and Sen-Dog came along. He was the first one of the crew that I met.

#### **Is he Puerto Rican as well?**

No, he's Cuban. But he had heard of my father, so I was kind of surprised. Then I really got to hanging out with Sen and the rest of the guys, and it's been really cool. We were always thinking about playing together during that tour, but they had never experimented with live percussion. I knew it could work cos I was trying it out with the B-Boys.

#### **You added that new dimension.**

Yeah, I thought it was kind of cool, a

#### **Did that have anything to do with you being blunted at the time?**

Well, y'know, it could have. The smoking we were doing on the bus was just phenomenal. So we get to the border and instead of just passing through we have to stop, get out and go into this room. So we're like, "Oh shit, they've just gotta check out the bus and whatnot." So the French dude, the Green Beret-looking dude without the beret but he was all in green, he comes out and he says, "I breeng ze dog! And ze doggie smell you!" And B-Real's like, "Oh shit, they've got the dog." So the dog starts sniffing up and the Green Beret dude was like letting him know where to smell and telling him in French.

#### **A bad-ass German Shepherd type?**

No, like a Labrador Retriever, nice-looking white lab actually. Then he got over to me, and I had a little bit of hash from Hamburg, Germany, that I forgot all about, and the dog sniffed me out. I said, "Oh, what the hell?" The dude dug in my pocket, I had it wrapped up in a little paper, and he said, "What eez zees?" The dog had probably sniffed through one or two people, so I was the first catch. I was like, *whoa*.

#### **Was there an audible groan?**

There was no kind of sound. Everyone really tried to be cool. And then I was in another room for a couple minutes by myself.

#### **During which time you thought...**

*Midnight Express*. Any time you go to a border or you're in a foreign country where they don't speak your language and they're about to jack you, that's enough for me. One by one, though, people were coming into the room. A total of like seven. Including the caterers.

#### **The caterers?**

Pauline and Jo, I'm giving y'all props. The chronic queens! Boy, they smoke like a big dog. Put it this way, they had weed stuffed everywhere they could put it. And I'll leave it at that, folks.

#### **In their dreadlocks too?**

The dreadlocks! I was standing behind Pauline and she had these mad dreads and I'm smelling this heavy duty buddha and I'm like, "Yo, what the fuck?" I knew by then we were gonna get busted because it was stinking up the whole place. We all got strip searched, but I was looking not to suffer any humiliation—we know what that entails. Finally Sen-Dog said, "I don't smoke that stuff officer, I just smoke cigarettes." So that was kind of funny. My man Snow



had a space cake and was starting to peak. At this point I was no longer high. I was at an all-time scared low. They were even sweating me for the fact that my sweatpants had marijuana leaves on 'em. The clincher was RC. He had over an ounce, and I had about a quarter, but they took everybody else's weed.

**You had some stashed in your dirty laundry?**

Yeah, the dirty laundry bag threw the dog way off. You put it through the dirty laundry, do one dirty sock into another dirty sock, right at the bottom of all the sweaty stuff, and the dog is not going to get a whiff. But RC wasn't so lucky. He packed it in one of those hide-a-cans, and the dog went to his bag, sniffed it and just straight sat down. Now only B-Real and I knew where he had it and how much he had, but because he had a bag of seeds, that's what saved our ass from going to the

No, he got in touch with me through Cypress's management, and Sen-Dog actually told me. He said, "Yo, Black Crowes are after you to play on their album." And again it was like, "Get the fuck outta here! You're bullshitting me!" Then later on that day Chris calls me up and says, "Come on down to the studio and we'll see how things go." I played on eight or nine tracks. I don't know how many they're gonna use on the album, but I wound up hanging out, and they're all very very cool. Chris and I became quick friends.

**Had you been down with that kind of rock thing before?**

I was, but I didn't know the Black Crowes' music beside the singles. I'm into all types of music, I don't limit myself. I think that's why people from different groups call me up and want me to play.

**You had a particularly colorful anecdote from that time.**

Let's just say this very famous

from Norwalk. The only affiliation with Cypress Hill is that Sen-Dog hooked them up, but they don't have a Cypress sound. They have their own distinct sound. We had Jason Roberts engineer. I wanted Mario C to be part of it, so he engineered a couple tracks which were real cool.

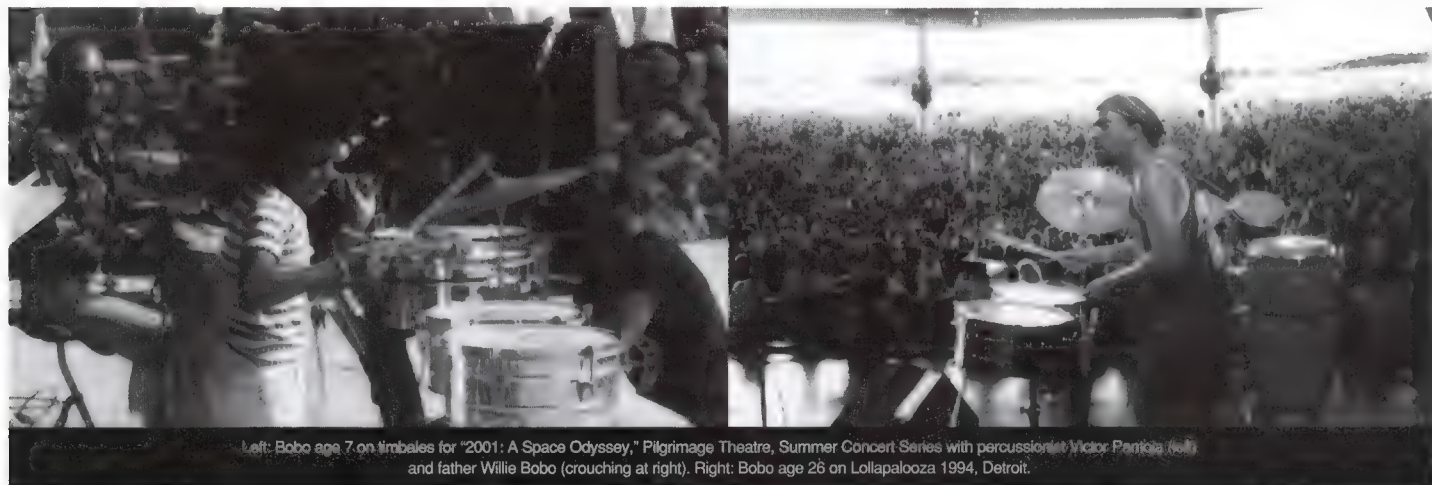
**There's a lot of talk about jazz and hip-hop. You're actually in a position to comment on that whole relationship.**

I think the merger of jazz and hip-hop has been a very good thing. I think people like Tribe Called Quest, Gang Starr and this new group The Roots definitely touch on the jazz element a lot better than other groups. Jazz and hip-hop are from the same strain. Back then, it was not really accepted, but jazz was its own style, its own form, its own language, its own style of speaking. Same as hip-hop, it's a way of life. It started out basically as a black art

rap. Everybody get an SP-1200, start sampling, get their homeboy down the street to rhyme, it's easy like that. But what's really going on, y'know? How many platinum rap acts are there out of all the rappers that come out in one year? The ones that really cross over are musical, whether it's in their samples or whether it's like the B-Boys and actually playing their instruments. The B-Boys are gonna be around for a long time because of that, and they have made that transition pretty smoothly.

**Do you think younger kids are gonna notice that and act accordingly?**

They have to be aware that music is deeper than the SP-1200. It's cool to have a knowledge of music and where shit comes from. If you have that information, that'll make you a better artist in whatever you do. If the kids just go ahead and sample a beat and all they do is push buttons,



Left: Bobo age 7 on timbales for "2001: A Space Odyssey," Pilgrimage Theatre, Summer Concert Series with percussionist Willie Bobo (crouching at right). Right: Bobo age 26 on Lollapalooza 1994, Detroit.

French pokey. They found the seeds and that's what they thought the dog was sniffing, but the guy took out everything including the hide-a-can.

**He had rigged it so some actual shaving cream came out?**

Yeah, yeah.

**So by the by you get through and breathe a sigh of relief...**

And I break out my shit, and I'd just like to say for the record that RC was holding out. He said, "Fuck it," he was just going to wait till he got home. When we almost got busted! **Where do the Black Crowes fit into all this?**

Chris Robinson took notice when I did the MTV "Live and Loud" concert with Cypress. Chris was getting ready to start on the Black Crowes' new album and wanted to experiment with some more percussion.

**Did he call you himself?**

comedic actor, that everyone knows and likes, usually, he came down to the studio one night and proceeded to party with us. He even brought a token of his esteem to the party which was greatly appreciated.

**Which in a word was a big glass jar of government-issue buds.**

Yeah, exactly. Some Grade A USDA bud in that jar. It was something I'll never forget. I didn't know that Chris hung around with such people.

**Did he end up cracking you guys up or was he just mellow?**

He was definitely funny, joking and everything. It was all it was cracked up to be, just like his characters and stuff. He was definitely on.

**So you and Sen are business partners now?**

Yeah. We have a group coming out this summer on Geffen called Delinquent Habits. They're three kids

form, like rap has, and then other musicians came into play. So it's definitely a marriage, but I think musically, if some of these hip-hop guys would actually use some of these jazz musicians, I mean actually do something with them and really gain the knowledge, it can really really happen. It's cool to sample a horn, but it's so much cooler if you can get one of those cats in the studio and really lay it down.

**The up side of rap is that anybody can do it, at least theoretically. The down side is that a lot of kids stop playing instruments.**

Anybody can rhyme, but it's how you come off. Not everybody can really grab the attention. It's the same with singers. Some singers can make your spine tingle and others have the pipes but they don't do anything for you. The same with

they're just gonna be the old regular Joe Schmoe to me.

**How did the III Communication sessions go in New York?**

They made me feel part of the group, because last time with *Check Your Head* they waited till the sessions were done to bring in the percussionist to do overdubs. The vibe in New York was great, everything about it was real smooth. It was really wild to be part of that whole experience from the ground up, and when I listen to the album I think back to some of those sessions and some of those one-take things that we did.

**What are some of your larger goals and dreams? What do you think of the future of jazz? What do you think of guys like Wynton Marsalis?**

I am definitely not ruling out playing jazz again, and it's something I



would really like to do. The reason I kind of cooled off [is that] jazz is not really respected in the US the way it is in Europe, and a lot of the good jazz clubs are dying out. Club owners really don't understand the needs of the jazz musician. And besides the pay being shitty, you really don't get any respect. The only way to do that and play the clubs would be on my own terms. It is a love of mine, a big major love of mine, and in some respects some jazz musicians have come down on me for playing rap. Like when they found I was playing with the Beastie Boys, saying that I was much too sophisticated for that type of music. Which to me is bull-shit, because it's important to expand my mind, and that's exactly what I've done. And besides being very educational it's been very profitable and allowed me to enjoy being a musician. And now I've gotten a couple offers for my Latin jazz band to go to Japan, things are coming back into play. But like I said, it all has to be on your own terms, because they'll try to get you.

**Make you sound like Kenny G.** Right, and I'm not going out like that, because to me that is not

jazz, that's just sap music. I go on the record for saying that.  
**Poor Kenny G, it's a shame he's good friends with Ricky Powell but we have to dis him.** I'm sorry Rick, but your boy Kenny, he's kinda wack, y'know. And then you have jazz purists like Wynton Marsalis that really don't give any props to any music but jazz which is

you're large." And the thing is I was brought up to be a very humble person. I've worked very hard to get to this point and I don't look at all this in a bragging sense, it's like, *shit* — too many of my friends to this day, jazz musicians, older jazz guys, they can't get arrested. They would love to go out on tour, stay in nice hotels, perform in front of

Puente took me under his wing when my father passed, y'know, Mongo Santa Maria, Poncho Sanchez. People like Benny Carter who gave me an opportunity to play with him, and Ella Fitzgerald. Giants like that.

### That's heavy.

The first part of my musical career was dealing with all these people, meeting my father's friends, and just learning and just listening. Now it's acting off this stuff and doing it my way. I'll tell you, it's very very hard to have to live up to a name. I feel blessed, but it's been a hard road. At first people don't accept you. The minute he passed people said, "Naw, he ain't gonna do shit." Some of the jazz musicians, after I got back from touring, were like, "We saw you on *Saturday Night Live*, we saw you on MTV, we heard about you doing this." So now things are coming about.

### Do you have an album planned?

Most definitely. Right now I'm just writing songs, demoing a lot of stuff. It'll be a powerhouse album, I'll have a lot of good guys on there. It's gonna be something that's gonna compete and truly cross that bridge, do you know what I mean?

When I do my album, some of those guys are gonna get theirs, because it's my duty to do that. There's people like Art Blakey who gave me good advice; Tito Puente took me under his wing when my father passed, y'know, Mongo Santa Maria, Poncho Sanchez. People like Benny Carter who gave me an opportunity to play with him, and Ella Fitzgerald. Giants like that.

cool, but I like Branford's approach better.

### Have you ever hooked up with Branford?

Yes. I've met him. Actually, tomorrow night I'm supposed to go to the Tito Puente concert with him and Chris Robinson, so that's gonna definitely be kinda fun.

### And you still take my phone calls!

A lot of people trip, y'know, saying, "Aw Eric, you're doing this now,

packed houses, get the pretty girls and all the fringe benefits. They might have had that at one time, but they got gypped out of money and whatnot. They've paved the way for all of us to make the money and travel and do all this stuff, but a lot of them still don't get their due. When I do my album, some of those guys are gonna get theirs, because it's my duty to do that. There's people like Art Blakey who gave me good advice; Tito

## MONEY MARK'S

Let's face it: Few people are as funky as Keyboard Money Mark. But now, through the wonders of modern technology, in this exclusive, not-available-on-TV or in-stores offer, you too can enjoy the Ramos-Nishita family's time-honored Mexican-Hawaiian fashion secrets! All you need is an X-acto knife, a roll of duct tape and some imagination.

### CARDBOARD COWBOY HAT

Obtain free cardboard box from local grocery store dumpster. Flatten box, then use X-acto knife to cut one piece in the shape of an iron cross and another circular piece with a hole like a donut. Fold down flaps of cross-shaped piece to form "crown"



and fasten with duct tape. Insert "crown" into hole of the donut-shaped piece, or "brim" and again seal with tape. Put on head as if actual Stetson.

### MAKESHIFT SHELL TOES

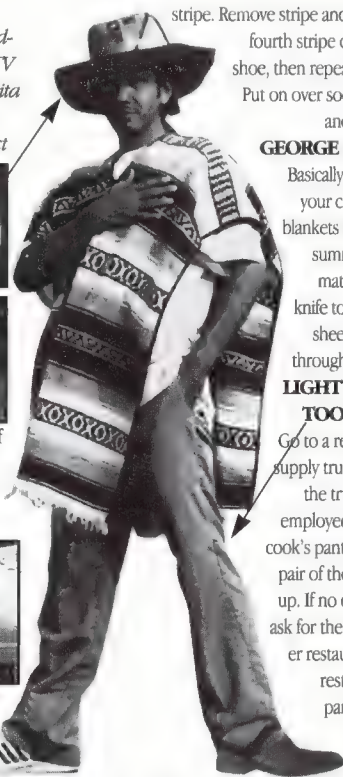
Purchase a pair of four-star shell toes, available at Montgomery Ward for \$19.95, plus tax. Take one of the shoes and use X-acto knife to cut the stitching on far right



If the young Bob Marley had known about Money Mark's handy tip, he could've fixed his wacky four strippers!

## LOW-BUDGET FASHION TIPS\$

BY MARK RAMOS NISHITA



stripe. Remove stripe and excess stitches. Remove fourth stripe on the other side of same shoe, then repeat process on other shoe. Put on over socked or bare feet, lace up and wear as if actual Adidas.

### GEORGE CLINTON PONCHO

Basically, all you need is a fabric of your choice. Sheets, tablecloths, blankets all work. Thin material for summer, thick for winter. Estimated cost: \$3.75. Use X-acto knife to cut hole in the middle of sheet or blanket and put head through hole. Adjust accordingly.

### LIGHTWEIGHT HOUNDS-TOOTH COOK'S PANTS

Go to a restaurant when the linen-supply truck is there and ask either the truck driver or a restaurant employee if you can have a pair of cook's pants. If they refuse, ask for a pair of the dirty ones being picked up. If no one understands English, ask for the manager or go to another restaurant. If all else fails, call a restaurant-supply place. The pants' lightweight fashion is worth the hassle.

## ADROCK'S DUCT TAPE WALLET

(FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS ONLY)

Duct tape is incredible material. If you take two pieces of tape and stick them together, you have a very strong, durable fabric. If you make a big enough sheet of duct-tape fabric, you can make anything you want: trousers, tents, what have you. Wait'll Christo finds out about my plan to cover the World Trade Center in duct tape.

Anyway, to make a wallet, tear several strips of duct tape, each 15 inches long. Tape each strip to the next, overlapping about 3/8 of an inch, thereby creating a "sheet" of fabric. Cut two strips, each about 5" x 10". Place one rectangular strip on top of the other. Fold the two sheets lengthwise, from bottom to top, about a third of the way up, which will create a credit card pouch. Now fold the two pieces in half the other way. You should be able to see a wallet taking shape at this point. Seal sides, fold again, fill with cash, put in left back pocket.



### RICE BAG BOXERS (not shown)

Go to local grocery store and purchase a 20-pound cloth bag of Cal-Rose rice (brand name optional and dependent on attractiveness of logo). When done eating rice (don't just dump it out), cut two holes in bottom of bag. Slip legs into holes, and tie up waist with string. Cut peephole in front if desired. You're ready.

### HAWAIIAN-STYLE SUMMER SANDALS

Purchase standard pair of thrift shop brogues; estimated cost: \$2. Take X-acto knife (you'll probably be needing a fresh blade by now) and slice out both heel and toe. Repeat process on other shoe. Slip bare feet into sandals, lace up and strut.







## Q. & A. Quentin Rodemeyer interviewed by Adam Yauch

**Adam:** Did you ever study any one religion or teaching real intensely?

**Quentin:** No, I found what worked for me out of all of them. They all have great things to offer, and all have their limitations. It was a matter of finding what worked for me. No right or wrong, good or bad in any of them. It's what people do with them...

**Adam:** Did you begin to connect with levels of higher consciousness by living in solitude?

**Quentin:** Yeah, I did. It was like moving to the mountains and cutting out all the normal habits and stimulation I had in my life and just seeing what was still resonating under that. And then working on refining my awareness of that. Finding the beginning of a thought, tracing it back and discovering what impulse was there that created it. Finding out how emotions create and regenerate themselves. Looking for what was beyond the mind, our emotions and the physical body. I knew there was an "I" beyond all that. So I could either use my energy to focus on getting things for the ego in this world at this moment, or I could move into finding the bigger purpose and becoming aware of the levels of cause, you know, like what's creating all of this. That's what I spent my time doing. I created a life for myself where I didn't have to go out every day and make a living. So I was lucky in that way. I had to let go of a lot that people consider comforts to do all that, but it was worth it. Once I experienced some of those inner levels of cause, it became my intention to find ways of assisting people with looking inside themselves and coming into a life of awareness without having to leave the world to do it. Because we're moving from the realm of the sitting master to the walking master, we have to be able to lift our consciousness while we're still in this world and living our lives.

**Adam:** So how many years were you living in solitude?

**Quentin:** Well, it was four to five years in all, but not complete solitude. I'd say it was two years of more complete solitude.

**Adam:** What enables a person to see energy fields?

**Quentin:** Man, that's a big question. People think of energy fields as something out of the ordinary, but it's really who we are. It's all energy. Everything we're doing is energy. Our physical bodies are energy, our thoughts are energy, our feelings are energy. You can't cut into a body and find "anger" or any other belief. It's all energy fields. We're just not able to perceive them with our optic nerves. That information can be sensed by the third eye, but there are many ways of perceiving it. We have a lot of knowing inside that we use all the time but that we're not really aware of. It's a matter of being aware that there are fields of energy we're not normally trained to see and starting to work towards sensing them. It's like learning to use any other muscle: Once you focus on it, you become able to develop it.

**Adam:** So the physical body is just a lower-frequency representation of what's going on in the energy fields?

**Quentin:** Absolutely. It's an effect of our consciousness and it's

created by our consciousness and it's constantly being formed and re-formed by our consciousness. Whether it's our outer consciousness or the levels of consciousness below that — unconscious behavioral patterns, fears, doubts and hopes — all those things are affecting the formation of our body and the changes that occur within it constantly. The physical body is nothing but basic physics. You get down to atoms, and an atom is nothing but a nucleus with electrons, protons and all the subatomic particles spinning around it. The human body we perceive as solid and real is nothing but an immense amount of space with swirling and oscillating fields of energy in between. It's kind of like the universe and the stars. Physicists have said that if you take out all of the space between all of the atoms in the body of a 160-pound man, what you'd be left with is matter the size of a speck of dust. We just perceive all this as real. It's not about perceiving energy fields around us; it's about perceiving the energy fields that we are, that the plants are, and that all of this is made up of. There are ways to see it if you're interested in just seeing energy fields around people. That's just knowing it's possible. Work with the imagination in the beginning. What colors or what essence might I see around that person if I were able to see it? Imagination can be the key to opening up the circuitry inside of you, allowing the mechanisms to work.

**Adam:** Do you want to talk about how a human body can hang onto anger or a thought pattern or concept; how we can hold it in the solar plexus or anywhere else in the body?

**Quentin:** Well, our body and mind and emotions are all in vibration. Each thought and feeling has a vibrational quality to it, like a musical note. It has its own sound, its own color. And whenever we play any of those notes emotionally and don't allow that emotional note to complete itself, we hold onto it. If we get angry and don't release it or don't forgive and let go, then it continues to resonate in our energy field and we'll feel that emotion again and create more thoughts about it. We'll get more pissed at whoever or whatever it was until it keeps cycling automatically. It's like a habit. It gets pushed more and more into the subconscious because we don't have it constantly in our field of focus. Periodically, it will come up and be re-energized again. Because it has a certain frequency and vibration, it will hang in the energy field. And because the energy field interpenetrates the physical body, it will eventually move to a place in the physical body. Each organ in the body has a frequency of vibration to it. Each has its own note. Each has its own uniqueness that makes it vibrate in the essence of the liver, or the stomach, or whatever pattern is held for that. So if we hold in say, anger, or fear, or doubt, or any of the denser emotions in our energy field, eventually they'll move to and affect the place in the body that's most harmonious with them.

**Adam:** Like as if the emotion is a lower octave of the frequency that a specific organ vibrates at?

**Quentin:** Or a higher octave, because it interpenetrates.

Whichever way you want to look at it. Again, you are looking linearly at two different phases of the vibration, but yes, it will go to that place. Anger generally vibrates in a similar frequency to the liver, which makes it hang out around the liver, but it's enough out of phase that it will throw the liver's functions out of balance. So as long as that anger is held there, the manifestation of energy called the liver can't function in a balanced way. Other emotions have other places in the body they tend to effect. Two or three things can be affected by the same frequency of emotion. When anger is held in from a specific instance, and then later

something similar happens, we get mad and that old anger surfaces, coupled with the new anger; it exponentially squares itself. After a while, it will move back into the subconscious because we can't always walk around raging. If you're angry and don't have the ability to release it at that moment because it's not appropriate, you can go home later and beat on a pillow or take a run to get that out. But move it out, somehow, and stay conscious of it so that it doesn't move below consciousness where it starts resonating in your field and that resonance goes out, whether you're aware of it or not. What we put out is how we attract things to our reality. So if I've got heavy anger or doubt resonating on a subconscious level, then I'll attract people who will reinforce that feeling. And I may not even know it's resonating in there because on the surface I may be saying all these great affirmations like "I am a wonderful, joyous person." But actually there's this stuff I'm no longer aware of that's cutting me off at the knees.

**Adam:** Do you want to say anything about different emotions being like a spectrum of different frequencies: that hatred, jealousy and anger are lower frequencies and love and happiness are higher frequencies?

**Quentin:** Well, yeah, it's pretty obvious. You can experience it inside yourself because emotions are like notes. You can remember when you were angry or hurt and feel how that resonates in your body. It's a very dense vibration that slows everything down and makes you contract. And then, in the next instant, you can remember a time when you felt very loved, and that's an expansive emotion, a high-frequency emotion. You can feel the shift in your body. The emotion will expand throughout your body and change how things operate. It will change the way your glandular systems pump out hormones. It will change your thought forms. It will change the very chemical aspects in your brain. The body can create any chemical known to man, and those chemicals are created by our thoughts and feelings about ourselves. Whatever attitude we have will create chemicals to match it. If we get real calm, for example, our body starts creating benzo-diazophene [valium].

**Adam:** So, would you say there's a dividing line; that emotions are either expansive or contractive and that there's different levels of each of those and there's a direct line between them? When you have an emotion, it goes into one category or the other?

**Quentin:** Definitely. It's just two ends of the spectrum which you can run emotionally. You can go from highest loving to deepest hate or anything between that. You can run the whole spectrum. You can feel which emotions are expansive and which are contractive and where that dividing line is. But emotionally you're in one of those two states.

**Adam:** As people first begin to open up spiritually, they are often drawn toward the psychic realm. What's the difference between psychic and spiritual?

**Quentin:** I define psychic energies as energies that are still materially focused. A lot of people are interested in producing phenomena to give their minds a reference point in this reality. The mind wants to say, "See, this stuff works!" But that's still here in the material plane focused horizontally rather than vertically, if you will. It's like their ego is still trying to manipulate this world and their focus isn't on self-awareness or expansion of the mind. If you do focus vertically and get rid of anything standing in the way of knowing who you really are, then that's a spiritual focus moving inside and up in your consciousness. Then those psychic powers come as you're moving along that spectrum, whenever you need them and whatever you need them for in the moment. You could work 20 years to find out how to move



Then those psychic powers come as you're moving along that spectrum, whenever you need them and whatever you need them for in the moment. You could work 20 years to find out how to move a mountain. By the time you figure out how to do it, you realize you're the one who put it there in the first place.

**Adam:** How do you focus energy more vertically or spiritually?

**Quentin:** The spiritual focus, to me, is just a matter of moving my consciousness into alignment with my higher essence at whatever level that can be. The higher the level I resonate at, the more clarity I have for myself and those around me. The most you can ever do for anyone else is work on yourself so you resonate out in the clearest possible way. It's a matter of moving consciousness beyond this realm. It's looking for who we are beyond our manifestations here. Looking for the essence of what creates all this, rather than trying to manipulate creation.

**Adam:** Are you now in a place outside the cycle of death and rebirth? Like, when you die will you be reborn again, or can you choose that, or is it something that you could move beyond now if you wanted to?

**Quentin:** Well, it depends on what I do this afternoon!

**Adam:** Do you have to check the karma count, see how many mosquitoes you killed, that kind of thing?

**Quentin:** Sure, and we can get caught up in it any moment no matter how clean we are. It's constant vigilance. We have to keep watching. I could go out and create something this afternoon that ends up resonating inside of me, and if I don't deal with it in this lifetime, it's gonna pull me back because it's a weight in my energy field. Any limiting emotions, belief systems, or concepts that we hold onto are dense like rocks. When we leave this physical body, our essence moves out and these

rocks hang in that essence and pull us back into this dimension to work these out. We could work them out on inner levels, but this is our classroom. We have all the levels represented here.

Chances are we'll want to come back here and finish them up.

**Adam:** A lot of people smoke herb and take hallucinogens in conjunction with spiritual interests. For myself, it got to where it was bringing me down and I had to stop. Can you talk about how they affect people?

**Quentin:** Hallucinogens can be great as a tool. But you can only get to a certain level of awareness with drugs since the drugs themselves will cap off. You just can't get higher with them, and you can do everything you need without them. The drawback to hallucinogens is they open up a hole in the auric field so that you're open to outside influences. Then all of a sudden you'll be feeling these feelings and having these thoughts, and the danger is that you'll claim them as your own when they didn't have anything to do with you. Then you'll be confused because you have all these conflicting thoughts and feelings and you don't know where they came from. If we create a cohesive energy field for our thoughts and our essence and our selves, we can affect who we are and affect the world from a very clear place. But if we keep putting breaks in that energy field and taking on other people's stuff, it confuses us and it's not much fun.

**Adam:** So those breaks stay open after the drug wears off?

**Quentin:** Definitely. There are a couple things you can do. You can work with somebody who knows how to close that back up for you, or heavy exercise will sometimes do. But while it's still in your system, no matter what you do during that time, dancing all night or whatever, those breaks in the auric field will be there. Afterwards, when you come closer to normal consciousness again, doing heavy exercise for a cou-

ple days in a row can help seal that up again. But do that exercise with the intention of bringing strength and wholeness to your field of consciousness. Know why you're doing it.

**Adam:** Is visualizing light a good way to do that?

**Quentin:** Light's a great way to do that. Clear light's a very high frequency, and whenever you focus on light, it keeps your intention and consciousness focused on higher awareness. Wherever you point your nose is where you go, and you want to stay focused at as high a frequency as you can while you're on this planet.

**Adam:** So let's talk about creating. I've heard you say that the main way to create is combining visualization with emotion.

**Quentin:** Yeah, that's the basic mechanism of creation. Being able to visualize something, build a picture of it in your mind, then infuse that with desire or emotion. That's what draws the image into a denser vibration and into this third dimensional reality as a form. If you know anybody who has created something, they've always had an image of it. They've always had a desire or a fire to make that happen — that emotional drive. Emotion is just energy in motion: emotion. And if you focus that emotional energy and enliven your thought forms with it, then that becomes the creative essence. If we can couple that with the higher spiritualized energy that we are, we can create a lot quicker because it's a higher frequency and has more energy.

**Adam:** So if a person visualizes something they really don't want to have happen, they can bring that into their lives.

**Quentin:** Absolutely, that can draw it right to you.

**Adam:** And by the same token, you can visualize something and how great you're going to feel when it happens, and that'll draw that to you.

**Quentin:** Absolutely.



**"Rah!"**

Wesley Willis

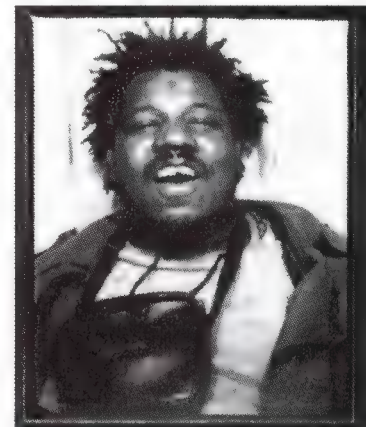


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# RAPPIN' WITH A SLIT

Jill from Luscious Jackson talks to  
Viv Albertine of The Slits

(interview done in 1981 at Irving Plaza, N.Y.)

There was a time in my life when The Slits were the epitome, the ultimate, the coolest of the cool. They were everything I wanted from life. A band of Englishwomen who combined punk and reggae in their own fusion of heavy bass and scratchy guitars, they also sported the best fashions around. Wearing layers of clothing and dreadlocks, they were bag ladies extraordinaire. This style was convenient for me at the time, too. I was trapped in post-puberty, those early mammary years when showing even an inch of my body to the public was unthinkable. The Slits represented artistic lawlessness and freedom from male-dominated EVERYTHING. They helped reshape musical systems female-style. I was thrilled to interview Viv Albertine, a seriously groovy sister and innovative guitarist.

## Discography

**Cut** (Antilles/Island, 1979); **Retrospective** (nr/Y-Rough Trade, 1980); **Return of the Giant Slits** (nr/CBS, 1981); **Earthbeat 12** (Human Records, 1980); **The Peel Sessions** EP (nr/Strange Fruit, 1987); **The Peel Sessions** (nr/Strange Fruit, 1989). Note: Arri Upp, The Slits lead singer, also had a group with Neh Neh Cherry called The New Age Steppers, whose mastermind Adrian Sherwood brought Lee Perry aboard his On-U Sound System for a couple albums.

Reprinted from *Decline of Artfanzine*, originally published in 1980. Interview by Jill Cunniff, Rebecca Scanlon, and Robin Moore.

We ran into Viv Albertine on St. Mark's Place in Manhattan's East Village on a clear night in mid-July. After deciding what to say, we finally made our move and boldly asked for an interview. We were to appear at the soundcheck at about six. At about six-thirty, Ari Upp and Neh Neh wandered in. We attempted to speak with Ari, but she was almost incoherent about Viv's whereabouts. Finally Viv arrived and began the following conversation. The tape inevitably began with, and was occasionally drowned out by, the sound of music...

## What do you think of what's been happening with The Clash?

Well, they're really a rock band, aren't they? They appeal to more people. It seems like America has all just caught on to rock, then they'll catch on to some reggae in a while. I don't think America has ever really caught on to black music and I don't think it's gotten the credit it deserves.

## Well, disco...Is there rapping in England?

Well, I think that's the best thing that's happening here at the moment. But the English language doesn't flow really enough for rapping.

## What about the band Funkapolitan?

Hefty. They're quite a young group. I don't think the English language really can cope with rapping...accents...

## What do you think about the situation in England right now?

Well, I was quite involved in a riot myself before I came to America. You see, the kids have got fuckall to do, the shops are displaying all the stuff in the windows, they can't get it so they're all out having a laugh. It's something to do every night, that's what it is.... They don't know to put it into political words — I mean, one can come along and say "It's unemployment," "It's racism," and it is, it's all them things. But for the kids it's just a bloody good laugh; a chance to get a good pair of sneakers.

## They break into stores?

Yeah!

## What is this about bombs in the mailboxes of Chinese people and all?

That's a whole different thing! That's not the riots. That's a National Front thing. The riots — Chinese, Paki, white — but the racism thing is getting a bit strong. It's mostly men, in fact I really don't know of any women involved in it. Poor areas, white areas, mostly.

## But it's bad, isn't it?

It's bad because it shouldn't happen anywhere. It's not half as bad as what's happening in

Philadelphia — y'know, the racism stuff. The stuff in England doesn't even compete with that. You see, there's this group of kids called skinheads, and they're just like sheep and they want something to do. Part of being a skinhead is this N.F. thing, and not even all skinheads do it. But it has nothing to do with the riots.

## It's all just economics, poverty, and not being able to get a job?

Yeah, if you want to put it into them words, but really for them it's just the first chance to get a laugh in a long time. I mean you go in the street and there are a million other kids to talk to.

## What happened before this?

It's all just been building up and building up — y'know, grumpiness, thievings.

## What do you think of Maggie Thatcher?

I think quite a lot of her, really, I mean in different ways — she's just a pawn for the Conservative Party, really. I don't care much about politics; I never buy a paper. Whoever took the job she has now would have had a load of shit. She's crazy, like a cartoon character; the whole politics is cartoon.

## What do you think about religion?

Well, I was brought up in the '60s, and right from the beginning I think I was uninterested in religion. I'm really quite dogmatic about it.

## Could you explain about The Slits' first record, the bootleg one?

That was our second album.

## Did you get any money from it?

Yeah, that was the main reason for doing it. We got enough money to live for about six months from it. What happened was that we were working on Island [Records] and we weren't getting any money from those records so we needed the money. We taped that record ourselves. The point was that it wasn't a proper record; it was for fans to buy only. First of all it was sort of anti-punk, because in it were a lot of acoustic things, lot of pretty little rhythms and melodies. But other than that it was throwaway, cheap. It wasn't meant to be anything special, and we've had to live it down ever since.

## Aside from the riots, etc., how is England these days?

There's nothing; there's rain, there's cold.... If even the weather was different England would be a whole different place. And you even get fed up with feeding off the badness, though it does keep you going for a pretty long time. It keeps you creative, you know, there's always something to push against. Always. They push you

down and push you down. In America there's always someone who, if you've got an idea, will help you with it; produce it or whatever. In England they just push you down until you've made it; then they lick your ass. So for years and years they push you down until finally you say, "Fuckit, I could feed off some positive energy." And I think there's a lot more of that in the States. I feel at home here. Lots of people feel at home here. Everyone in England feels that pressure; the old, too. The old are just being wiped out — if you could see the state of old people in England.... I see all the time old ladies on the bus saying, "Oh I've been working 30 or 40 years and I haven't got a thing to show for it." Everyone is kept down in England.

## What do you think of drugs?

Well I personally don't take anything — I find I get much higher — I mean I've taken most things in the last two or three years, and I find I feel much, much better now.

## Never anything?

No, not even aspirin. Oh, maybe an occasional pina colada, cocktails for two, y'know.

## Are there big age problems in England?

Well, there are everywhere. I like societies where the whole family is equal. Old people are mistreated horribly. The same with young kids — I mean with schools and all. Kids have such instincts — I mean I think of the things I didn't want to eat as a kid and now I look back they weren't so good for me — like milk.

## What exactly are the New Age Steppers?

That's something Ari does. It's any group of people in the session. I play on one of the songs but it's mainly Ari — they've just done a single and an LP, they should be good.

## How old were you when you finished school?

Seventeen — I wish I'd known then what I know now. They try to knock it out of you — any new ideas or fresh intonations. I never thought I could just quit school and pick up a guitar — it never occurred to me because I never had that confidence in myself. School is bullshit. I went to a fairly free school, so I just had a laugh and a bit of suss, but even then they're sort of slyly trying to knock it out of you. I went to art school and they drove me crazy because I wanted to draw from my head and I was in there drawing a staircase, drawing a fucking building. I found myself at art college rebelling against everything — I was a total rebel. And that's what these kids in London are like now — they feel that something is pushing them down, and they're up against it.

PHOTOS BY ROBIN MOORE



By Enid Okamoto



and Trixie Kane

I don't care what you think, it's not about the money. Oh sure, it's thrilling to win and it's frustrating to lose, but it's not about the money. You could be playing with anything from matchsticks to tiddlywinks and the involvement is still the same. What it's really about is the dynamics. And the eyes. The smiles declaring an embarrassment of riches when you pull to a full house. The cheeks deflating as the wind gets knocked out of you when the teaser cards lead you down the wrong path. Darting, looking for signs, begging for sympathy, searching for a direction. High or low? And still more decisions, as if there weren't enough of them. But this is recreation. This is divertissement. Fun. The anxiety

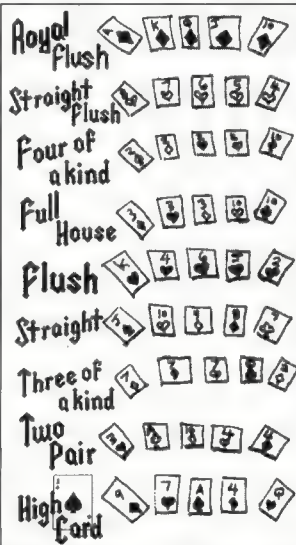
If you want to have a better time than snowboarding with Adam Yauch, swimming at Club D, not going to a Yankee game with The Captain, or having dinner with Adam and Lone (when Lone cooks), you should learn to play poker.

There are many variations, but you always use five cards to make your hand. The classic poker game is five-card stud. The best possible hand is a royal flush (Ace/King/Queen/Jack/10 of the same suit). The next best hands in descending order are shown at right. (If you're playing with a wild card, then five of a kind is the best hand.)

First off, people "ante up," or put down an obligatory bet to enter the game. Then each player is dealt two cards, one facing up and one facing down. The person with the highest card showing starts the betting, and the other players can match the bet, raise the bet, or fold their cards. Usually three raises are allowed and then

of calling all raises. The palpitations from holding a sure winner. The sweat when someone calls your bluff. The anti-pokers don't understand how seven smart people can connive and lie and take each other's money and call it a good time. Well, they don't know. They just don't know. And they'll never know how it feels to be

going through a day knowing that as the sun sets, the cards will be shuffled and anything can happen. Cards have no memory. They don't care who won or lost the last game. It's a new hand, every hand. It's lease after lease on a temporary life. It's not winning or losing, it's that you play the game. And is that my idea of a great time? You bet it is!



the next card is dealt face up. The highest hand showing always continues the betting. After the first round of betting is completed, a third card is dealt, then more betting and finally a fourth card up. The best hand takes the pot (i.e., the money that has been bet). Bluffing is allowed but takes practice.

Another popular game is seven-card stud. It's basically the same game as five-card stud, except you start with two cards down and one card up. You then get three more cards dealt face up, while the seventh and final card is dealt face down. You use your best five cards out of seven to make your hand. Obviously you need a better hand to win with seven cards. As I said there are many different types of games but you always use your five best cards.

Poker Etiquette: A good time is usually had by all but there is always at least one person in the group who is loud and obnoxious.



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# the official D.F.L. Hardcore Manifesto & Skate Report

by Krazy Monty and Tommy Holiday



This is the first Official DFL Skate & Hardcore Report (or hardcore manifesto and skate report). The aim of this report is to inform people about what it is to be truly hardcore. But as two old skaters, we wanted to include skating, too. *Grand Royal* takes no legal responsibility for the opinions expressed by DFL, but they should. Warning: If you're reading this report, you will probably have some kind of negative reaction to the official DFL point of view. The truth, however, must be told. And if you keep an open mind, you might learn something, Señor Knucklehead!

First of all, skating is wack without hardcore and hardcore is wack without skating. Skating and hardcore have always gone together and will always go together. When one dies, so will the other. Any kind of skating that is not hardcore is not skating. It doesn't matter what moves you're



doing or any of that bullshit, either. If you don't live the crazy life, you're a kook.

Ever since the beginning of any kind of skating that was worth a shit, there has been some kind of hardcore to go with it. And when we say hardcore, we don't just mean the music, we mean an attitude. You know, like living on five bucks a day, riding the RTD and eating a.m./p.m. burgers.

So it's crucial to state what exactly is and is not hardcore. People like to lump lots of different shit under the category "hardcore." Skating and music are just a small part of it. If you want an example, go back and read Adam Yauch's article, ".22 Automatic on My Person....NOT!" in the last *GR*. We think that is REALLY hardcore!

We don't think it's hardcore to be a violent, misogynist asshole. I mean, the other night, Monty was watching MTV and saw three videos in a row that were so sexist they literally made him sick!!! One video was rap (a major perpetrator of bullshit hardcore),

the other was some big hair, rock jerk-off fantasy and the last one I can't remember but it was as bad as the first two. As if there wasn't enough insanity in the world, these guys think it's cool to go around solving problems with their glocks and treating women like hood ornaments.

So anyways, when you hear people say "hardcore" this and "hardcore" that, ask yourself: What exactly do they mean? Sure, it can mean that you have a big gun, that you treat women like shit and that you are basically a superficial bullshit hardcore person. Or, it can have a deeper meaning, one like Yauch was writing about in his article. One that says, "If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything." You wanna try something really hardcore sometime? Try being yourself. That's a lot more hardcore than pretending you're some kind of baggy pants, gangster-ass weeny-head.

The Official DFL Hardcore Attitude is: Do what you have to do and don't let anybody hold you down, but respect yourself

and, by extension, you'll respect those around you. And that means respecting children and old people, too. If you're a guy, respect women, and if you're a woman, respect men. Only then will you take a chance and be yourself.

Imitations are for the birds, but learning from the past never hurts. We definitely give our shout-outs to stuff that has influenced us in a good, hardcore way: Ian Mackaye, Minor Threat, Scanny from L.A.'s Wasted Youth, Beastie Boys, Bob Marley, Bob Mack, Marina Skate Park (R.I.P.), Led Zepelin, Black Sabbath, A.A., dogs and cats, Dino, Uncle Tim, record players, Bad Brains and the L.A. Lakers (if they could ever get their shit together). And especially for Monte: Bela, Max, and Kim. For Tom: Grease. But not to forget: King Juddah, Krishna, Hermosa Beach, Occidental College, Professor Griffin, old friends, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Dime Bag Larry, Night Rider, Vincent Van Gogh, Kurt Vonnegut, Mom, Dad, Brother and Sister. And of course, the Big...Man? Woman? Spirit? or Whatever You Want To Call It & Wherever It Is upstairs.



This is what's been going on with DFL for real. We played cool all-ages shows in both Vegas and Tokyo. We've played musical chairs with numerous bass players, drummers and sound techs. We did a video with Tom's sister, Tamra. And oh yeah, and we got a cool lawyer.

Las Vegas is the hardcore capital of America. This local kid, Larry "Pimp" Brough, went to the only all-ages punker joint and requested DFL. The show was crazy—kids jumping on stage, shoes and ice flying everywhere. Crazy Tom hit "Pimp" in the face with a banana cream pie from Dupars, but the kid just kept singing along with "Pizzaman!"

In Japan we played this nutty club on the 11th floor of a building with a great view of Rapangi that reminded us of *Blade Runner*. The show was as crazy as Las Vegas. Tom pulled down a section of the ceiling, and Tony's bass drum slid around the stage from all the spilled beer. The kids, believe it or not, were crazy moshers. They don't just

stand around with their arms crossed.

The most genius thing DFL checked in Japan was the scene at Yayogi Park. Every Sunday a road outside the park is closed and hundreds of performers bring amps, generators, stages, P.A.'s and rock out until early morning. You name it, it was there: rockabilly dudes with duck's asses, breakdancers, Poison clones, Madonna clones, Slayer clones, Green Day clones, religious nuts right out of the Bible Belt, new age dance troupes and lots of karate guys. Our favorite performers at this Americana extrazaganza were the Poison clone band Irk Wizard and a punk band called the Embroil. Go figure!

Near the end a very stressed out Monty slugged our sound man, Stu, because Stu was driving him crazy. Stu was like, "What's up with that?!" Monty admitted that he "should have used words, not fists." Maybe Monty is a hypocrite, or just human. Crazy-Tom ate Micky D's and gave Tony Alva melvins. Fucked-up Tony drank Bron (a

narcotic cough syrup). And Tom Barta, our new bass player, just hung out.

So who exactly is in DFL at this point? To be honest, the line-up might've changed by the time you read this, but to dispel a few rumors, Mike D is not in DFL. He was but got canned cos we didn't like his attitude. Adrock isn't in DFL, either, but he played bass on our record. So to all the wack promoters who call DFL hoping to get the Beastie Boys for cheap, DON'T FUCKING CALL ANY MORE!

Anyway, Fucked-up Tony replaced Mike, then quit and was replaced by AWOL, who left on tour with Beastie Boys, so Tony rejoined. Tony then broke his wrist when he locked up on the coping and ate shit attempting an indie back grab over the death box. Even so, he can still play all the DFL beats with one hand. As for bass players, Wag from Mary's Danish played a show with us, as did Brian Baker from Minor Threat. Wag is cool but has a job and Brian was too much of a rock guy, so we tried Eugene, the violinist from *Ill Communication*, who was fine till he started playing the bass like a violin. Then there was Josh, who got 86ed onstage when we opened for Rancid because he blew the intro to "DFL."

Tony hooked us up with T-Sen (Tom Barta) and we played the third stage at Lollapalooza where the kids bumrushed our box of t-shirts and went back into the pit wearing stolen DFL merch!

Of course Crazy Tom and Monty can't be fired—they have to fire everybody else. Besides, they write the music. People have beef with them, and they have beef with each other, but they're the heart and soul of DFL. So at press time DFL was Crazy Tom, Stressed Out Monty, Fucked-up Tony and normal Tom. We're working on a new record tentatively titled *The Return of Knucklehead Jackson*. One new song about Kurt Cobain is "Club Stupid" because his mother said he joined the stupid club with other dead rock stars and that seemed real. Another is "Minus Adam" which can be heard by downloading XL's Internet catalogue. Finally there's "Free Hair Cut," recorded live when we actually buzzed a kid's head on stage.

So that's it for reals. Just remember what Krazy Monty and Tommy Holiday say: "Exercise your own free will!"

LATE, DFL

*DFL's debut album will be released on Epitaph Records in August.*



Irk Wizard (his shirt says "Stylish of London")

PHOTOS BY GEORGE MITCHELL, MORTENSEN, TAZ



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# Judge Ito Bans Jury from Listening to Farewell Simpson Single



## GRAND ROYAL POST

1995

POP MUSIC EXTRA

Forecast: Bleak

# MOISTBOYZ BREAK UP!!!

By JESSICA WILLIS

NEW YORK, Day 10 – Dickie Moist is slowly pulling off his t-shirt and whispering sweet somethings into my ear: "And that's the American government for you, nothing new there." There's a wince of feedback as Moist's lips touch the mic and he pauses to study the lethargic crowd. "Anyone got amphetamine?" he mumbles. The audience gently pushes against the edge of Brownie's tiny stage. *Please let them start soon, cos someone's gonna get hurt.* Licking the sweat off my upper lip, I try to abdicate my front row center position just as guitarist Mickey Moist kicks into the galloping intro to "1.0 (fuck no)." I turn around in time to see bassist Vic Moist thrash his blonde mane and raise his fist in heavy metal salute. Mickey makes orgasmic guitar god faces, Token Black twirls his drumsticks and Dickie contorts like he just took a bullet in the gut. The audience seems vaguely amused by all this declassé macho posturing, but I'm disoriented. *Are these guys for real?* Dickie manages to bark "You MADD mothers can step aside/Michelob dreams are being served on the side." Then he sprays beer on the retreating crowd. A few seconds later, he hurls his skinny body onto the floor and rolls off the stage. We stare dumbly at the spectacle, arms coolly folded across our chests. We're afraid of Moistboyz. They remind us of our own lame, awkward pasts.

Admit it. You drove with a beer between your legs at all times. Were one D.W.I. shy of a two-piece license. Your best friend was pussy-whipped. You lived in the suburbs and cruised the high school parking lot in a primed

Cutlass listening to the Scorpis and N.W.A. on your shitty tape player. You air-guitared to Sabbath records in your bedroom. You had a bad haircut. You forced your drunk prom date to blow you in the back seat and sold dusted rat weed to freshmen. You were a white gângsta and bitches meant shit. In short, you were middle class, your parents tried to love you and heavy metal ruled.

You might be too embarrassed to admit all this, but Moistboyz proudly flaunt their hostile suburban pedigree. Moistboyz are only concerned with delivering metal's bare essentials: brutal high end guitar, tight beatbox rhythms, pack-of-Guidos-on-the-loose-in-the-Village vocals, hardworking American paranoia and deadly serious good times. Their live show is reminiscent of the disappointing, anticlimactic, and destructive basement metal club scene that (I thought) has been dead for over a decade. As the talkative, apple pie wholesome Dickie would tell me later, "The Moistboyz will be the only ones left drinkin' beer when global socialism hits the fan. We're the last of the breed that rock for real."

I think he's right. When Dickie stumbles back on stage, his forehead is bleeding, and the audience has decided to keep a safe distance from the Boyz. Their little brains are trying to process this excessively lean and mean experience: *Mike D signed them, so they must be cool.* They clot around the monitors nodding politely to the crushing downbeat of "u blow." Mickey's silly Sabbath-sized guitar stunts and Dickie's amazingly agile lyrical putdowns are so totally right on that the song comes very close to being perfect. "Talk to that man



*start lickin' his numbnuts/ Crawlin' back home to think up a new haircut/Junkie bisexual shit gets boring/ Pussy-assed bitches can't ever tell a story to me.*" When "u blow" grinds to a halt, polite applause and The Boyz close with "adios amigo," as Dickie spits out his lyrics in perfect time with the song's polka-on-PCP pace: "Three fuckin' years ago you recognized your ego/Your pompous ass is grass/Adios amigo." Dickie walks offstage after giving everyone the finger. The girl next to me tells her friend that "Dickie looks like Richie Cunningham after going on a killing spree, but he's really just the sweet ballad singer in False Front and the cute guitarist in Ween." It's all true, but I get a little sick to my stomach.

I check my watch. They played for 33 whole minutes. Afterwards, Dickie tells me that New York audiences are the worst. "They can't decide if they're gonna fart or dance." A few days later I get word that the Moistboyz have bro-

ken up for good.

I'm glad the Moistboys broke up. After all, the best bands rule for a limited time only and call it quits before anyone gets bored, old or dead. Nevertheless I still listen reverently to *Moistboyz*, their six-song debut cassette which, in the grand tradition of car stereo music, repeats the same songs on both sides of the tape; I play them again and again because I'm pissed off. *Why did they have to quit so soon?* I punch my steering wheel and flip the tape again. Maybe Dickie got sick of pretending he was a bile-throated misanthrope. He was pretending, wasn't he? Or perhaps the rumors are true: Dickie went walking in the woods near his home by the Delaware River and has been missing ever since, while Mickey quit music to pursue a boating and fishing career. But I can see them planning their "disappearance" right now: Dickie is standing in the overheated upstairs recording room at Mickey's house on the Pennsy



side of the Delaware. They are sweating, of course. *We play four, maybe five shows. And then we're out of here.*

I write "Moistboyz R.I.P." on my jean jacket and flip the tape again. It's the hottest day of the year so far. Moistboy season. I decide that it feels good to be a fan in mourning.

"It's a nasty, vicious rumor," Mickey tells me on the phone later that afternoon. "Jorge [Moistboyz' mixman] told me yesterday that somebody called him and wanted a comment on our breakup. But Grand Royal started it, and it's a lie. As a matter of fact, we're recording today to prove that we haven't broken up."

When I ask Mickey how a Moistboyz recording session happens, Dickie breaks in on the line, panting excitedly. "I'll tell you," he says. "If you ask, 'What's the concept?' I say, 'I don't know.' He programs the drums and I figure it out. With the heat rising to the second floor and all the windows shut, there's a potential to get very moist today."

"Are you guys in character?"

Nobody answers me. I try again. "Are you being Mickey and Dickie Moist right now? Or are you being your sweet, real selves? The last time I interviewed you guys, you were having a tough time trying to figure out who to pretend to be."

"This is who we are," Mickey says abruptly. "We wouldn't put all this effort into the Moistboyz if it was a joke."

"We met in the want ads," Dickie says, putting a definite end to this line of questioning.

"Mickey, weren't you supposed to interview Freddy Pacheco [Muhammed Ali's cornerman] for *Grand Royal*?"

"I was supposed to, but I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because his wife was dying. I didn't want Freddy to kick my ass over the phone for disturbing him. I guess it was total laziness on my part."

I decide to needle him. "Are you a slacker?"

At this point, Dickie interrupts. "Why is it 1974 all over again? I look into the audience, and I see Cher, Twiggy, Sonny Bono and Buffalo Springfield. The kids of today are too stupid to invent their own clothes. They're wearing the clothes I wore in grade school. I *know* the '70s sucked. These kids abdicate control of their destinies. The Moistboyz are just in time for the cyber sock hop." He giggles. "I think too much all the time. I chop wood all day. We work hard, honest jobs for our money."

"Right on," Mickey murmurs.

"Your EP seems to be an exploration

of metallic high-end variations."

"Let me tell you this," Mickey begins breathing excitedly again. "Our tape got a little squashed in the mastering. You wanna hear real high end? Listen to the pre-mastered version. At the end of 'adios, amigo,' when the dentist drill kicked in, it was gruelling. The most screaming thing I have *ever* heard."

"Mickey, are you a tech head? I don't think I've ever heard you talk so much in one breath."

"I'm not finished. So some fuckin' pussy at the mastering lab heard the end of the song and went 'Ooh, hey, ha' and made a note in his notebook that said —"

"Soften blow," Dickie interjects.

"Are the Moistboyz a reaction to poser music?"

"Well, in part," Dickie says, exhaling what I assume is Marlboro smoke. "But I have no idea what's out there until I see a music rag. Everyone looks the same on the covers of those things. Like a weird haircut and a piercing will make record buyers think these bands are new and profound. I like people who blend in."

"Well, it's the normal-looking ones who are —"

"The true fuckin' psychos," Mickey says. "Look at O.J. Simpson on the

cover of the Wheaties box."

We're quiet for a moment. "I don't know how to take you guys. A lot of critics just think you're full of shit and pulling one over on the public. People take your stage persona very seriously."

"I can explain it in three letters: F-U-N," Dickie says. "Isn't that rock 'n' roll? I'm not the voice of a generation. I just kick the truth. If someone wants serious, they can get in the steel cage with me or listen to Nat King Cole."

"I think Moistboyz are the sound of the future," I submit.

"That's good," Dickie says. "And I just thought of a pretty good line I could use on a 17-year-old girl if I wanted to impress her. I would say, 'The past is vast, but the future is a great place to be.' Isn't that cute?"

"I wish I had a bigger engine for my boat," Mickey interrupts. "Because when I go out on the river, the speedboats nearly capsize my little boat."

"They have small penises," I blurt. "I mean, the speedboat captains."

"Why do you say that?" Dickie asks. "It's the penis extension concept," Mickey explains. "I play a small guitar. What does that mean?"

"What it means," I say, "is that it's the size of the amp that counts."

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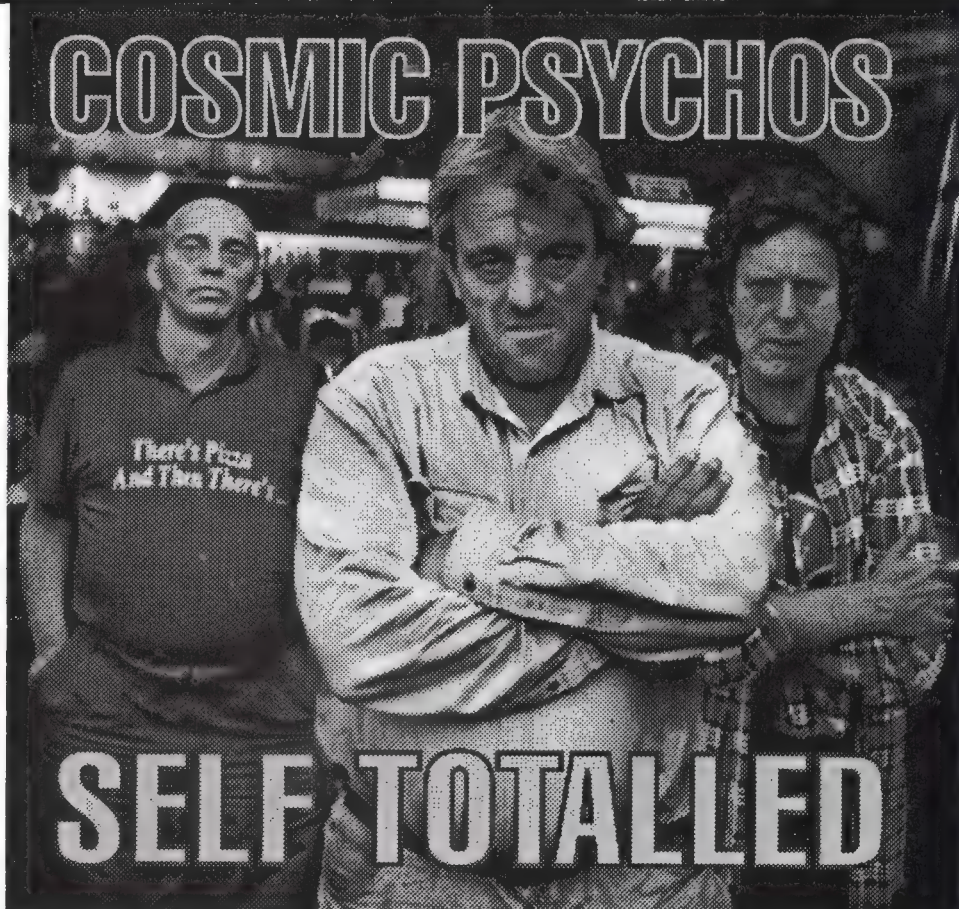
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# THE COLUMNS

## MANIFESTO FOR A NU SKATE MOVEMENT

by Michelle Mae Orr  
of the Frumpies

Maybe you think skateboarding is only a sport. Maybe you think that to be a "skater," you have to know tricks. Maybe you think that being a girl restricts a person's ability to be construed as a skater, or that it restricts the drive to utilize the versatility of skateboarding for one's own purposes (due to possible ridicule). Maybe you've just given up on it after the rash of adult backlash claiming that skating is a menace to society and that we need judicial statutes — enforced by the cloven-hoofed, blue-uniformed, robotic and senseless entity named "Police" — that prohibit skating from being done at some of the best places to do it. Maybe you need to wake up and smell the pavement.

Sometimes I think skateboarding has become another product of the institution-mindedness of our culture. It needs to be recognized that s.b.ing is not only a competitive sport but a really fun pastime (that's how it started out, anyway). It is also a great form of transportation

and an especially fresh substitute for bike riding. You can become a good skater without knowing how to do tricks. I used to feel sort of incompetent for not having the ability or desire to do tricks, stunts or even halfpipe skating (mostly from having a fear of injury). Consequently, I felt less inclined to skate around in my feeble amateurism. Then I realized what a bogus institution I was holding myself to, so I just started skating all the time, and I became pretty good and relaxed with less fear and more control of my board. Also, those little bean wheels you see on almost every board now are mostly good for tricks. Bigger wheels, which are hard to find now, are better for speed and travel.

It's true that the majority of skaters have been boys, but girls are skating more and more. Why has skateboarding been so male-dominated? That's too convoluted a question to answer at this point. I just hope that its versatili-

ties — which I'm trying to expose here — will help girls and boys who are insecure about skating develop a renewed vigor. I also hope a gender barrier doesn't get built, but rather that the scene meshes so a girl on a board ceases to seem like such an oddity. I've already noticed that the scene is being slightly mediated that way. Ever since more girls have started skating, the marketing antics have started exploiting it in a semi-separatist way — like when skateboards are designed to be especially feminine, which is cool as long as it doesn't get condescending.

Another fucked-up dementia that sparked my awareness to this subject was the following example of a scenario that I find particularly sickening. I stopped off at the corner market, where I saw a girl I knew as an acquaintance, and in her shallow-minded stupidity she remarked, "That is so weird that you skateboard — it looks so funny!" I asked why, and she said, "I'm so sure! You're 22, a girl and totally not dressed for it." Whatever.

Oh yeah, wearing skirts is cool but when you are in an especially skate-for-transportation mode, wearing pants is so convenient. You never know when you are gonna have to grab your board and hit it.

And as for Fascism Against Youth, and all other miniscule abstractions that prohibit skating — skate where you fucking want. From all of this, let it be known to those it might irritate: I'm not dissing, nor do I think I am an authority on the total skate scene. This is just insight into a multifaceted pastime where some of its Kicks Affirmative Potential has been forgotten and turned into a competitive, jockish and elitist sporting ritual that smells too much like The Man.

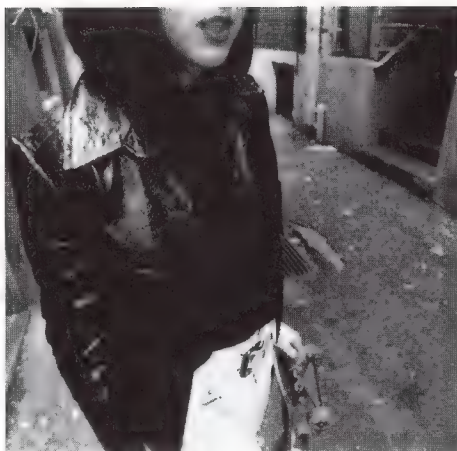


PHOTO BY SADIE JULY/JASON FLUNK

### FRUMPIES FIVE WHOLEHEARTEDLY ENDORSE:

- independent trucks
- wide "shitty" mid-'80s left-over boards
- skinny pants (as opposed to big shorts)
- ALVA decks
- black lo-top Converse
- Ted Motz, Olympia skate guru
- The Torettes
- Gunk
- Otis
- mods/soul music
- Free Kitten
- the Big Boys
- skating in skirts with knee pads
- Kim Deal's tube sox style
- small t-shirts
- sunglasses



at left: Katherine Hepburn

- playing guitar while skating
- Skate for Transport (as opposed to Trickery)
- skateboard as weapon
- skating double
- skateboard dating (on board making out)
- The Skatebunnies (girl skate gang formed in '83)
- J.F.A.-style skate attire: short-sleeved thrift-store dress shirts
- liquid eyeliner
- handstand: gymnast skate move
- metal flake helmets and leather grips (Safety First!)

## ADDENDUM TO THE NU SKATE MOVEMENT

by Tobi Vail of the Frumpies



I have skated on and off since 1979, and by accepted traditional skating norms, I "suck." I can't even ollie. This doesn't mean I am not a skater. Fuck the rule that says you can only be considered a skater if you are at a certain level of achievement. Don't get me wrong, I would personally love to be able to do tricks, ride skate ramps, go faster down hills, etc., but the fact that I can't and probably will never learn if I haven't already at this point doesn't mean that I will ever stop skating. I skate for fun (to refer to the greatest skate band of all time) or not at all, dears (Frumpies say dear instead of dude). So there.

It would be nice to hear from

other Skate Punx with either similar or conflicting ideals. We would especially like to hear from girls who skate. If you are a girl or a lady who skates exceptionally well, please don't take personal (or gendered) insult at our admitted incompetence. We admire your capability while we simultaneously cherish our own inability; we are just sick of being insulted by usually boy criticisms/suspicions/disses. Make up your own rules! Skate creatively, skate to entertain, skate to challenge accepted skating norms, etc.

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# GETTIN' DISSSED BY THE LEGENDS (KINDA)

## My NBA All-Star Weekend by Ricky Powell

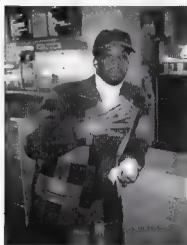
I was lying around (naked), watching the NFL playoffs, bored silly, looking at my old basketball trading card of John Q. Trapp, when the phone rang. It was Quincy Jones's *Vibe* magazine, and they asked me if I was interested in going to the NBA All-Star game in Minnesota and taking some flicks. I was like, "Bet! Put me down!" On the flight there, I imagined hanging with all those All-Star players and All-Star personalities like former New York playground legend and current Nets point guard Kenny Anderson, Seattle Supersonics superstar Shawn Kemp and my girl Hannah Storm from NBC! I had some good green on my personage and figured I'd be The Man if word got out to the players, the oldtimers (or "legends") and the other sports figures who were sure to be milling about. Perhaps even the cheerleaders.

Well, it didn't exactly work out like that. When I got into Minneapolis and went to the Marriott to get situated, I found out that the only thing waiting for me were my media credentials. No chauffeur with a sign reading "Dr. Galaciewicz," not even a rental car. And certainly no hotel room (*Vibe* didn't even spring for that). So from there on out I was on my own, and what follows are some highlights from the weekend as I roamed other hotels and the Target Center (home of the Timberwolves) for the next 36 hours.

### 1) RUNNING INTO NAUGHTY BY NATURE AT THE ELEVATOR IN THE MARRIOTT:

Treach was a very cordial young man, and I wish him more success.

### 2) RUNNING INTO MICHAEL BIVEN OF BBD AT THE CONCESSION STAND:



I played it cool and asked him if BBD would be interested in playing the Beastie Boys in three on three. He said, "Sure, as long as that Heart Attack Jack or whatever his name is ain't playing." Nice guy, that dude, despite his greasy fingers.

**3) ASKING DOMINIQUE WILKINS TO POSE FOR *VIBE*:** He snapped back, "Who?" So I said forget it. And this was before that freelance chucker was traded. Now I wouldn't even shoot you for *Paper* magazine's "Cultural Sushi" page!

### 4) RUNNING INTO DEAN "THE DREAM" MEMMINGER:

The Dream was another playground legend, and I asked him, "What's up with your boy Henry Bibby?" Mr. Memminger replied, "Yo step off — you're soft."

### 5) KICKING IT WITH CONNIE HAWKINS AND CHARLIE SCOTT AT THE HOLIDAY

**INN LOBBY:** If you don't know who Connie Hawkins is, read *Hawk*, his autobiography. He's the NYC playground legend who basically invented the wide-open modern game. Charlie Scott was no chump, either (he and Hawk were All Stars in both the ABA and NBA). And yo, they were with two fine ladies and seemed a little tipsy for the afternoon, but hey, "It's All-Star weekend!"

### 6) RUNNING INTO KID OF KID 'N' PLAY AND TAKING HIS PICTURE WITH BARKLEY:

I'm not into Barkley, though. His acting is terrible in those Right Guard commercials where he runs around in those riding knickers or whatever they're called.

### 7) RUNNING INTO CHRISTIAN LAETNER:



I was gonna tell him that Bob Mack knows the girl he used to date at Duke, but for once he was sans headband. So instead I just asked him how it had been to play under Coach Steve K. He looked at me kinda funny and started bustin' the mad b-boy lingo like MC Corky Nemec. He asked me what I thought of his high-tech training sneakers, and I was like, "Yo, what conference is San Diego State in?"

### 8) BEING UNDER THE BASKET FOR SHAWN KEMP DURING THE SLAM DUNK CONTEST:

I was like, "Psst, yo, Shawn! I got some good green!" He gave me one of those Otis Day looks (Animal House). I was like, "Yo, I'm tellin' you, I got that Buddha Skunk!!" (which may have distracted him cos he missed his big final dunk). Uh-oh, here comes Security, gotta go!

### 9) HANGING WITH ISIAH RIDER AFTER HE WON THE SLAM DUNK CONTEST:

He was in the locker room, surrounded by press, but he kept looking at me and rolling his eyes. So later we shared a couple of chuckles, and then he blessed me with an autograph on one of my "Rickster" cards. He had "R.I.P. Rico" written on his sneakers and was so nice, it was refreshing.



### 9) STEPPIN' TO DR. J:

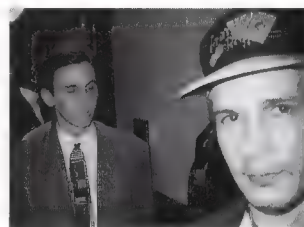


Well, what can I say? We and fellow ABA alumnus Steve "Snapper" Jones were sitting backstage telling dirty jokes and goofing on some of the players (Jon Salley in particular, I believe). I took some flicks from afar before approaching them with my dorky tape recorder and saying, "Excuse me, Dr. J., you're on 'Rapping with the Rickster'! Now I heard you were judging the slam dunk cont..." He furrowed his brow, looked at me and said, "Who?" I panicked and before I could respond, he burst out laughing and said, "That's cute." I yelled, "No, dude, I'm for real," but my

voice warbled uncontrollably with embarrassment. He was about to walk away but then for some reason at the last second he had mercy and autographed one of my "Rickster" cards.

### 10) SEEING BOBBY HURLEY HANGING BACKSTAGE:

All the players were coming up to him and asking him how he was doing after his car



accident, but I asked him why he wasn't wearing his seat belt. (Just kidding!) He was like a homeboy, actually. Just chill. I got his autograph.

### 11) GETTING ACCESS TO THE LOCKER ROOM AND HAVING THE FOLLOWING HAPPEN:

- **Mistaking Latrell Sprewell for Cliff Robinson:** I went up and said, "Yo Cliff, can I have your autograph?" And he said, "I'm Latrell Sprewell, but I guess we all look alike, eh?" I said, "Latrell, dude, I love you, but don't get ethnic on me!"
- **Seeing a couple of my favorite players naked:** And being, quite frankly, flabbergasted at the fact that they weren't covering themselves with towels! Shame on you, Bill Walton (you're not even playing!).
- **Realizing who John Stockton reminded me of:** The guys I played with at the Jewish Y 20 years ago.
- **Smelling the ripping H-bomb cut by Charles Oakley:** Talk about all interviews temporarily put on hold! To quote Cheech and Chong: "Foochie capesta!"
- **Making Shawn Kemp awfully paranoid:** I stood in front of his locker while he was getting changed and wanted to throw him a joint, but I settled just for an autograph and got lost — as I was politely but forcibly instructed to do. Now *that* was cool.



**12) MEETING THIS GIRL, LAURA S., WHO LET ME CRASH ON HER COUCH:** And who now has a special place in my heart.

**13) HAVING HANNAH STORM DIG ON MY ONE-PANTLEG-ROLLED-UP LOOK:** But have you ever noticed how she was Separated at Birth from Steelers quarterback Neil O'Donnell? Anyway...

**14) NOTICING THAT NOBODY GAVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT ME OR MY PRESENCE AT ANY CLUBS OR PARTIES WHERE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HIP PHOTOGRAPHER:** Ain't that a



bitch — not even the Minnesota Timberwolf mascot, whom I could have sworn was making goo-goo eyes at me! But yo, at least I was there — and that's more than Keyboard Money Mark, Matt Horovitz or Yeshiva's all-time free-throw percentage leader Bob Wack can say!



There's a movement going on, or at least I want there to be. Girls making movies. Not mediocre Hollywood movies, but the kind where a girl picks up a camera and makes a statement. Something inspired and filmed from a perspective totally her own. There are some women who have made films on these terms; Jane Campion, Allison Anders, Stacey Cochran. These girls are really good, but what I'm talking about is filmmaking at its most basic level: guerrilla filmmaking. Or rather, girl-ella filmmaking.

## "GIRL-ELLA FILMMAKING"

by Tamra Davis

I knew something was gonna happen when Francis Ford Coppola said that "a 15-year-old girl with a video camera is gonna make a film that will change the way we see cinema" (or something like that). That quote made me want to be that girl, and I'm sure other girls who read that felt the same way.

One of the first films I made when I was a teenager was about a little girl who is coming home from the store with a friend when some guy comes walking towards them with his dick out. It's a totally silly film shot in **super-8**, but it was raw and expressed something I had been feeling. Various men had exposed themselves to me more than a dozen times while I was growing up in the San Fernando Valley. This type of experience was prominent in my mind, so I made a film about it.

In my early days I was inspired by Maya Deren. She was a surrealist filmmaker from the '40s and '50s who made a few really great films. You must see *Meshes in the Afternoon*. It's so unusual and remarkably made that it makes you wonder why surrealist filmmaking didn't become more popular. Maya was my first hero. The following girls are my new ones.

I first noticed that there were girls doing new things with film about a year ago, when I saw a series of short films by **Sadie Benning**. I watched them at my girlfriend Kim's house. She had gotten them from a girlfriend of hers. My point is that these movies are hard to get. They're passed around like a good music tape or fanzine.

Sadie is young — maybe 16 — in some of her films (I think she's around 18 now). She is both the subject and the filmmaker. She uses a **pixelvision** camera (made by FisherPrice) in what appears to be her own home. It's like mom left her alone for the afternoon and she made a film. Her ideas are personal, lovely, angry, and sexual. Her camera lets us see things through her eyes. My favorite and most memorable shots are of Sadie looking right into the camera with just her eyes talking. There is an innocence and fearlessness in her eyes that reminds me of riot grrrl songs. Actually that would be a good way to describe the attitude among most of the girl-ella filmmakers.



Maya Deren

On the tape that Kim lent me, there must have been 10 of Sadie's short films, complete with titles and great selections of music. She often pans the camera across phrases that have been handwritten on a piece of paper, phrases like, "I'll never touch his dick again." She also talks in each of these films with a tough, Jodie Foster-sounding voice, a voice that can sum up an entire adolescent feeling in one phrase. For example, in *Jollies*, she starts the film out by saying, "Like most people...I had a crush. They were twins and I was a tomboy. I always had clever things to say...like 'I love you.'" "Another one of my favorite lines is, "He was 22 and I was on vacation." I love that.

It's really hard to get her films, though I once saw them on exhibit in a museum (I think it was the Modern in New York). It's probably because she uses cool songs she doesn't have clearance for, or maybe because she uses clips from a Hitchcock film, or because she uses a great clip from *The Bad Seed*, the classic bad little girl movie from the '50s. As she herself says in one of the shorts: "Permission...I forgot all about it."

Another cool girl filmmaker is **Sarah Jacobsen**. Mike



Sarah Jacobsen

and I went to a fanzine and film festival a few months ago because I wanted to see a riot grrrl film that I had read about in the *L.A. Weekly* and Mike wanted to see what was going on in the fanzine world. I met Sarah Jacobsen there and bought a copy of her film *I Was A Teenage Serial Killer*. She had seen one of my films and we bonded as girl filmmakers. She had made her film herself — wrote it, produced it, directed it, shot it, edited it, and is now distributing it.

*Teenage Serial Killer* is about a girl (Gina Callabrese) who kills a series of guys when they do stupid things. One of my favorite parts is when she kills a guy after he takes the condom off during sex. His excuse is he doesn't like it. The girl freaks out and kills him — while she's on top.

Then there's this scene in an alley where we see Gina watching a guy kissing his girlfriend goodbye. As soon as the girlfriend is out of the picture, the guy walks up to Gina and tells her she's got a nice ass. Gina looks at him with a half smile and starts to walk him towards the street until she pushes him into traffic and he gets hit by a Mack truck. "Bravo," a young girl onlooker claps.

*Teenage Serial Killer* reminded me of the short films of Alan and Albert Hughes, when they were going to LACC film school and making super-8 short films inspired by *Scorsese* and *Scarface*. When I saw their early movies it was like hearing an NWA demo: raw, immediate and learned. Sarah's film was like this, too. I imagine she can make a girl film as powerful as *Menace II Society* was by the Hughes brothers.

I talked to Sarah recently, and she told me she is starting a new film about a girl's point of view on losing her virginity. "They always show it from the guy's side and never how it really is," she says. "At least not how I remember it."

From Sarah I learned about another girl-ella filmmaker named **Stacey Richter**. Stacey made a film called *Invisible World*. Sarah saw it with her mom at a film festival and they both loved it. So I called Stacey up to see if I could get a copy, and she sounded really nice so I just interviewed her over the phone.

Stacey lives in Tucson, Arizona. Her film is 40 minutes long and is only available on 16mm (she hasn't gotten around to making a video copy of it yet). Stacey has a background in writing and really liked the idea of working in film. She calls it "an inspired, seductive medium." She always wanted to work with film but never thought she could do it. Eventually, through her collaboration with longtime friend **Anna Lee Keifer**, her aspirations became a reality. "It took a lot of confidence," said Stacey.

Anna and Stacey made the film together, sharing the producer's credit. Anna had a background in photography, so she was the cinematographer, while Stacey was responsible for writing and directing *Invisible World*. The two were really surprised, though, at how much support they got from the cast and crew. Shooting in Tucson also made it easier to negotiate locations. They cast a friend,





Lana Rebel, in her acting debut. Normally Lana produces her own zine, *Hate Wagon*, and plays bass for the punk band Fat Pig. Lana plays Francie Fontaine, a young drifter who decides to find a new direction in life by becoming a Priscilla Presley imitator (following

a formative encounter with an Elvis impersonator).

After finishing the film, Anna and Stacey submitted it to a bunch of festivals and were surprised that they were accepted by quite a few. Stacey said she didn't expect her film to be so well-received. She also said that the festivals were really fun, that the people were supportive and the critics described her film as a "feel-good hit."

I found myself encouraged by these girls who are making films on their own, outside

the bi-coastal film world. I wanted to go out and make super-8 movies. Maybe you will too.

For additional information on girl-ella films, keep an eye out for the fanzine *Femme Flicke* put out by Tina Spangler, 23 Long Ave., Apt. 1, Alston, MA 02134. I haven't seen a copy yet, but I bet it's pretty good. Also, if Sadie or any of her friends read this, please write me c/o Grand Royal so I can see more of your films. Sarah's film is available on tape, send \$13 (California residents add \$1.07) to Station Wagon Productions, 100 Broderick St. #202, San Francisco, CA 94117.

## LIFE IN THE SLOW LANE: that dog.'s Haden Girls Come out of Their Shells

by Dino Dinco

When most people think of pets, they think of creatures fuzzy and warm. Ones that give sloppy, canned-food-smelling smooches, and at least look when their name is called. Yet what if your pet looked like a compact version of a Sleestack from *Land of the Lost*? And what if your pet flat out ignored you when you said "[insert name]" But most disturbingly, what if your pet hibernated five months a year, shelved away in a cardboard box? Hmm. On a sunny Sunday afternoon last May, these and other questions were answered for us by Rachel and Petra Haden of that dog., who introduced photographer Shawn Mortensen and me to their 10-pack of tortoises.

When we arrived, Rachel and Petra were lying in the grass surrounded by tortoise shells. Some shells had little heads and what looked like armored legs and arms. Others didn't — at least until the beasts inside poked their tiny, scaly faces out, lowered their legs and started trudging toward the nearest shade. They also had fingernails. Some even wagged their tails (yes, tails). The shells ranged in size from those of the two baby tortoises, each as big as a Moonpie, up to the big breeders, Flash and Speedy, who are each around 50 years old and about the size of a catcher's mitt.

"I'm really fascinated by the way tortoises look and live," claimed Petra, cradling a tiny specimen on her stomach, "and I'm very taken by the tortoise way of life. Sometimes I'm so slow that I feel like a tortoise." With that, she gently plopped back down on the grass. Rachel picked Flash up over her head and blocked out the sun with the big, male tortoise. "I find that tortoises are very spiritual and relaxed," she added, not noticing Flash's legs and arms dangling above her, creating crazy shadows on her face. "That's why, I think, they live so long." The average life expectancy of a tortoise is over 100 years. "It's weird that we have pets who outlive us," said Rachel, stroking Flash's underbelly. "Really weird."

Tortoises die mostly from lack of sunlight and improper diet. They're also prone to allergies and digestive problems. Since they devour anything put in front of them, they sometimes die young from choking on objects. Rachel was saddened by the recollection of a tortoise choking to death. It had gotten a screw lodged in its throat, made some strange noises, puffed up, then died. She had a difficult time picking up the dead creature but managed to put it in a shoebox and left the makeshift coffin on her mother's bed with a brief note: "We have a dead tortoise. I don't know what to do." Rachel joked that she did, however, have plenty to tell her therapist that day.

"Tortoises are supreme beings," concluded Petra,

closing her eyes and smiling a supematural grin. "I think we would live as long as tortoises if we just learned to relax like they do," added Rachel. "That's all there is to it, I think. Flash and Speedy have the best relationship I have ever seen, even compared to people. I just think that they're the most mature and wise partners I've ever witnessed in a relationship."

That said, Flash ambled across the grass, neck



Flash (in foreground) shells out for the camera while Rachel (l) and Petra (r) keep their tortoises in line.

stuck out as far from his shell as it could go, and propositioned Speedy for a little afternoon delight. "Uh-oh, there goes Flash," warned Petra, "He always does this when he wants to fool around with Speedy." At that moment, Flash began furiously nodding his head up and down, just like on the Discovery Channel. "Flash is kind of grumpy," added Rachel. "We think it's because when we were kids, our friend Leah accidentally dropped him. Oh, I hope Leah doesn't read this and feel bad. Leah, if you're reading this, it's OK, really. Anyway, all Flash wants to do now is eat and mate. Kinda like all men." Almost on cue, Flash clumsily attempted to mount Speedy, climbing onto her shell sideways. Speedy wasn't willing to cooperate, though, and coyly stepped sideways to dissuade him before making tracks for the bushes.

How do you tell if a tortoise is male or female? Petra says the male has a concave stomach and the female's is flat. So when Flash climbs aboard Speedy, the fit is seamless. Another interesting thing

she told us is that female tortoises lay eggs once every year, regardless of whether they mate or not! When we asked how that was biologically possible, Petra shrugged her shoulders like Suzanne Sommers and replied, "I don't know! Hey, Rachel, how come....you know, I have no idea." As for their diet, tortoises would be satisfied at any vegetarian restaurant. Petra keeps a supply of cooked broccoli, overripe bananas, corn and peas in the refrigerator. When searching for a late-night snack, Rachel frequently mistakes Petra's Tupperware dish of green beans and tortoise vitamins for human leftovers. When Petra reminded her of this, Rachel clamped her nose and screwed up her face. "Ick! I can't tell you how many times I've picked up a few green beans and put them to my mouth. It looks so good, but smells so horrible. Blechhh!"

After a few hours with the tortoises we all felt that they had passed their sense of relaxation along to us. There was something about their lack of speed (or denial of speed) that made us aware of the need for down time in our own chaotic lives. As that dog. began recording their second album, titled *Totally Crushed Out*, Petra wondered if she and Rachel would be able to spend enough quality time with their pets. Fortunately her fears were unwarranted. "We recorded mostly on weekends, so they never lacked the attention we normally give them." Mother Haden steps in full time when the girls go on tour. She can also be credited for giving the girls their first tortoise, Flash, when they were only eight years old.

How hard is it to keep track of 10 tortoises? According to Rachel, "Petra will lose a few tortoises, and then she goes crazy! We'll search all over and hopefully find them. They hide in the bushes..." Petra recalled a particularly harrowing experience when a tortoise went AWOL: "A few years ago, our dad [jazz bassist Charlie Haden] was playing a concert, and his wife Ruth came to pick us up. I had all the tortoises out that day and couldn't find Flash anywhere. I was frantic. Rachel and I were walking up and down the front street, even the cab driver was looking with us. Finally, he asked Rachel, 'Hey, what is it that I'm looking for again?'"

Rachel and Petra describe the new record (set for release on July 18) as possessing elements of "quietness and craziness." Apparently their tour supporting Beck has led them to discover "their rock side," in Rachel's words. They've added more distortion to the vocals and violin, and they're beginning to emphasize having a good time over performing with precision. "We're having more fun on stage these days," Petra told us. "Now, Leah dance and talk to the audience through a stuffed bear. It's really fun."



# SPY, CLAUDIUS

## Real-life Adventures of a Young Private Dick

### by Agent D

I had parked the Ford Explorer on the side of the road next to an old cemetery. The sun that day was very warm. The sky was an idyllic blue. And to our collective irritation, the gnats were in a pollen-induced frenzy.

Dan and I had been parked in this position for nearly four hours. We were conducting surveillance as part of an investigation in a wealthy, rural village an hour north of New York City. Since seven o'clock that morning, we had been waiting for our subject, the pregnant ex-wife of our Los Angeles-based client, or more likely, her live-in boyfriend, to depart their residence. Our mission was to collect evidence demonstrating that our subject and her boyfriend were cohabitating. Our time frame to complete this job was about six days, but Dan and I had observed absolutely nothing for the first three days. No cars. No movement inside the house. Nothing. At the end of a very long third day, I was in my bed at the motel convincing myself that sometimes the odds are just against you. In this case, our subject could very well have been out of town. And there was no way for us to find out, really. Surveillance is like dropping in on someone's life and expecting them to do what you want. Hoping that everyone has at least some psychic ability, I concentrated really hard in an attempt to will our subject and her boyfriend back to their house to make them do something that looked like cohabitation in front of my camera. I was also very aware that this was my first job out of town and I did not want to return to my office without the goods. The next morning, I woke up with a headache.

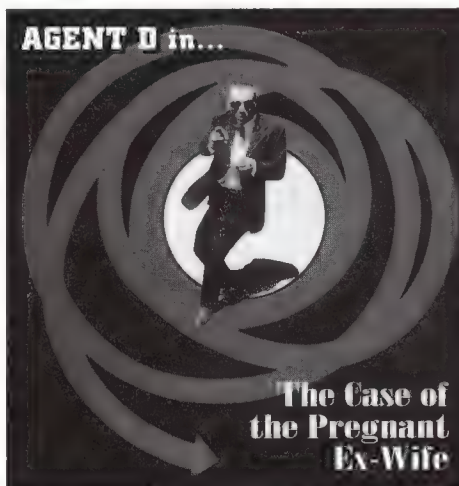
I had been working in private investigation for almost one year. I really don't know why I wanted to be a paid snoop. I do know, however, that my favorite television show growing up was *Get Smart*. And to this day, I still look at the owner of the investigation firm I work for and think "Chief." I've gone undercover as a college intern to find out that a subject, the manager of a '70s rock star who claimed to be poor and unable to pay his ex-wife alimony, was trading on the stock exchange. I worked in the Mojave Desert with an investigator who moonlights as an Elvis impersonator. I even followed a man and his family from Palmdale, California, to Sea World in San Diego and back, to make sure he didn't cut out to Mexico for some dirty business dealings. As I trudged from the Screaming Dolphin Extravaganza to the Wild World of Aquatic Roosters, towing a melted lemon Italian Ice, a greasy box of popcorn, and a still camera, I said to myself, "Someone is paying you to follow somebody at Sea World." And now I found myself parked in front of a cemetery, three thousand miles from home, staring at a subject's driveway, with gnats dive-bombing my eyeballs.

Two older women, walking the road for some exer-

cise, stopped at the driver's side of the truck. I turned the ignition key one stop and rolled the partially-tinted window down. One of the women asked me if our vehicle had broken down. I produced an innocent "Oh, no" kind of laugh and told them we were scouting locations for a movie. I added that we were waiting for the light to change. They nodded and hiked on by.

The gnats were unbelievable. And high noon was fast approaching. I couldn't keep turning the engine on and off to run the air conditioner because of the noise. And if I kept the windows open even the tiniest bit, the gnats would swarm in. I was getting squirmy, hungry, and generally irritable. Even Dan, who is ordinarily an engaging character, had long ago run out of interesting things to say. At that point, a gnat found its way under one of my nostrils. With exaggerated force, I blew my nose and muttered, "Fucking bugs — aargh!"

Suddenly I saw a vehicle way down the winding, country road, coming towards us. I sat up straight,



reached for the binoculars, and said, "Hey, Dan, this could be them." Dan yawned aloud as I held the binoculars up to my face. As the vehicle came closer to us, I recognized the general outline of a police car. I lowered the binoculars and watched the cruiser slow to a halt next to us.

The sheriff pulled his patrol car close enough to my door to prevent me from opening it. I instantly remembered that I should've registered with the sheriff's office, letting them know of our investigation, even if it wasn't that important. Sometimes notifying police in rural areas brings more attention than necessary. I also remembered that I had forgotten a copy of the investigation license in my rush to get to New York. As I rolled down the window, I debated whether to lie to the sheriff. Dan was skeptical of police cooperation. I remembered that the truth generally works best for me and decided to go with it. My conversation with Sheriff Romero went something like this:

**Sheriff: Good afternoon. Can I ask what you're doing here?**

**Me:** Good afternoon. Actually, we're investigators.

**And who are you investigating?**

Well, I'm not at liberty to tell you, but I can say our investigation concerns someone who lives in this area. We've been retained in Los Angeles. I can show you my identification.

**May I see it?**

I handed him my driver's license, which still had my college address on it, and a business card. I couldn't help but wonder if the sheriff would look at my date of birth and think that some cocky 23-year-old was yanking his chain.

**Who is the car registered to?**

It's a rental out of Kennedy.

*Sheriff Romero confirmed that my plate number indeed matched the car and my story.*

**Who's that?** He nodded in Dan's direction.

This is Dan. He's working with me on this investigation.

**Can I see his I.D.?**

*Dan silently handed me his driver's license and I passed it to the sheriff. I wondered what Sheriff Romero would say if I said that he was potentially fucking up our surveillance. But I also wondered what the jails looked like in that part of the world.*

I guess I should've registered a surveillance code with your station. I apologize if I caused any alarm with the neighbors. Take down this number for my office in Los Angeles. You can call there if you want to talk with somebody else.

**We got a complaint about a suspicious vehicle. Do you have an idea who called it in?**

It was probably the neighbor who lives in the house with the stone front. He asked if I was casing a house. I told him we were just scouting locations. He was driving a Subaru wagon, with a mountain bike in the back.

**Yeah. He told us that you told him the movie story, too. Just let us know if you're going to do something like this, so we can deal with any calls that come in.** *Sheriff Romero handed me his business card. Next to his name was a big, blue embossment of a New York Sheriff's badge.*

**Well, guys, have a nice day. And whoever you're investigating, happy hunting!**

Sheriff Romero steered the patrol car back onto the right side of the road. In the rearview mirror, I watched him disappear. I felt the same way I do when I score a free game at pinball. I turned to Dan, and he laughed. We cut out for the afternoon and ate lunch.

The next day, our subject and her boyfriend returned home. She had been in the hospital having their baby. In the two days that followed, Dan and I collected videotape and photographs, at all hours of the day and night, which showed the couple comfortably playing house. We also dug up government documents that showed the boyfriend living at that address for at least two years. This information should convince a judge that our client's alimony payments should rightfully be reduced, since our client's ex-wife appeared to be engaged in a new partnership. This should save our client over a quarter of a million dollars.



PHOTOS BY DANNY HOLE



# PAINT THE DOGHOUSE WHITE

## The Case Against Socks

by Don Adams Jr.

As the story goes, Buddha summoned the animal kingdom to help him better organize Chinese astrology. For some unknown reason, only 12 animals showed up, so Buddha gave each of them a year of their own in the calendar, based on the order in which they had arrived at the meeting; rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, rooster, dog, and pig. Each of the 12 years in this cyclical calendar is said to be influenced by its guardian animal, and people are often said to possess the characteristics of the animal that blesses the year of their birth.

Of Buddha's 12 animals, the dog has evolved into the most pervasive and influential amongst humans, particularly Americans. Currently almost 100 million Americans have dogs. That's 40 percent of all households. Unfortunately the one house that embodies the American way more than any other house remains conspicuously without a dog. That house is of course the White House.

Not coincidentally, 1994 — the year this magazine was supposed to come out — was a Year of the Dog. Perhaps even less coincidentally, President Clinton was born in 1946, also a Year of the Dog. And yet Clinton is the first president since Woodrow Wilson to occupy the White House sans "Man's Best Friend." True, the First Family made that one half-hearted attempt to buy a golden retriever puppy at some fundraiser or

another, but when the bidding went past \$2,000, the Clintons bowed out, tails between their legs.

What the Clintons fail to understand is that many Americans find it difficult to accept their cat Socks as our National Pet and that, for the good of the country, they must get a dog — now! A quick look at history would remind the President that in the face of political turmoil (e.g. Whitewater, the Oklahoma bombing and dissident yahoo claptrap about a new "Contract With America"), the First Dog can have a calming effect on the White House and the nation at large.

Traphes Bryant, the White House Kennel Keeper from Truman to Nixon, has confirmed that all the First Dogs he knew had an enormous influence on the attitudes of those who inhabited the White House. Lyndon Johnson let his pack of dogs, mostly beagles, travel everywhere with him and even sleep in his bed — precisely the type of magnanimous gesture eventually institutionalized in his Great Society program. John F. Kennedy had at least five dogs living with him in the White House (and no doubt conducted several affairs with other dogs that we'll never know about). Of course Nixon's famous "Checkers" speech, named

after his black and white cocker spaniel, is credited with saving the first of his political lives, while Gerald Ford's golden lab Liberty was an integral part of the comedy routine that made Chevy Chase famous. It has even been speculated that had George Bush been as active in office as his inordinately industrious mutt Millie — who, among other things, mothered puppies, authored a best-selling autobiography and carried on cordial relations with the press — we wouldn't be in our current predicament.

Which is why President Clinton should, like Buddha and Aquaman, call on the Animal Kingdom to help him secure a second term and keep this country from really going to the dogs. It doesn't need to be some high-strung pure breed that he obviously can't afford — all he has to do is stop by his local pound. Because just like any kid can grow up to be President, any dog can grow up to be the National Pet.



## A TOAST TO BOAST

by Daisy von Furth



Polo, Brooks Brothers' Golden Fleece vs. Fred Perry, or Munsingwear vs. Spalding. Those of you who are eager to stay above the fray and are looking for something fresh might want to turn to the venerable Boast company of Riviera Beach, Florida, purveyors of fine tennis and squash gear since 1973.

You remember Boast. It's the polo shirt your older brother wore back in the day — like *really* back in the day. The one with the pot leaf logo, or what a lot of people thought was a pot leaf but which was really just a Japanese maple leaf. At some

East Coast boarding schools, the term "roast a Boast" even became synonymous with smoking dope for a brief time. Boast tennis shirts became somewhat controversial in the late '70s and early '80s and, according to the company, were even banned from some high schools. We tried to press

the company about the alleged controversy but didn't get very far. One thing we're pretty sure of, though, is that Boast used to make a white polo shirt with a green leaf logo. (This color combo was definitely the most popular with Southern California preppies in the '70s; curiously, the company no longer makes that particular shirt.)

Boast wear got harder to find after that. Perhaps the company's founder, former squash star Bill St. John, wanted to avoid the brouhaha caused by his logo. Or maybe it was a shrewd marketing move. After all, nobody wears traditional tennis clothes anymore. Nike sweatshorts and "Just Do It" tank tops have become de rigueur as the slobification of America continues apace. No wonder Boast now caters to the ever-burgeoning golf market by making hideous, customized Gore-tex microfiber suits for country clubs and various charity tournaments.

Luckily, though, the original Boast polo shirt has survived the

idiocy of the '80s and is still available, though the sleeves are a little wider than in the past (presumably to accommodate the flabby upper arms of all those golf geezers). A squash player myself, I feel super cool wearing my Boast while I practice my "boast" (which is squash terminology for a kill shot when the ball hits the side wall before the front wall). So, when I'm not mastering that shot, or my "tickle boast" (a delicate, drop shot version of the "boast"), you'll find me combing pro shops all over the country, looking for this sporadically distributed garment. If you're on the East Coast, Drilling Tennis Shop in D.C. always stocks Boast, or try the Scandinavian Ski Shop on 57th Street in N.Y.C. (worth a trip in itself). And if you can't make it to Murray's of the Vineyard this summer, call 1-800-327-7666. You may even get to chat with the charming Blakely St. John, Bill's niece. Gotta love those family-run companies!

In the past year or so, tennis and golf shirts have eclipsed t-shirts in popularity amongst the country's best-dressed bohemians. Brand loyalty is still an issue, of course, but instead of, say, Fuct vs. X-Large, it's becoming more like Lacoste vs.

PHOTO BY CHAZZY GANZA



# THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA vs. MUDHONEY

On the 9th of April, 1994, following their triumphant performance at the Patriot Center in Fairfax, Virginia (which Chelsea Clinton could not attend because she had ballet lessons), the members of the popular music group Pearl Jam were invited to the White House to meet the then-President of the United States, Bill Clinton. Mudhoney (a less popular Seattle "grunge" act who were touring with Pearl Jam at the time) were not invited. Nevertheless, as firm believers in "coattail riding," the members of Mudhoney went along anyway. This brazen act of near trespass prompted President Clinton to ask Pearl Jam's singer, Eddie Vedder, "Now, who are these Mudhonies, and are they popular with the MTV?" What follows is an account of the two bands' visit to the the White House by Mark Arm, the then-vocalist of Mudhoney. (And just so you know, in terms of dramatis personae, Matt is Mudhoney's bassist, Dan is their drummer and Steve the guitarist).

We were supposed to meet Pearl Jam at their hotel at 10:00 a.m. Realizing we didn't have much time, I ran down to Matt and Dan's room for some wake 'n' bake, so to speak. On my way out the door I could have sworn I heard Steve mutter, "Fuckin' stoners! I hated 'em in high school and I hate 'em now." After that, we hooked up with the guys in "P.J." (as we call them) — all except Dave, their apolitical drummer, and Eddie, who had spent the night at Ian Mackaye's house. Then we all piled into a van for the hungover hell ride into the White House

Unfortunately, every time I tried to catch some Zs during the brief van ride, the driver would announce something idiotic over the brutally loud P.A. "OVER HERE ON YOUR RIGHT IS WHAT YOU CALL A SOUNDWALL YA SEE, THERE'S HOUSES OVER THERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT GREAT BIG WALL YA CAN'T SEE 'EM BUT THEY'RE THERE. AND THAT WALL, THE SOUNDWALL, KEEPS THE FREEWAY NOISE FROM GITTIN' OVER THERE TO THEM HOUSES WHERE PEOPLE LIVE, SO THOSE FOLKS DON'T HEAR ALL THIS FREE-

WAY NOISE. THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT A SOUNDWALL." I shit you not.

Anyway, Matt brought a joint with him, hoping to smoke it before we got there. The driver told some story about how we should make sure none of us had any pocket knives or anything cos he'd heard of a lady who went on a White House tour and the Secret Service had found a three inch-nail file on her, so they threw her in jail overnight. As the driver was saying this, I watched the paranoia slowly overcome Matt. He started digging through his pockets. Out came a pocket knife, which he hid in the seat pocket in front of him. And out came the joint, which he ate.

We soon arrived at the White House gate and sat there for 10 minutes while Eric (P.J.'s tour manager) tried to convince the soundwall-obsessed van driver to go through the gate. He kept saying, "No sir, I can't do that, I don't have the authority." Eric kept saying, "Yes you do! I have clear and distinct instructions to go through the goddamn gate!!" Eventually Eric went out to get some sort of authority figure, and he finally



Mark Arm and Eddie Vedder — firm handshake

came back with a Secret Service agent who escorted us through.

We got out of the van and marvelled at the fact that we were indeed just outside the White House. We were met there by Eddie and Kelly (P.J.'s manager). Everything seemed real cool, and it looked as though we'd finally get to meet Bill, Hillary and maybe even Chelsea! I was particularly excited because among other things, I'd like to think that I've got a pretty good head for foreign policy. After all, I took more than a few Poly Sci courses in college and I've travelled the world and elsewhere in a musical combo. And since music is the universal language, I've seen quite a few people of various backgrounds come together in the name of rock 'n' roll. Naturally, I figured I could tell Mr. Clinton a thing or two that he might find useful.

We soon separated into two groups. Suddenly the Pearl Jam folks

were escorted away in one direction by a couple of plump White House staffers, and just as suddenly a tall guy in a black trench coat came up to us and said, "Hi, my name's Henry. You're with me now." We nodded and followed the six-foot-plus *Ubermensch* as he led us away in the other direction. I looked back over at the P.J. group, and Stone gave us this same look that I've seen people give to doomed pups so often at the dog pound, the look that says, "I'd help you if I could. Really, I would."

I think Henry could feel our discomfort. He tried to put us at ease by telling us, "You know, I didn't always look like this. When I was in college, I had purple hair and listened to *Dépêche Mode*." We relaxed immediately, realizing we were in the hands of a dork. A trained killer, yes, but a dork nonetheless.

Actually Henry turned out to be pretty nice. He took us on a special





Dan Peters throws his sign while White House staffer Henry points the way

tour behind the ropes. So while thousands of proles filed slowly by, between the ropes, gawking at us on the other side, we were treated to a most deluxe and intimate tour. We flitted from room to room without any kind of restriction or boundary.

Suddenly I noticed a small group of grunge kids eyeing us. This went on for a while as we absorbed the interior of our nation's most grand mansion. Finally, though, one grunge kid asked Steve for his autograph. Steve obliged and called out to the rest of us, "Hey, guys, come on over! Some of our fans want our autographs." Since none of us are dicks, we went over there to give our John Hancocks to a few fans. Within seconds, the room was overcome with the sound of rustling papers and opening purses. Soon we were in the midst of an autograph frenzy. Little old ladies shoved pens and paper in our faces, screaming, "ME NEXT! SIGN MINE! WHO ARE YOU?!" We freaked.

Sensing distress, Henry told us to follow him, and things died down a bit once we got into the next room. Then a small group of fraternity brothers and sorority sisters started going, "Hey, look, it's Pearl Jam! Hey, Pearl Jam, give us your autograph!"

Dan looked at them and said, "You don't want our autograph."

"Yeah we do, c'mon, give us your autograph," they insisted. "What, are you too good for us or somethin'?"

"No, it's just... We're not Pearl Jam," we tried to explain.

"Yeah, right!"

"No, seriously! We're Mudhoney — we're the opening act."

"Very funny!" they laughed. "Ha

ha ha! That's a good one! Hey, Pearl Jam, get back here!"

Henry turned a corner, we followed, and the next room we entered was empty. Relief. Once my heart slowed down, my eyes re-



Jeff Ament, Erik Johnson, Dan Peters, Eddie Vedder, Matt Lukin (kneeling), Mark Arm, Steve Turner

focused and the ringing in my ears subsided, I could hear Henry saying, "Sure is beautiful, isn't it? This is where they keep the Presidential crystal and china." Meanwhile, Matt and Dan (the married guys) were hunched over the Grover Cleveland section. Eventually Matt turned to Dan and said, "Lovely, isn't it?" Dan said, "Uh-huh," and Steve stood in the corner, arms folded, muttering, "It's not very punk."

Henry glared at Steve. "You want punk?" he asked. Next thing you know, Henry is telling us about this guy who walked up to him at the White House gate, said "I'm Jesus Christ," stabbed Himself in the stomach and began twisting the knife

around in His guts, apparently without pain. Henry was forced to wrestle Christ to the ground while another agent grabbed the knife from Him. Jesus unfortunately died later at an area hospital.

Another time some dude in a ninja suit came stalking across the White House lawn, swinging his numb-chucks. Henry told him to stop but he kept coming. "Twenty feet more and we'll have to shoot!" Henry yelled. The guy kept coming. "If you don't stop now, you're a dead man!" Henry reminded him. Still he kept coming. Henry had no choice but to tell a guard to fire. A sharpshooter did just that and split the ninja's skull.

"Wow, that is punk!" said Steve, fully impressed. "Hey, man, check out

where three guys sit with headsets monitoring televisions and computers. There are always three guys in there, 24 hours a day. And if something screwy happens, they alert the President. Henry told us that civilians never get to see the Situation Room and that we are extremely lucky. I bet he says that to every girl he brings here, but I have to admit it's kinda cool — even if I was expecting something more along the lines of the War Room in *Dr. Strangelove*.

Then Henry took us into another, final room, where we hooked up with the Pearl Jam contingent. They had just met with President Clinton (Chelsea was again at her ballet lesson) and were all sporting Presidential booty. There was some left over, and desperate for mementos, we descended on the pile of goodies. There were Presidential M&Ms (all green), Presidential shot glasses and Presidential post-drink Pep-O-Mint LifeSavers. The Pearl Jam guys had gotten the last of the Presidential ribbed Trojans, I guess.

All in all, though, it was a good visit. I must admit I was a bit disappointed that we didn't get to meet President Clinton. I think I could have given him some good advice concerning that Whitewater Development Deal scandal that's been nagging him. After all, some of you might recall that I too was caught red-handed in a similar real-estate scandal back in the mid-'80s.

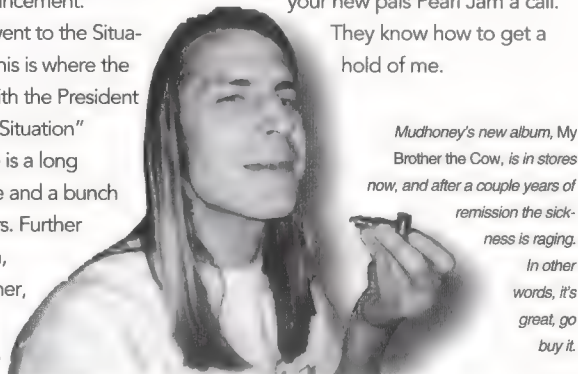
Remember that whole Green River Development Deal that rocked the entire Pacific Northwest? That was me. But heck, a few years pass and most folks can't remember it at all. And I'm still making money off of it! So Bill, if you're reading this and want some more free advice, give your new pals Pearl Jam a call.

They know how to get a hold of me.

Ulysses S. Grant's crystal whiskey flask," chimed in Dan.

We followed Henry further into the bowels of the White House, and among other things, we saw the Press Room, complete with a handful of bored news types waiting for some kind of announcement.

Then we went to the Situation Room. This is where the staff meets with the President whenever a "Situation" occurs. Inside is a long wooden table and a bunch of cushy chairs. Further into the room, around a corner, is another, smaller room,



Mudhoney's new album, *My Brother the Cow*, is in stores now, and after a couple years of remission the sickness is raging. In other words, it's great, go buy it.



# Ubiquitous Virge's CARJACK CORNER

by Ubiquitous Virge

Last issue we talked about a couple of ways to shut down potential carjackers. One was the Hofco Anti-Carjack System, which "allows the thief to get away from you and then renders your car inoperable." The other was a product I'd rather not mention again cos it's kinda crummy now that I think about it. This issue we're gonna talk about striking back jackers James Bond-style or à la The Green Hornet. I mean, how many times have you wanted to nail an intruder with a cloud of poisonous gas? Don't answer that question! The point is, now you can, except the gas isn't poisonous.

The Smoke Defense Machine from



U.S. Technology Source Corp. is the first system that will fill the inside of a vehicle with white, odorless, non-toxic smoke and thereby prevent a thief from continuing his intrusion. If the thief persists, the "Dragon," as it used to be called until the company realized it sounded stupid, will keep producing smoke until he or she exits the car. The Smoke Defense Machine needs to be installed along with a remote-control alarm or added to an existing system. For example, you could install it with the Hofco Anti-Carjack System so the thug who jacks your car gets stuck in traffic and receives a hit of smoke that no one — not even President Clinton — would want to inhale.

Some think it's the future of theft prevention, but I say the fire department might think otherwise. Who cares? All I know is that The Smoke Defense Machine is manufactured by U.S. Technologies and retails for \$399. Extra smoke cartridges that supply 20 blasts each are easily replaced at the

minimal cost of \$39.

For those consumers who distrust high-tech alarms, Safe-T-Man comes to the rescue, sort of. More Maxwell Smart than James Bond, Safe-T-Man



is a life-sized but not exactly lifelike doll companion (no, not the inflatable type found in some mags) which is allegedly useful in making lone motorists feel not so lonely. Safe-T-Man not only discourages would-be (let alone wood-eye) carjackers, he also rides shotgun and enables you to take advantage of carpool lanes. In

that sense I guess you could also call him The (Mike) Diamond Lane Dummy. Though he's supposed to look an imposing 6', 180, Safe-T-Man is made of latex polyfiber and actually weighs in at only 10 pounds. Optional button-on legs are \$30 and not worth it. The airbrushed stubble for a more rugged look is also lame and probably why it's available from The Sharper Image. Only in America.

"Next" issue we'll investigate the lat-

est trend in carjack culture: airbagjacking. We might also demo the latest device for beating speeding tickets, the K40 Defuser Laser System. This super-ill new technology can be installed in virtually any vehicle and renders virtually any radar gun virtually unable to obtain accurate speed readings. The operative word of course being virtually, or should I say "Virge-ually"?

Ubiquitous Virge is the owner of Advance Mobile Sound (310.829.3658), located at 2809 Pico Boulevard in Santa Monica since 1978. He's hooked up anyone who's everyone and can hook you up, too.



The King of Beepers ain't got nothin' on Safe-T-Man, seen here living the dog's life at Club D. Not pictured: Zaca Mallozzi

PHOTOS BY SPIKE JONZE

## A Day In The Life of Johan Kookelberg: America's Most Loveable Music Biz Freeloader

During a recent, decidedly Dutch lunch with legendary Swedish swag snagger Johan Kookelberg, we asked the new Executive Vice President in Charge of Non-Reality-Based A&R at American Records exactly what it was that he missed most about his former duties as Vice President in Charge of Goldbricking at Matador Records. Never one to talk business with his mouth full, "the Kook," as we affectionately refer to him, declined to answer. A few days later, though, we found this nostalgic account of the good ol' days in our editorial out box, which we reproduce here in full, complete with live-action photographs by Jeff Sperber.



**11:00 a.m.** Kookelsmooth sashays into office unfashionably late, begins informing a series of callers that unfortunately he won't be able to send them any Matador product and opens mail until quarter past noon. It's a slow day, but the morning's booty still includes Grand Royal t-shirts, ski hats and baseball caps, Bitch t-shirts and skateboards, Ben Davis striped overalls,

old-school Vans and of course several promotional compact discs. The loot is separated into two piles: stuff he'll sell today, and stuff he'll sell the next time he needs what Fitzgerald used to call "booze money."

**12:30 p.m.** Kookelshirk skulks out of the office, uncannily punctual for his most important appointment of the day: lunch courtesy of Fill In The Blank Records. While ordering pasta he asks for "angel hair, to match my own," and cackles at the poetic justice of a double helping of creme brulee. As the check arrives, Kookelstooze instinctively bangs his forehead with the palm of his hand but recovers in time to finish off the the last drops of expensive wine before stumbling back to the



**5:00 p.m.** Having already vamoosed the office and dashed home to put on his new duds, Kookelschlepp trudges into Venus Records on St. Mark's Place shouldering a Hefty Bag full of promotional CDs, which he unblinkingly exchanges for a tidy pile of cash, not credit. Although one of the bills is an obscene pornographic counterfeit, the amount he's procured is sizeable enough



to warrant his wearing "The Shell," a nine-pound black leather vest made with aspectra shield bulletproof lining, available from Earthians, Inc. for a mere \$900 — i.e., a few trips to the record store. (To order, call Gavin-Cogan at 408-622-9552 — both Guru and Jam Master Jay have one!)

**8:30 p.m.** Kookelschmuck (in foreground) peacefully passes out at an industry showcase where anarchist punk/folk duo Mecca Normal are performing for a few dozen German students who are sampling a cross-section of alternative American culture courtesy of the Phillip Morris Company. After waking up several hours later in the 43rd-floor penthouse of a midtown Manhattan condominium, his scalp thoroughly massaged by four bottles of Crazy Horse Malt Liquor, Kookelscribe files a thumbs-up review of the showcase with local free weekly and bills publication for cab, drinks and Advil. Now those, as Archie Bunker used to sing, were the days...







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# BACK BY (UN)POPULAR DEMAND, IT'S YET ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF... THE CAPTAIN'S BEEFS

*The Captain needs no introduction. If you don't know the Captain, then you don't know shit. The Captain is fly and will kill your mother, just as soon as look at her. The Captain is a habitual drunk and damn proud of it; to this day, he never met a drink he didn't like. No, the Captain still doesn't have his car back, there is nothing wrong with his knees and no, all marathons are 26.2 miles, so stop asking! Look at the Captain funny and he'll beat you with a stick.*

Whattup? It's me again, The Captain, and I'm doing just fine. I'm always fine. It comes from having a cast-iron stomach and no ambition. Now before we get rollin', I gots a Captain Fashion Tip for y'all. The Captain's First and Only Rule of Fashion is that if you think you look stupid wearing something, you probably do, so take that shit off, fool! And while we're on the subject of fashion, don't you just love how big knockers are enjoying a renaissance? You know how much of a BIG renaissance man the Captain is. OK, this time out you may notice that it's a kinder gentler Captain you're fucking with. Y'see my editors decided that I needed some balance in my column, so they sent me off to the beautiful Franklin Plaza Suites, where The Hollywood Cause of the Month Club (President: Richard Gere) was meeting. It was there that I took in a Patience Seminar by Baba Adam Yauch. And I gotta tell you, that shit really opened my eyes — or was that the amazing blow job I got from one of them Hare Krishna hookers who were working the lobby of the hotel? Anyways, God knows it ain't easy being me, but from now on Ima try a little harder to keep the gat in my pants and see the other guy's lame-ass point of view before I go into Critical Beat Down mode and administer his ass a good, old-fashioned pistol whipping. I mean, there's no point in being nasty about it: Why empty the whole clip into the crab-ass bitch when two to the back of his dome will do the trick quite nicely, thank you? And if, at the end of the day, being a kinder gentler Captain will get me more pussy, like Baba Yauch claims, then like my man Too \$hort says, "It's All Good."

As far as beeefs go, I gots plenty. I got more beeefs than Paul O'Neil got batting average. So open your fuckin' ears, jackass, cos I'm calling you out if you're one of those asshole New Yorkers whose response to our January 17th, 1994, Northridge earthquake was, "Well, you know, more people died in the '93-'94 winter here." Regional death count pride! You gotta love it. But why stop there? As long as you're counting bodies, why not take credit for the 29 Palestinians killed in the Hebron massacre? After all, the shooter, Baruch Goldstein, was born and raised in Brooklyn. And hell no, that 6.8 wasn't nearly bad enough to have me running back to Hades-by-the-Hudson, unlike some other pussy motherfuckers I could drop a dime on. If I'm going to die, then let it be by an act of God. Not at the hand of a crackhead named Hay-zoos going off on a subway platform with a machete. And not, for that matter, by an illegal alien on a suicide mission for Allah mounting the sidewalk in his gypsy cab (the leading cause of death in NYC). Plus, the weather sucks. And I hearin' no shit about seasons. Fuck seasons! We got seasons here in L.A., too. We got the season when the hookers are putting in work on the Strip, between Fairfax and La Cienega, and the season when they ain't (ice hockey season). That's two seasons right there, Bucky. And I



gotta tell ya, it warms the cockles of an old Cap'n's heart to see those first few hotties hanging outside Roxbury's, working the evening commute. Like flower buds opening up to greet the warming rays of a new spring sun, it's a sure sign that you won't be needing that top on your convertible for the next eight months, cos life really blows with the rag top up. Anyways, it's like I really need your four fucked-up seasons: Cold, Really Cold, Really Fucking Hot and Different Fucking Weather Every Day. You can miss me with that shit.

No, Nelly, the only way you'll get the Captain to New York without a fistfight is cocktails with Elle Macpherson or Opening Day at Yankee Stadium. And Calendar Day, Sports Bag Day, Bat Day, Phil Rizzuto Day, Bullet-Proof Vest Night....For an old fool from the old school like the Captain — oh those halcyon days of Bobby Meacham — Yankee baseball is like the ex-girlfriend you still want to fuck (hi, Jackie). There's a lot of grief involved but ultimately it's satisfying, so I keep on going back every year. And while we're at the ballpark, THE GAME IS FINE THE WAY IT IS! So, to all those who would fuck with it, BAKDAMUTHAFUKUPJERK! People like this also would put Daytons on an all-original, '70 'Cuda. Mind you, in this "the year of the juiced ball," maybe we need to give the pitchers some help — say, like 9mm Barettas — for taking out base stealers. And give the bullpen a box of hand grenades for them "Rolaids Moments," like, you're up by one, bottom of the ninth, bases loaded and there's nobody out; Frank Thomas steps to the plate and....BOOYAKA!!! Blow his ass up! Actually, if I owned a team, I would make losing pitchers wear the team's mascot costume for a week. In Mitch Williams's case, I'd have him wearing the Philly Fanatic outfit all season. And if I owned the Mets, they'd

be wearing clown suits by now — sort of a Lifetime Achievement Award. And let me remind you that it is no accident that the "Choking Victim" posters in restaurants are Mets blue and orange. And speaking of clowns, are we now supposed to believe that Rodney King had a career in Major League Baseball before L.A.P.D. bucked his ass down? I guess he was just practicing at being Darryl Strawberry that night he got caught out there, high on PCP and booze. The N.B.A. should be so exciting. I mean, the only thing worth watching pro hoops for is "The Dennis Rodman Show." My man Dennis is *crazy*! Homeboy should be in the N.H.L. Actually I have a theory that the N.B.A. cuts the balls offa college players when they turn pro. This would explain why they're all so fat and slow, lumbering up and down the court like my neutered tom, Mr. Gotti (who, incidentally, just got drafted by the Dallas Mavericks). And how about them white guys? There should be a special White Guy Basketball League like they got a Special Olympics for retarded kids. Why not? They've got that Winter Olympics for rich white guys, don't they? And speaking of rich white guy activities, why the fuck is every New Yuppie in America (they've re-invented themselves) into jocking golf these days? And I'm sorry but that shit is not a sport; you got to at least break a sweat or breathe heavy to be playing a sport. The only sweating you'll see on a golf course is cos of all that double-knit polyester they're sporting. No, golf is not even active enough to qualify as an activity. Golf is no more a sport than croquet. Fuck that shit! Golf belongs on a Sega, in your living room. So, unless you're Jack Nicholson doing work on a Benzo with a nine iron, you best be handing over those golf clubs, Twinky. Even more trife than your golf-weeny, tho', is the guy who



watches golf on TV. There is no excuse for this unless you are a heroin addict or dead. I would rather shave with tweezers. So if you are one of those people who wants to change baseball, you can redirect your meddling this way, cos it's golf that needs fixing. The shit is just plain wrong — from the gay-ass visors to the criminal waste of land that is a golf course. So until we get full-contact golf, just like in the Miller ad, help the Captain fuck up the program by going out to your nearest golf course and coughing whenever you see one of those Barneyes about to take a swing. They seem to love this.

And another thing: Can we put a cease to fat women in stretchy pants? I propose a big-ass button for stretchy pants vendors that would read, "I do not sell stretchy pants to fat women!" Just like the one the beer guy at the ball park has that says, "I do not sell beer to minors or intoxicated people" (sure you don't)....And while we're in the laundry hamper, fellas: lose the bikini briefs. The number-one cause of male-pattern baldness? Survey says...you got it! Bikini briefs....Also, if you're a fat guy, quit taking your shirt off in public! You're making us all sick and are about to get slapped....And another thing: If you live in L.A. and have The New York Times delivered and leave it out front of your crib just so's we all know that you're better than the rest of us, of course you are....So then, go the fuck back there! And while you're looking to see if you are one of them, take a look at your car. If it's a Mazda Miata, then look down your pants. If you see wedding tackle, then you're probably a guy. Now ask yourself if you like men. No? Then you're straight and should not be driving a Mazda Miata. Step away from the car.

And if you're driving a '93 Mustang that you bought the week before Ford introduced the All-New '94, then look at your underwear. You'll probably find jizz stains, cos your Ford dealer fucked you. You are an Loser Grande, and while you're buying, I have a rotary dial

phone and a black-and-white TV I want to sell you before you and that horseless carriage of yours get on the Information Superhighway.

And you know what? Fuck balance. I don't need no fucking balance. I got a limited amount of space here and I ain't going to waste it on that positive crap when I still have to dis the Crash Test Dummies over their name, which is a dope name for a raw, thrash metal or punk rock crew. But not for a sissy, whining, folk rock combo. Change your name to...now let me see...SHIT!

And how did they get the Santa Monica Freeway fixed before my car?...And why are Salt and Heiffer all of



a sudden cool?...And why am I NOT going to call Larry Fishburn "Lawrence," Roberto Kelly "Bobby," and Robert Pearlman "Rob"?...And why is Todd Bridges working at the Virgin Mega-Store on Sunset?...And why wasn't Q-Tip depressed on his birthday the other day?...And if Shaq and Madonna got married, would the combination of giant egos and over-exposure cause a super nova, which in turn would become a black hole and swallow them both up?...And why am I now just confused instead of pissed off? I guess I just shot my whole load. Sorry, I got some in your eye. Yes, I still respect you but I gotta be Audi. I'll call, honest I will. See ya...

**DISCLAIMER! THIS BEEF IS NOT DATED —  
IT JUST SMELLS A BIT FUNNY...**

OK, so maybe you don't remember how good Paul O'Neil's batting average was, how harsh New York's

winter of '93/'94 was or the Hebron Massacre. And I don't care that the O.J. media circus has replaced the Rodney King media circus, that Johnny Depp has replaced Jack Nicholson as the reigning champ of smashing shit up, or that baseball really does need some fixing now. My shit is still dope and I stand by my beef. The Mets still suck, the Yankees are still on course for the World Series, and for the second straight year Q-Tip was not miserable on his birthday. Dennis Rodman is still nuts, golf is still wack, and Dwight Gooden is still high. (No, I don't give a fuck that the Dallas Mavs had the most-improved record — they still suck.)

So, despite Bob Mack's wishes, I will not update my beefs. Besides, if I did, you know what would happen? This same time next year the phone would ring and it would be Bob Mack asking me to update my updates. So if you've got beef with the Captain's Beefs, go tell it to your moms, cos you can lay the blame firmly on Bob Fucking Mack, who couldn't get this zine out on time and who couldn't organize a piss-up in a brewery. And while you're at it, you can blame him for the fact that Nicole Eggert now has

**CENSORED  
CENSORED  
CENSORED**

Fuck you Bob Mack. I hate you. I'll never forgive you for this. I want y'all to know that you can also thank Bob Mack for, amongst other things, the baseball strike, the hockey strike, the Kobe earthquake, the Simpson/Goldman murders, the destruction of the rain forests, the rise of Jim Carey from zero to pumped-up zero and the fact that I piled my '70 Cuda around a parked Chevy Suburban whilst dragracing Adam Horowitz. Fuck you, Bob Mack. As for your updates, you can kiss my motherfuckin' ass.



PHOTOS BY DAN HOLE





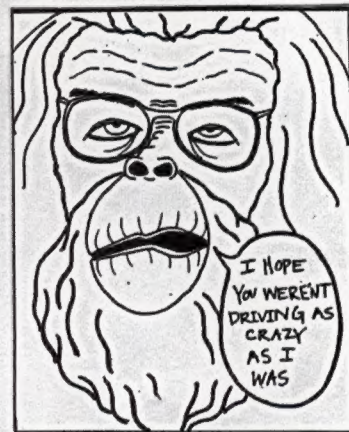
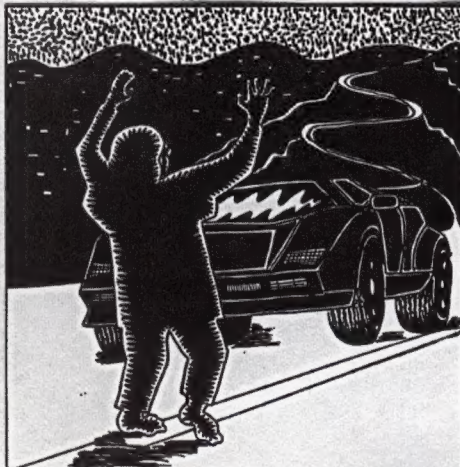
# ADAM YAUCH'S ROAD TO ENLIGHTENMENT

STORY BY ADAM YAUCH, ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVAN BERNARD

BACK IN '86" HOT OFF THE SUCCESS OF "LICENSED TO ILL" AND RIDING THE WAKE OF MY ADOLESCENCE I RENTED A FERRARI AND TOOK A DATE FOR A JOYRIDE IN THE BACK CANYONS OF THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS.

ON A PARTICULARLY BARREN STRETCH OF ROAD, I WAS FLAGGED DOWN BY A STRANDED MOTORIST WHO ODDLY ENOUGH HAD THE SAME MODEL FERRARI AND A DATE WITH HIM AS WELL.

I GOT OUT OF MY CAR TO SEE WHAT WAS UP, IT WAS THEN THAT I REALIZED THIS WAS NO ORDINARY STRANDED MOTORIST. IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE ESTEEMED ENTERTAINER PAUL WILLIAMS



APPARENTLY HE HAD BEEN DRIVING LIKE A MANIAC, LOST CONTROL OF HIS CAR AND GOT STUCK ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF. I TRIED TO HELP PUSH THE CAR OUT TO NO AVAIL.

HE THANKED ME FOR MY EFFORTS BUT SAID HE WOULD TAKE CARE OF IT HIMSELF.



AS I DROVE AWAY AND SAW MR. WILLIAMS AND HIS IRATE DATE STANDING THERE I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING IF THIS WAS TO BE MY FATE. AN ENTERTAINER PAST HIS PRIME TRYING TO IMPRESS YOUNG WOMEN WITH FAST CARS AND FINE CLOTHING

I SPED AWAY INTO THE BALMY L.A. NIGHT, A LITTLE OLDER, A LITTLE WISER AND WITH A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE ON A MAN WHO HAS BROUGHT THIS COUNTRY SO MUCH JOY.





**Nº1**

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